

Secret Memoirs
OF THE
Courts of Europe

FROM THE
16TH TO THE 19TH CENTURY

VOLUME X

Imperial Edition

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PHOTOGRAVURES ON JAPAN PAPER

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SECRET MEMOIRS

Letters Written at the End of the
Eighteenth Century

VOLUME II

A high-contrast, black and white portrait of a woman, likely a historical figure, wearing an elaborate, ruffled collar. The image is heavily shadowed, with the subject's face and upper torso brightly lit against a dark background. The woman has a serene expression, looking slightly to the right. Her hair is styled in an updo, and the collar features intricate lace or ruffled details. The overall composition is a close-up, focusing on the subject's head and shoulders.

ANNE GOMARD DE VAUBERNIER
COMTESSE DU BARRY

a painting by François Hubert

SECRET MEMOIRS
OF THE
COURTS OF EUROPE

Letters Written at the End of the
Eighteenth Century

BY
HENRY SWINBURNE

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

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LETTERS

FROM THE

COURTS OF PARIS, NAPLES, VIENNA, ETC.

July 16th.

THE Venetian senator, Prince Rezzonico, dined with me at Mr. Wilkes's *petite maison* at Kensington Gore, a most elegant box, with Messrs Woronzow and Barthelmy, and Stuart, the author of the History of Scotland, or Mary Queen of Scots, and compiler of the "English Review." In his 459th page of last month, he tells us of all the wonderful qualities requisite to make an historian, viz., "It is the gift of God: a man must be born an historian as well as a poet; it was bestowed in an eminent degree upon Livy and Tacitus, among the ancients, upon Bossuet and Vertot, among the moderns, and upon Stuart and Logan, among the living historians!"

N.B.—Logan is his colleague, and author of "Elements of the Philosophy of History."

I have had a visit from the famous Count Cagliostro, who harangued us for three hours in bad French, taken from the Italian, entirely about himself and his sufferings; sometimes entertaining, generally tedious and like a charlatan; but better than I expected from the accounts I had received. He is a little brown man, with an ignoble face, good eyes, high forehead and bald. Nothing Jewish. He boasts of his wealth and disinterestedness, and talks of himself in the third person—"Le Comte de Cagliostro." He promises in six months to publish, gratis, a full account of his life, in English, French and Italian, in six octavo volumes—a dreadful threat.¹

It is supposed the Duke of Rutland and Mr. Pitt are both favourable to the Catholics. The latter is said to be religiously inclined. A person in office told Wraxall an anecdote which he thought illustrative of the different ministers. When, in 1783, some concession from Russia arrived which was very unexpected, but about which they were

¹ The real name of this celebrated charlatan, whose pretended knowledge of magic and magnetism gained for him so great an influence at one period, was Joseph Balsamo. He was of low extraction, and born at Palermo in 1743. He contrived to marry one of the most beautiful women in Italy, named Lorenza Feliciani, who to a good family added a considerable property. Through her aid he ended by making a large fortune.

extremely anxious (I believe some assistance the Empress agreed to give with regard to her fleet), this person had to deliver the intelligence. On hearing it, Pitt's exclamation was, "Thank God!" Bose said, "No, has she indeed!" and Lord Carmarthen, "The devil she has!"

Lord George Gordon has been about, trying to excite riots, and is outlawed from the parish of Marylebone.

We dine often with my cousin, Sir Harry Englefield, and his mother, who have a pleasant house, and draw together *les beaux esprits*. Wraxall, Sloane, Isted, Knight, Lady Cadogan, Lady Mary and Mr. Churchill, Horace Walpole and the Misses Berry, are the general society there. Sir Harry has an unpleasant way of haranguing, and declares he does everything by the "rule of thumb." I have not yet been able to ascertain what he means by that expression; something very scientific I make no doubt, but beyond my comprehension.¹

¹ Sir Harry, being a great antiquarian, alluded probably to the custom of sculptors, who are in the habit of passing the thumb nail over the surface of their works, in order to detect inequalities. I remember in later years to have seen Sir Harry, then quite blind, descanting upon the beauties of his splendid collection of Etruscan vases, and following the contours of the figures by the aid of his thumb.

August 2nd.

The King has been stabbed, but not dangerously, as he got into his carriage, by Margaret Nicholson, a madwoman. She was seized immediately, but he insisted upon her not having any further punishment than being conveyed to Bedlam. "She must be mad, she must be mad," he repeated, "to want to kill me." I presume Louis Quinze did not feel the same certainty of madness in a similar case, when Damien was drawn asunder by four horses.¹

TO SIR EDWARD SWINBURNE.

Paris, September 17th, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER,—We arrived here safe and well, after staying a week in Normandy. Our passage from Brighthelmstone was pleasant enough,

¹ Robert François Damien, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. on the 4th of January, 1757, was the son of a porter at Arras, and a man of such bad character, that he went by the name of Robert le Diable. The tortures which this wretch endured, in order to make him confess his motives and accomplices, exceeds all belief. His flesh was torn to pieces with red-hot pincers. Boiling oil and lead were thrown upon the wounds; his limbs were cut off in detail, and he did not expire until the last was hacked from his body.

though not a short one, having lasted above fourteen hours. The custom-house officers were easy and indulgent, and the journey, without exception, the most delightful that can be made in France. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, I do not think I shall ever go the Dieppe way again. There is no harbour on the English side, and one must submit to be tossed about in a boat for the space of two miles, going or coming; with the chance of being perhaps thirty or forty hours beating across the Channel.

I have taken a *campagne* at Le Menil, about a league north of St. Germain, just above Maisons. The house is well furnished, with twenty acres of pleasure and kitchen garden, and all possible conveniences. There is a door that opens into the forest, and the finest view imaginable. We shall remove to it the first week in October, but mean to have a small *pied-à-terre* at Paris, where we may come for pleasure or business.

This city is not quite such a desert at this time of the year as London, yet it is ten to one you do not find the person you want in town. The *Spectacles* are in a very poor plight, both as to actors and compositions.

The improvements made and making in the buildings are astonishing, though not always in

the chastest taste. Thirty millions are just borrowed for the purpose of building a new bridge at the Palais Bourbon, making a new quay and demolishing the houses on the bridges.

I find the environs more agreeable than ever I did, as I have horses here, and ride out frequently. On foot, or in a carriage, is quite another thing, for the distance one can reach is not sufficient to get out of dirt and dust.

I have not been to Court yet, as the King is at Compiègne, and the Queen lives retired at Trianon; but I shall be presented before the voyage de Fontainebleau, and have already been to Versailles to deliver my letters, and dined with Mr. Eden, our minister for the commercial treaty. There are English here, but none of any note or of my acquaintance.

I have been with M. de la Borde to see Monsieur Vaillant's collection of stuffed African birds. He travelled among the Hottentots, and has brought home the skin of a cameleopard, which is fawn colour, with white crosses.

Dupaty has got into a scrape with the Parliament for attacking the criminal jurisprudence in general, on account of three men condemned to the wheel, who are asserted by him to be innocent. This affair will come on after the vacation, and in

the meanwhile gives him a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

[Mr. Swinburne here continues his correspondence in the form of a diary.]

October 21st. Arrived at Fontainebleau, by invitation.

22nd. Was presented to the Princess de Lamballe, and supped there.

23rd. Dined at the Marquis de Talaru's, premier maître d'Hôtel de la Reine.

24th. Went out boar-hunting with the King; uniform blue and crimson, velvet cuffs, with broad gold and silver lace. There was a little good galloping. The forest is so well opened and the woods so well cleared that there is nowhere any danger except among the rocks and crags. The parade of hunting is very great.

Dined at Mr. Eden's, and went to the Court Theatre, where the admission is gratis. All foreigners are seated sideways on benches behind the orchestra, on account of the King's chair, which is placed in the middle of the pit, and nobody must turn their back to it. Before us

sat the ambassadors, and a bench is left for Princes of the blood. Opposite to us sat, on similar forms, *the ladies of easy virtue of Paris!* When there is an abundance of foreigners, one is forced to push and rush for places, in a very disagreeable manner, as there are, in fact, only sixteen places.

The *introduceur* came to the *salle des ambassadeurs*, where we were all assembled, and ushered the foreigners to their seats some time before the play began; he then fetched the *corps diplomatique*. The Queen sat in her box, supposed to be incognito, as was the King, high up opposite. Monsieur *representoit*, and when he entered the piece began. The spectacle was very fine, especially the dances and decorations. The music was not very good. Each new opera acted at Fontainebleau costs the King one hundred and fifty thousand francs. This theatre is awkwardly built for seeing, being a long parallelogram; and it is not well lighted.

25th. Went to a boar-hunt with the Count d'Artois. The uniform is green, crimson and gold. The Queen came in a *calèche* and six, with her ladies in other carriages; the Princess de Lamballe on horseback. We found in the thickets above Melun, and ran very hard across the plain and

heath—an excellent hunt. The boar attempted to take to the forest, but the dogs pressed so hard that he had not time to break through the trellice, and so ran along it to the first gate, passing close to the Queen's carriage. Nothing could be finer than this scene; the day bright and warm, and everything beautifully set off by the presence of so magnificent a company of hunters. After the boar got into the forest, he was so frequently headed that he only hopped from square to square, till at last he was seized and brought down by the dogs and shot by the Count d'Artois. The latter part of the hunt was not very amusing.

26th. Dined at the Count de Vergennes, ministre des affaires étrangères, with most of the corps diplomatique. Then to the new opera of *Phedre*. Supped with the Baron de Breteuil, ministre des affaires intérieures. His daughter, Madame de Matignon, did the honours. Those of the corps diplomatique whom I met there were the Count de Mercy (Imperial) very starched; Sumapis (Sardinian); Staal (Swedish); Timolin (Russian), who is ruining himself in his old days with Madame Albert; Suffrein (Malta), a distinguished admiral, very fat, with a good-natured face; Goltz (Prussian), very stupid; and Blome (Danish), very dirty.

I hunted this morning with the Duke de Bourbon.

27th. Hunted with the Marquis de Polignac—too many stags, and no sport. Dined with M. de Talaru, and supped at the Maréchal de Segur's, ministre de la guerre. His son is envoy at St. Petersburg. His wife, whom he left behind, is a most charming little woman.

28th. Boar-hunt with the Count d'Artois; no good running. Dined at Eden's; supped at the Maréchal de Castries, ministre de la marine. He is extremely polite and attentive.

29th. At Court; dined at the Count de Vergennes; supped at the Princess de Lamballe's. The Queen, Monsieur and Madame, Count and Countess d'Artois came after supper and played at cards *sans façon*. Monsieur is *in cicesbeatura* with Madame de Balbi, quite *à l'italienne*.¹ This is the only thing of the kind I saw at Court, where everything is *de la dernière décence*.

1 A daughter of Count Caumont de la Force, who married Count Armand de Balbi, of an illustrious Genoese family. She was "*dame d'atours*" to Madame. Her beauty, which had been remarkable, was disfigured by the small-pox, but this in no degree tempered the affection of Monsieur (Louis XVIII.), whom she accompanied to Coblenz. Their intimacy did not terminate until the restoration. I believe she fell a victim to the cholera in 1834.

The Count d'Artois plays deep at quinze and whist; he has lost much, and on that account hazard is forbidden. The games in use here are billiards, trictrac, quinze, whist, reversi, and trente-et-quarante, which concludes the night. At the *jeu de la reine*, which is held from seven till nine on Sundays and Thursdays, all the Court comes to crowd a room too small for such an assembly. A lotto table is formed, of ladies in hoops, for the amusement of Madame. Other small parties are made in the corners. The King's brothers play whist; the Queen plays *trictrac* in a window, but she is continually staring about, talking and laughing. Her voice is not musical; her size of the fullest; she is very fat, and her features begin to be strongly marked. Madame d'Artois looks like a starved witch. At the end, the Queen rises and speaks to the ladies; all play ceases, and away she walks to supper at Madame's, where the royal family always meet to sup, unless the King has a supper in his cabinet.

The courtiers meet daily at l'Œil de Bœuf about nine, and then crowd the King's bedchamber a moment before supper. If he has a *souper de cabinet*, a *valet de chambre* comes out with a list of twelve names in the King's own handwriting, which he calls over, and the favoured ones go in.

The King walks out early every morning in a great-coat. He is very much attached to his wife. The Count de Fronsac, son of the Maréchal de Richelieu, kept the little Zaccari, of the opera. One night he heard the King, who seldom takes notice of anything, praise her very much. This raised ideas in his head of making her mistress to His Majesty and thereby building favour and power for himself. In pursuance of this scheme, he, as gentleman of the bed-chamber, contrived to place her in the King's way, and as His Majesty passed, said: "La voilà, sire, la petite Zaccari." Louis turned to him with scorn, and exclaimed: "Allez, Fronsac!¹ l'on voit bien de qui vous êtes fils."

The Count d'Artois pretends to know a great deal of the history of France, and the other day, to please him, the Duchess de Cossé asked him if he could inform her who was the last Count d'Artois. "Surement je le sais," said he; "c'était Robert sans peur, fils de Richard le diable."

30th. Hunted with the King. The Marquis de Tourzel was run away with and had his skull fractured in the woods.

31st. Walked for some hours and took a

¹ The Count de Fronsac was son of the celebrated Maréchal de Richelieu.

view of the valley of Fontainebleau; supped with the Maréchal de Segur.

December 26th. I have spent a week in Paris and had some pleasant *réunions*. A splendid dinner at Laborde's (*Garde du trésor*), with much company. The most *recherchée chère* I ever saw. I was introduced by the Duke of Dorset to the Maréchal de Noailles. An evening at Madame de la Marck's, whose apartments at the Tuileries are magnificent.

February 6th, 1787. Went to Paris; spent the day at Abbé Tersan's consulting books on gardening and looking over prints.

7th. To Versailles for the Queen's ball. The *salle de bal* is very elegantly fitted up, but the colonnade is massive and gloomy; it hides the boxes and company too much. The area for dancing is too low and the dancers are seen to great disadvantage. The men were plainly dressed; some even appeared in mourning. All that danced wore large hats with white plumes, very unbecoming. The assembly was full, but by no means brilliant in dress; indeed, the ladies who did not dance seemed to me quite *en déshabille*.

The King walked about and talked to several people, without ever sitting down. The Queen played at *trictrac* in the ball-room. There was no

gaiety. Madame de Polignac, who was dressed like a chambermaid, came long after the Queen, handed by the Count d'Artois. The Queen whispered to her for a long time, but the Duchess did not remain near her and passed most of the night looking over the Count d'Artois, who was playing at whist. The supper was good and well conducted, in a large hall, where everyone forms his own party to fill a table, after which all is cleared away and a fresh supper served to another set.

The Queen hates orange-colour, and has declared that she will receive no one who approaches her with that colour; for which reason no lady goes to Versailles with orange-coloured ribands, although they are very common at Paris.

Lately the Duke de Normandie being taken suddenly ill, Madame de Polignac called in the physicians, who ordered leeches. She did not tell the Queen, who was at that time in a critical state of health, two months after her last confinement, but told the King, who approved. The leeches were applied with great medical apparatus, when by chance the Queen came into the room and saw her child covered with blood, surrounded by physicians, surgeons and attendants. On learning the cause, she fell into the most violent fury and vented

her anger without reserve on Madame de Polignac. Madame de P. stood unmoved, after having in vain attempted to justify herself. At length she left the room and returned with a cup and saucer, stirring some sugar in it, and offered it to the Queen, saying: "Your Majesty had better drink off this orange-flower water." The Queen drank it and was silent; but twenty-four hours passed in the quarrel, until at last the Queen made it up with her.

When Madame de Polignac gave up the Dauphin to the Duke d'Harcourt, it was remarked that the child never showed the least concern on parting from her, not even so much as to take leave of her.

13th. M. de Vergennes died this morning. He was the first French minister that received presents from foreign Courts on the conclusion of treaties. A cunning fellow! for he persuaded the King that it was to his honour, as it proved how much the whole world approved of the minister His Majesty had chosen.

14th. Went to Versailles, dined with the d'Osmonds and then to the Queen's ball.

March 6th. Took Mrs. S. to Versailles, to wait upon the Queen by appointment. Dined at Madame de Talaru's and returned at night.

16th. The Duke of Orleans ran a deer into

Paris and killed it in the Rue Royale, Place Louis XV.

20th. Went to see the Queen hunt roebuck in the Bois de Boulogne; a heavenly day and gay sight; innumerable horsemen, whiskeys and *ca-lèches*, but no sport.

I visited the Countess d'Albanie, relict of the Pretender, and was introduced to her by d'Hancarville.

April 2nd. Rode toward Poissy. There is a beautiful point of view up and down the river, from a hill beyond it. The ruined tower of Belmont has a fine prospect. It is a charming tract of country. On returning I overtook Madame d'Osmond, bewildered in the forest, where her coach had stuck fast in the sand as she was coming to spend a week with us at Menil.

The Archbishop of Narbonne (Dillon) was conversing with the Contrôleur-Général, Calonne, on the deficit in the finances, which is now the great subject of discourse and surmises, and he expressed a desire to know when and how this deficit was to be prevented for the future. Calonne, very cross at being pressed on this subject, said he could not tell, but that it was no such mighty matter if the King remained in debt a few years longer, "for who is there that is not in debt?" said he; "there is

scarcely a nobleman who is not overwhelmed with a load of it. *Et vous-même, Monseigneur, vous devez plus que vous n'êtes gros.*" "Pour vous, Monsieur de Calonne," replied the prelate, "vous deviez, mais vous ne devez plus."

8th. Calonne turned out of office. Paid a visit at the Val and found the Maréchal de Beauveau at home.

17th. M. Necker exiled twenty-one leagues from Paris. He is allowed to stay at Marolles till further orders, with his wife. Calonne is exiled sixty leagues off. There is a vast scene of iniquity laid open. He had paid to the Count d'Artois one hundred and seven millions, which was to be from thence divided among the gang; and if the King found it out and complained, his brother was to declare that he would replace it hereafter, but at present it was necessary to patch up his affairs and prevent an *éclat*. This Prince, who has three millions a year, has for many years spent twenty-one millions yearly. The seizure of the papers of his fugitive treasurer, Bourdon, has let this secret escape. The Count d'Enragues made a protest in favour of the Contrôleur-Général and against the proceedings of the Prince de Conti's bureau, which the bureau refused to receive.

The Marquis de la Fayette has signed a re-

monstrance and delivered it to the bureau for the King, setting forth the alarms of the public at His Majesty's supplying the stockjobbers with money to support their gambling; also at the extravagant prices paid for l'Orient and Sançerres and the absurdity of the King's buying estates at a time when he proposed to sell the domain. It is a bold letter and forcible, but not well written.

There have been strange doings in the Sançerres business, a job by which the Baron d'Espagnac, the proprietor, gained prodigiously. The Contrôleur-Général had five hundred thousand francs, Madame de Polignac three hundred thousand, and so forth.

May 3rd. Rode to Madame de Laborde's at Ormesson. In an acre or two they have crowded several pretty things, *en jardin anglais*.

To Bellevue with Mrs. S., where Madame Adelaide received us, and was extremely civil. We dined there. The Princess is thin and wizened; she walks about the gardens in a dress made like a riding-habit, and a man's round hat.

4th. The Archbishop of Toulouse (Brienne) is taken into the ministry.

6th. Rode to Bellevue and took a view from one of the cabinets for Madame Adelaide, according to my promise.

14th. Our north-country friend, Charles Williams, arrived on a visit. Mentioning to Mrs. S. that a large party of her friends had gone together to Bath, she naturally wished to know who were the persons who composed it. "I will try and recollect," said he; "there were George Clavering and his wife, then there were Mr. and Mrs. What-d'ye-call-em, there was Miss What's-her-name, there was Mr. Thingamy, then two ladies from Durham and another whose name I cannot recollect."

June 24th. We dined at Choisy with Madame Campan. The Count and Chevalier de Parny there, the latter a poet. M. le Moine came to us.

July 4th. Dined at the Val, and went with the Beauveaus and the Count de St. Priest to visit the Countess du Barri at Lucienne. She was not at home. The house seemed in that disorder which characterises people of her former profession—dirty but magnificent. There is a fine bust of her. The gardens are regular. There is a pavilion admirable for the view and interior decoration, but the outside is plastered over and out of repair. The balconies are ridiculously small and inconvenient. The stucco is fine, but the painting by Vienet abominable. The gilding

of the bronzes is curious. Upon the whole it is a delightful, costly *vide bouteille*.

It is a curious thing that, by a very lucky hit, Matthieu Lansberg, the conjurer, almanac-maker of Liège, foretold Madame du Barri's fate, under the month of May, 1774. He said: "Une grande favorite jouera son dernier rôle." The almanac at the preceding Christmas was denied a license on that account and was obliged to be altered before its sale was authorised at Paris. Louis Quinze died May 10th, and Madame du Barri was sent about her business.

6th. Dined at the Val; Mesdames de Boisgelin and d'Usson, the Princess de Poix, &c. All at Court are in a bustle because the parliament of Paris will not hear of new taxes till the King lays before them a state of his debts and expenses, that they may be convinced of the necessity of fresh impositions. Calonne, who has fled to Rotterdam, has written to the King that he is gone off to have liberty to prepare for his defence, as the Archbishop of Toulouse is doing all he can to deprive him of the means of justifying himself.

19th. At the Chambre des Comptes the other day, where the Count d'Artois went to enregister by force the *edit du timbre et de l'impôt*

territorial, he was hissed and hustled; but on somebody calling out "*aux armes!*" the cowardly mob fled in an instant and many people were lamed. The first President, Nicolai, made a very vigorous speech, ending with these remarkable words: "On veut nous forcer à passer une loi la plus oppressive, mais jamais nous ne le ferons;" then, raising his head and voice, he repeated: "Non, monseigneur, nous ne le ferons jamais!"

Monsieur was accompanied by loud acclamations from the Luxembourg to the Cour des Aides. After the Princes had retired, each court remained assembled, and the Chambre des Comptes came to a determination to address the King for the return of his parliament, to declare the edicts illegal and to forbid their execution; since which the King sat at Versailles, *en lit de justice*, or *Séance*, and had the edicts enregistered before him. The parliament was sullenly mute, and the King angry. As soon as they returned to Paris the parliament assembled and came to very strong resolutions, containing a doctrine of fundamental rights and primitive contracts, and national consents, that the kings of France seem long to have lost sight of. On the 15th they were exiled. The day had been fixed for the 17th, but the parliament being convoked to assist at the anniversary

of the vow of Louis XIII. on the 15th, it was apprehended there might be some riots; so their exile was hastened by two days. They were sent to Troyes.

The abuse bestowed on the King and Queen and the Archbishop of Toulouse is incredible. It was proposed in parliament that the deputies should return *en corps*, and, throwing themselves on their knees before the King, implore him to have pity on his people and recall the odious taxes, and perhaps they might touch his heart and convince his reason. It is said that clubs and *salons* are prohibited.

20th. La Cour des Aides is as stiffnecked as the other courts. The populace have given the King the nickname of *Louis le timbré*. The parliament of Rouen was ordered to go into exile at Libourne, but the people have risen and kept them by force in the city. The parliament of Rouen, being summoned to Paris, have returned for answer that they have upon their hands business of the highest importance, which they cannot leave.

21st. We met this evening at the Val la Maréchale de Mirepoix, a surprising woman of past eighty, without any infirmities but a shaking of her head. She does not look more than fifty.

29th. L'Archevêque de Toulouse is made prime minister. I went to the *salon* of pictures, or exhibition, which is infinitely superior to that of London; several excellent landscapes by Vernet, Huet, &c.; some charming portraits by Madame Le Brun; "Madame Adelaide," full length, by Guitard; the "Death of Socrates," by David.

September 12th. Met the Archbishop of Toulouse at the Val. They say of him at Paris, "qu'il a trois gouvernantes (Mesdames de Grammont, de Montesson, et de Boisgelin) et pas une bonne."

25th. Spent the day at Sèvres with Mr. Eden.

27th. Dined at the Val with the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefaucault, Countess de Boufflers and the Countess Amelie, &c., and had a delightful walk home by moonlight.

28th. Went to Paris to see for a house; met Laharpe and Lalande at dinner at Laborde's.

29th. Went after dinner with the Beauveaus and Jarnacs to visit Madame du Barri. She received us very amiably and merrily. She looks a very happy dame.

30th. The notables have their heads so filled just now with the sound of deficits and millions that they can think of nothing else. The Duke d'Havre having written a pressing letter to his

steward for a supply, the agent thought proper to come to Versailles himself instead of writing an answer. He showed the duke his own letter, and it appeared that the duke, who required five hundred louis d'or to be sent him without loss of time, had written to order five hundred millions, and his steward, thinking his master cracked, came to make inquiries into the case.

October 1st. Rode to Paris. Dined with Princess Lubomirska. At night the populace were making bonfires and burning Calonne in effigy.

4th. The Princess Lubomirska (now staying with us) tells me there is at present in France, on his travels, an illegitimate son of the Empress of Russia. He has all his father Gregory Orlof's fortune and an unlimited credit wherever he goes. He had only been born three days when Catherine completed the revolution by which her husband was dethroned. Princess Daschkow obliged her to mount her horse, and she remained on horseback nearly twenty-four hours.

Simolin, the Russian ambassador, was lately sounding the praises of Catherine, which only met with an air of dissent on the countenances of the company. "Au moins," said he, "on doit convenir que c'est une femme très rare."—"Heureusement!" said one of the bystanders.

The animosity of the Poles against the Empress Catherine is very great and bursts out frequently. Mrs. S. was saying that she should be very glad to hear of the Empress being at Constantinople; upon which a Polish gentleman exclaimed: "I would rather hear of the *Grand Turc* being at St. Petersburg. However, I should not object to her being at Constantinople—a prisoner!"

7th. Dined at the Val. Villagers danced on the lawn. Madame de Beauveau has a pretty little negress called Ourika, whom the Chevalier de Boufflers brought her as a present from Africa. She brings her up as her own child. The poor girl may be happy now. Query, whether she will be so when she grows up?¹

There is a foundation at Le Meril of eighteen livres a year, to be given to the married woman of that village whose first child is not born till nine months are complete from the day of her marriage. The curé tells me there have not been above six claimants in twenty-one years!

9th. I set out from Paris, traversed the Parc de Vincennes and rode along a new road to Neuilly-sur-Marne. The meadows of Chelles are handsome, extensive, green and pretty about

¹ It was from this girl that the Duchess de Duras took the idea of her novel, entitled "Ourika."

Lagny. We passed near Pont - aux - Dames (Bernardine nuns), where Madame du Barri was exiled on Louis Quinze's death. It is situated on the banks of the river and approached by fine avenues in the vale to Crecy, a small town under the hill. I then ascended a considerable height along the road of Coulommiers and descended to Lacelle, where I was educated. All appeared unaltered, except in the persons that inhabit the place, now no longer a college. There still remain three monks to perform service.

10th. I walked about the country to visit the haunts and scenes of my boyish, careless days, and recognised them with excessive pleasure. Some of the old labourers remembered me. The situation is admirably rural. The church was never finished; the choir only was completed. It is of large dimensions, with a lofty steeple. The mansion consists of a spacious cloister, and has many courts and gardens enclosed with a wall and surrounded by the river, over which is a two-arched bridge. The village is straggling, at the foot and upon the sides of the steep, beautiful hill that overhangs the river and abbey on the south side. As the houses only peep here and there through the foliage, and clumps of trees crown the summit, nothing can be more picturesque than the whole scene. A

mill at the foot with a vast supply of water, and the variety of timber that clothes the hill and vale are additional beauties. I thought the country much improved in look.

11th. Incessant rains prevented my going to Maupertz's, the elegant garden of the Marquis de Montesquieu Fézenac, the abbey of Formoutiers and other places. I passed this wet day in strolling about the abbey and in recalling past recollections.

12th. Set out on my return. Came to an estate left by Monsieur d'Arvelay to young Laborde at Choisy, a grand place. I found him with his father, Count Mercy, the Imperial ambassador, and Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, his *chère amie*, just coming out shooting. I joined them, and we five in a line, with each a loader and five attendants to hand the guns, proceeded regularly from one end of a vast plain of stubble and pasture; whilst a long line of peasants on each side, and between each shooter, beat up and chased the game before us. Behind each shooter were an ass and panniers, or a peasant with a *hotte*, to carry the game.

November 3rd. We settled in a house I had taken at Chaillot, on the Quai de la Conference.

Dined at Laborde's; met Monsieur d'Yvernois,

the Genevan, who wanted to settle a colony in Ireland. Passed the evening at the Countess de Boufflers'. The Countess Amelie professes great affection for her mother-in-law, and was complaining to her of her husband's conduct. Madame de B. reminded her that it was *her* son whom she was abusing. "Ah!" said she, "*je pensais qu'il ne fut que votre gendre.*"

15th. At the Eden's at Sèvres. The Queen was extremely attentive to them at Fontainebleau whilst the commercial treaty was pending; but upon the Duke of Dorset's return she gave them up entirely, and out of regard for him never takes the least notice of them.

20th. The Duke d'Orleans is exiled.

23rd. Went with Monsieur Denon to see Valenciennes' pictures; also to the show of those of Monsieur de Vaudreuil: all of the French school—very inferior to the Italian.

At the opera of *Edipe à Colonne*; charming music by Sacchini.

25th. Went to the apartments of that dreamer, l'Abbé Chaupy, who finds out the Eleusinian mysteries to be the Gospel, and is going to publish twenty volumes in quarto upon the four epochs in Italy, in which he is to prove Plato and all antiquity to have been perfect Christians.

I dined at the Marchioness de Sillery's and supped with the Beauveaus.

December 3rd. Spent the evening at the Duchess de Grammont's. She is drawn to the life in "Adèle et Théodore,"¹ in the character of a lady the Viscountess meets at Spa. Madame de Sillery read it to us, and said it was like her, except the *beaucoup d'esprit*, which she does not think Madame de Grammont really has. The Maréchal de Beauveau's portrait is drawn in the same book, and, although very charming, is by no means flattered.

9th. I went to St. Germain to spend two days with Madame de Lamarck.

10th. Went out shooting with Mr. Durell in the vineyards of Poissy. Partridges in vast flocks.

When James II. resided at St. Germain his Court was kept up with as much etiquette as that of Louis XIV. at Versailles. At his dinner he and the Queen were alone seated and attended by a complete household of lords and ladies, stars, garters and ribands. The famous Duke of Tyrconnel, Talbot, a man of blunt speech, was Lord Chamberlain. The Duke of Berwick, natural son to the ex-King, and then a general of reputation in the French army, had no more honours shown to

1 A novel, by Madame de Genlis (Sillery).

him than the rest, and stood cap in hand by his father's chair. One day during dinner the Count de Toulouse, a natural but legitimated son of the King of France, came by his father's orders to announce some great event to the abdicated Monarch, and James immediately ordered Tyrconnel to advance a stool for him. The Duke hesitated, and it was not till he had received repeated orders that he pushed forward a stool for the Prince. No sooner had he done it than he brought another, and taking the Duke of Berwick by the arm, attempted to force him down upon it, crying out, "Since bastards are allowed to sit down before my master, sit you down, for you are as good a one as the other!"

11th. Breakfasted at Madame de Lamarck's *chaumière*. It is rather curious that she became a *dévotee* by going to a fortune-teller. She had been long attached to the Marquis de Castries and asked the witch what he was about at that moment. "Il est avec Madame de Blot," was the answer. The Countess ascertained the fact, and, taking it as an admonition from heaven, broke off all intercourse with him and became a saint. Many years having intervened since then, they are now on friendly terms and he sees or writes to her every day.

12th. Dined at the Duke of Dorset's with

many English; Lord Thanet, Lord Wycombe, Lady Dunmore and two Ladies Murray, the Misses Coutts, General Ross, &c.

The Duke of Orleans was nearly drowned the other day, by his horse missing the ford of a brook much swollen with rain, and being carried under an arch, where the horse was drowned. The Duke swam out. His servant had plunged in to help him, without knowing how to swim, and the Duke was obliged to pull him out at great risk to himself.

The Duke's *chancelier*, Ducrest, being afraid of the Bastille on account of an absurd memoir which he made his master, the Duke of Orleans, present to the King, is gone off to England, having previously given in his resignation. He is the brother of Madame de Sillery, of whose history the following is a sketch.

A certain widow named Madame Mézières, *revendeuse à la toilette*, had an only daughter, who, being very handsome, made the conquest of Deshayes, a lover of the Duchess de Berry (the Regent's daughter). By this man she had a second daughter, now the famous Madame de Montesson.¹ Mademoiselle Mézières, her sister, married M. Chantry,

¹ Madame de Montesson, aunt to Madame de Genlis, who was married to the Duke of Orleans.

a sort of gentleman, with a wretched château in Burgundy. By him she had the Marquis Ducrest and Felicité, who married M. de Sillery. They changed their names, nobody knows why, from Chantry to St. Aubin Ducrest. Madame de Montesson, during her first intimacy with the late Duke of Orleans — for twenty years intervened between that and their marriage—prevailed on Monsieur de Genlis, who afterwards took the title of Marquis de Sillery, to marry her niece. Before her marriage, her mother—married secondly to a Monsieur d'Andlau—used to take her about to private houses, where she sang and played for a present. She was very handsome, but has no remains of beauty now, although she is not old.

For some days past, the talk of the town has been the mysterious death of young Wall, son of an Irish general officer here. He married six months ago Mademoiselle de Chabot, but is supposed to have abandoned his wife for someone whom he loved better in the country, by which he incurred the resentment of her brothers. Some nights ago, on his return to Paris, he went out alone and never returned. Some letters were found on his table, one to the Duchess de Rohan, noble - spirited, such as Balmerino might have penned on the eve of his execution for his attach-

ment to a cause he considered just and honourable. His body was discovered next day buried under leaves, having been dragged thither from the place of combat. A ball had penetrated his brain; his hat was full of powder and even smoke, and the pistol he held in his hand was battered, evidently by the resistance he made to the unfair approach of his murderer. It seems as if he had shot and missed, and then his adversary ran in and assassinated him, a forester having heard two pistols at the distance of two minutes of time. The survivor has been traced, but it is supposed, in consequence of the unfortunate youth's dying request contained in a letter to his father, that the pursuit will be stopped.

18th. Went to Versailles. No *thé* at Madame de Polignac's, as all the set went to the King's room to make his *partie*.

Madame Campan informed me of the Queen of Naples having been delivered of a dead child, in consequence of the Spanish minister's language to her by orders of his master. He accused her of having General Acton for her lover, to which she answered, "I will have his picture drawn by the best painter in Italy, and his bust made by the best sculptor, and both sent to the King of Spain, who may judge whether his is a figure for

a woman to fall in love with." "Oh, madam," replied the insolent Don, "my master has lived long enough to know there is no answering for the caprices of *des dames galantes*."

23rd. Madame Louise, the Carmelite nun, aunt to the King, lies dead at St. Denis. She was directress-general of all the nunneries in France, and her postage, had it not been franked, would have cost her sixty thousand livres a year. She was deformed and *intrigante*.

January 1st. To Versailles at the ceremony of an installation of the Knights of the Holy Ghost in their robes. Dined at the Count de Montmorin's. In the evening we went to Madame de Polignac's and the Jeu de la Reine.

When the King was ill lately and confined to his room, the Queen said, as he had no particular favourites, it was proper he should have a select society to keep him company, and asked l'Abbé de Vermont who he thought should be invited. "Who," replied he, "can be so proper as his Majesty's ministers? Why is it that the moment a man is named minister he is never after looked upon as fit company for his master, though he may have been before that his daily companion? Then he is left open to the malice and intrigues of courtiers, whom it is his office to govern and

control. The ministers are men of the world and of character, and therefore fittest for his Majesty's society."

His advice was taken, and the ministers invited to supper regularly during the confinement of the King to his own apartment. Upon this the Count d'Artois went to the ministers and made them believe it was he who had given the hint of inviting them to His Majesty. When in the King's presence, they expressed their sense of obligation to His Royal Highness, upon which Louis exclaimed: "Ce n'est pas lui, c'est ma femme qui m'en a prié;" which made him look rather silly.

M. de Carondelet, who has married Miss Plunket, daughter of Lord Dunsany, is fifty-four, the lady twenty-four. He is the most passionate lover ever seen, and cannot bear to be absent from her a moment; he even sits by her at table. He calls her "Mimie," and says he has forgotten all music except two notes, "Mimi, là," laying his hand upon his heart. Someone said, "Quand il mourra, on mettra sur sa tombe Mimi là mi là." He fell in love with her at Spa by being sent, *à dessein*, to prevail upon her to join a party of pleasure which she had refused. He stole upon her unawares and found her reading his travels:

inde amor et connubium. Madame de Sillery contributed to the success of the artifice.

The extravagance of the French is scarcely credible, and nothing in England ever equalled it, at least that I ever heard of. The *trousseau* of Mademoiselle de Matignon, who is going to marry the Baron de Montmorency, is to cost a hundred thousand crowns (about £25,000 sterling). There are to be a hundred dozen of shifts, and so on in proportion. The expense here of rigging out a bride is equal to a handsome portion in England; five thousand pounds' worth of lace, linen and gowns is a common thing among them.

6th. Countess d'Albanie and Prince Czartorsky drank tea with us. The season is so mild that the wood-merchants are quite in despair.

8th. At Versailles to the Duchess de Polignac's. *Thé* with Mrs. S. and F., where there was dancing. The Queen very gracious; she danced with Lord Strathaven.

The Princess de Lamballe is ill from a bruise on her head, which she got at Raincy by a fall in romping with the little Count de Beaujolois. She is said to be quite a Messalina.

The Queen is reported to have taken to devotion and ordered no more meat to be served on fast days at her table. The truth is that Madame

de Chimay, who is a devotee, complained to the Queen (who never dines at her own table, but always at Madame de Polignac's) that her chaplains, to whom the Queen's dinner is served, had meat on Fridays, and so Her Majesty ordered them to have only meagre fare.

9th. Dined at the Count d'Angevillers. His wife (she was Madame de Marchais) is a *bel esprit*, good-natured and agreeable, but *flatteuse au dernier degré*. One seldom sees her face as she wears a large hat and a veil.

14th. The Dukes de Chartres and Montpensier, Count de Beaujolois, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Madame de Sillery (Genlis), César Ducrest, Pamela,¹ Henriette de Cercy, Mr. and Mrs. Eden and their children, breakfasted, or rather dined, with us.

17th. Spent the evening at Bellechasse with Madame de Sillery. The Duke de Chartres is very well educated and well mannered, but rather formal and dressy. Beaujolois is a fine spirited boy. Mademoiselle is *petite*, but pretty.

18th. Dinner and ball at the Dorset's.

19th. I was presented to the Duchess de la Vallière, aged seventy-nine. She was a famous

¹ Pamela, afterwards married to Lord E. Fitzgerald.

beauty and has yet wonderful eyes. She is very deaf. She received us seated at the upper end of a room, with the men on one side, the ladies on the other, in great form. She was herself decked out with all the colours of the rainbow and a profusion of diamonds, painted and patched so that she looked like an embalmed Egyptian queen, or Kitty Fisher when exposed full dressed after her death. A little dog lay on a stool at her feet and she was working *au parfilage*. For this amusement her friends supply her with presents, on New Year's Day, in gold threads, representing gardens, temples, &c., which she passes her time in pulling to pieces. Her daughter, the Duchess de Chatillon, sits by her as interpreter. It was to her that Madame d'Andelau, after a dispute in her presence on the preservation of beauty, addressed these extempore lines :

“La nature, prudente et sage,
Force le temps à respecter
Les charmes de ce beau visage,
Qu'elle n'aurait pu répéter.”

In her youth she was a professed libertine, yet now she pronounces definitively upon moral good and evil, and gives and takes away reputations, *comme les autres*.¹

¹ Mr. Swinburne deals somewhat harshly with Madame de la Vallière. No woman ever more sturdily resisted the

22nd. Evening at Madame de Laborde's, where the Marquis de Cubières sang very well.

When Madame d'Osmond was to be presented

seductions and temptations by which she was surrounded, and none was more respected when she fell. It was surely permitted at the age of seventy-nine to indulge in a little gossip and to criticise the conduct of those who, perhaps with infinitely less right, exhibited greater pretensions to virtue. It is, I believe, admitted that Madame de la Vallière, from her first presentation at Court to the last moment of her life, continued most constant both to the person and memory of her royal lover. Although the history of her *liaison* with Louis XIV. and her abandonment by that dissolute and capricious monarch is too well known to require comment, perhaps the following lines addressed by her to Louis, when he left her for Madame de Montespan, may be less familiar. The lines, however, were not written by herself, but by the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées, who, under similar circumstances, addressed them to Henry IV. I say that they were composed by Gabrielle because they may be seen, written by her own hand, on the margin of the splendid MS. volume of the Orations of Isocrates, which belonged to her, and which is now preserved in the Ambrosian Library. I have retained the orthography of the MS., as it adds to the quaintness and even to the tenderness of the expressions : *

De vraye amour aultre amour réciproque,
C'est le parfait de son plus grand desir ;
Mais, si l'amour de l'aultre amour se moque,
Pour ung amour trop moing digne choisir,
C'est ung ennuy qui ne donne loysir,
Temps, ne repos pour trouver recomfort.
Le désespoir est pire que la mort,
Et jalouzie est ung vraye désespoir.
O foy rompue ! O trop apparent tort,
Pour vous me fault pis que mort recevoir !

* This cannot be Madame de la Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV., she having died in 1710.—NOTE BY PUBLISHER.

to the Queen, her shoemaker disappointed her of her shoes, which Leonard, the hairdresser, told the Queen; upon which she was so good as to send her a pair of hers. Upon her presentation, Her Majesty inquired if the shoes fitted her well, and before she could give an answer, the old Count d'Osmond, who was close behind, said in a loud whisper to her, "Dites qu'ils sont trop petits."

The Duke de Lauzun, though endowed with some essentially bad qualities, has a great deal of cleverness, and on that account was idolised at Chanteloup, where the Duke de Choiseul used to assemble the wits of the age. Lauzun neglected going thither one summer, and when he returned, after a very long absence, he found the Duke de Liancourt, a man of shallow parts, become the favourite, and himself treated with neglect by the Duchess de Grammont, &c. He took his departure in consequence, and on being asked the reason, "Ma foi," said he, "j'avois été longtems absent, et à mon retour j'ai trouvé qu'on avait donné ma place à Liancourt."

These verses were made on the Duke de Liancourt by him :

Si l'on empruntoit du courage,
Comme on achète de l'esprit,
Liancourt auroit l'avantage,
De se battre comme il écrit.

When the Duke de Choiseul was turned out of the minstry, he called his *maître d'hôtel* and told him he was a ruined man and could no longer afford to keep such a servant as he was. The man replied, "Monseigneur, vous ne pourrez-vous passer absolument de domestiques ; n'aurez-vous pas besoin d'un marmiton ? "

There is now in Paris a discarded lover of the Empress of Russia's named Yermaloff. He received orders to quit St. Petersburg in twelve hours, but had 100,000 roubles given to him and an annuity of £3,000 sterling settled upon him. The present favourite's name is Mummolow. Prince Potemkin chooses them for her and places the candidates somewhere in her way. When one is accepted he becomes an aide-de-camp and receives the visits of the courtiers and foreign ministers, as did in France a Barri or a Pompadour.

M. de Crosne, the lieutenant of police, is not very bright and is easily imposed upon—or, in other words, he is quite a blockhead. Somebody informed him that there was, in a certain house, "une secte d'Anabaptistes, qui faisait beaucoup de bruit dans le quartier." He went thither and began taking his information by asking whom the house belonged to. "A Batiste," was the reply. "Et qui sont ceux qui s'y assemblent, et qui font

tant de bruit? Les Anabaptistes.” “Comment donc,” said he, “des ânes? Envoyez les donc paître dans les prairies.”

When he sent a *lettre de cachet* to suppress the salon, it went by mistake to the Salon des Porcherons, a wine-house where the rabble assemble on Sundays.

March 4th. Versailles. Supped at Madame de Polignac's. The Queen played at billiards all the evening.

There are various reports concerning the true cause of the exile of the Duke d'Orleans. Some say he wanted to raise money himself, therefore did what he could to discredit the King's loan; others, that he cheated the Prince of Wales and that the King of England had complained of it. When he appeared at Court here on his return from England, Louis XVI. asked him what he had been about there. “J'y ai appris à penser,” he replied, fancying he had said something very sagacious. “Oui, à panser les chevaux,” answered the King.

Quintin Crauford sat up all night playing hazard at the Duke of Dorset's; and about nine the next morning his *chère amie*, Mrs. Sullivan, went thither in pursuit of him. She ran upstairs to drag him from the gaming-table. He obeyed,

but they say his face was like the countenance of a man who had sold himself to the devil and had quite forgotten it till the appearance of Old Nick brought the compact ruefully to his mind.

19th. Walked to Madrid, which is in a very ruinous condition, propped up in many places, but still inhabited; the outward ornaments all tile and baked earth of various colours, to imitate porphyry; a strange mixture of Grecian colours and barbarous entablements. In the afternoon to Longchamps; a great crowd of carriages, but few worthy of notice, either for richness, elegance or horses

20th. Went to stay at the Val with the Beauveaus and the Princess de Poix. The latter, who is very captivating, but who never succeeded in becoming a good player at billiards, had these lines sent to her:

“ Vous, qui d’amour fuyez les loix,
Evitez la belle de Poix.
Sans soins, sans projets, et sans arts,
Cette Princesse
Touche sans cesse
Hors au billard.

Surprise de ne point toucher,
Un jour elle alla pour chercher
La cause chez un grand docteur,
Qui dit, Ma fille,
C’est qu’une bille,
N’est pas un cœur.”

April 29th. The Archbishop of Sens (Brienne) turned out of the ministry. The Duke de Luynes related to us that in travelling with a party a few months ago, the wheel of his carriage being broken, he was obliged to stop and go into a poor cabaret whilst it was mended; and there, on the white-washed walls, he read these words: "L'Archêveque de Sens est un gueux, et ses manœuvres nous ruineront, mais heureusement il ne sera pas en place après le 28 Avril, 1788. Daté le 28 Aôut, 1787." It is remarkable that Brienne was turned out on that very day.¹

I learn from M. d'Entraigue that the Count d'Artois had a warm conference with the King on the dismissal of the Archevêque de Sens. The King asked him why he was so violent against that minister and so anxious that he should be turned out. He replied, "Parceque je n'ai pas envie d'aller mendier mon pain dans les pays étrangers."

The Countess d'Albanie breakfasted with us

1 M. de Loménie, Cardinal Archbishop. He escaped the horrors of the Revolution and amassed a large fortune. He was great-uncle to Madame de Marnezia and Madame de Canisy, Duchess of Vicenza. The famous ex-Abbé Patrault, to whom these ladies were consigned by their mother, Madame de Loménie, who was guillotined in 1793, wanted to marry them to two peasants, his nephews; but Napoleon prevented this.

and introduced Count Alfieri. He is melancholy-looking and reserved, but very clever.

The anti-Court people say of the Queen that the difference between her and Madame du Barri is, that the latter "quitta le public pour le roi, et la reine quitte le roi pour le public." Very spiteful.¹

The fate of favourites has ever been the same. Madame de Maintenon, seeing some carp which did not look happy, being put into the lake, said to someone, "Elles sont comme moi — elles regrettent leur bourbe;" and Madame de Pompadour once said to the Duke de Choiseul, "Je voudrais être morte! si vous saviez ce que c'est que d'être obligée d'amuser toujours un bête qui s'ennuie."

4th. A party at Madame Hubers, where we met Madame de Stäel, daughter to Necker. She is clever, dictatorial, talkative and seemingly not unaware of her own merits. She is very plain, and I am told she said, "Je donnerais la moitié de mon esprit pour la beauté de Madame de Simiani," who is thought the handsomest woman now in Paris.

Madame de Stäel went to a *bal masqué*, dis-

¹ Mr. Swinburne ought rather to have said "most calumnious."

guised like a statue, all in white. A gentleman recognised her by her foot, which is not a pretty one, and said, "Ah! le vilain pie-de-stal!"

Some time ago she lost a child, and being seen out the next day by someone who expressed surprise on the subject, she answered, "L'amour maternel est un sentiment trop froid pour mon âge." She has given Sapio some of her compositions in music, desiring he would study them.

The King and Queen were at the review of the Gardes Françaises yesterday in great splendour, bowing to everyone, notwithstanding which there was no "Vive le Roi!" All was silent till the old Maréchal de Biron mounted his horse at the head of his regiment, when he was received with the loudest acclamations.

5th. In the course of last night an attempt was made to arrest D'Espreménil and Goillard of the Parliament, who both escaped to the Palais. The Parliament sat all day; eleven peers were present. The *arrêté* of the day before yesterday was like our Bill of Rights, strong and declaratory of the just claims of the people. Soldiers surrounded the Palais and suffered no one to go in or out. Great commotions are expected. Wednesday is to be the day for destroying the Parliament. I believe all this will end in *gasconnades*, either by

the Court eating its words, or that fear of chastisement will bring the Parliamentarians on their knees. We shall see whether violence and despotism will prevail. I do not think there is steadiness, spirit, or union requisite for a revolution to be found in the French nation.¹ All will depend on the perseverance of the ministry and the temper of the army.

6th. MM. d'Espreménil and Goillard were ordered to be arrested by *lettres de cachet*; the first for urging the Parliament to make the *arrêté* and laying before it copies of the Garde des Sceaux's plans (which he had procured by stealth from the King's press at Versailles); the other for denouncing the amplification of the *vingtième*.² Both made their escape and came to the Parliament House, which was soon afterwards invested by three thousand five hundred Swiss and French guards, who locked the gates and kept all within

1 The bloody tragedy that shortly ensued proved the fallacy of this judgment—if, indeed, the noble epithets of steadiness, spirit and union can be applied to the execrable display of implacable madness and sanguinary combination that perverted the vast majority of the French people, until Napoleon rose and once more enchained them.

2 The *vingtième* was a tax first imposed in the year 1741, and was somewhat similar to an income-tax in its operations. It was afterwards applied in a more direct manner to inheritances, bequests, &c., &c.

prisoners for twenty-four hours. Eleven peers, two archbishops and all the Parliament passed the day and night in the halls, with all the spectators who chanced to be there. Then M. d'Agoult, aide-major (senior adjutant) of the guards, came in and demanded the two members, who were refused him. Deputations were sent to Versailles, but denied admittance to the King. At last the two obnoxious gentlemen got up, and, after protesting against this unheard-of violation of this most sacred asylum, surrendered themselves to M. d'Agoult and were hurried away to l'Hôtel de Police, from whence one was sent to l'Isle de St. Marguerite, the other to Pierre Encise, near Lyons. A rescue was attempted, but the two members themselves opposed and prevented it.

9th. The Parliament was summoned to Versailles and all the inferior chambers of it broken up. The *grande chambre* was retained to form part of a *cour plénière*, composed of officers of State, &c., where the King has passed a number of edicts whereby he changes the whole order of the magistracy, amplifies the powers of lower jurisdictions and, *en attendant les états généraux*, reserves to this *cour plénière* the power of enregistering all acts. The Parliament unanimously refused its acquiescence. A prorogation is pro-

claimed to give time to make up the new tribunals, &c.

The Archbishop of Narbonne (Dillon) made a strange, fulsome speech to the King, at the head of the clergy. He exclaimed, "Sommes-nous donc une horde étrangere dans l'état?" Louis, contrary to custom, answered by heart, but his memory failed him and, after two attempts to recollect himself, he gave it up.

The Châtelet, *unâ voce*, has refused to act instead of the Parliament, so the King and his ministers will be finely hampered.

M. d'Agoult is universally reprobated for his officiousness in this business.

14th. The Châtelet has refused all the ministerial offers.

15th. Madame de Sillery brought the Princes to take leave of Mrs. S. before they go to St. Leu for the summer.

22nd. The report is that Dupaty drew up that part of the Garde des Sceaux's (Lamoignon!) preamble which regards law, and Abbé Maury the rest. Upon which someone observed the Garde des Sceaux's motto ought to be "aut pati aut mori," formerly that of St. Theresa.

The clergy have in their assembly, at the instance of the Bishop of Blois, instituted a committee

to remonstrate with the King and to petition for a speedy convocation of the *états généraux*. The Archbishop of Narbonne opposed it.

24th. It is now said that matters will be compromised between the King and the Parliament.

The Dauphin lies dangerously ill with two issues in his back, made to bring down his hump. The maxim seems to be that it is better he should die than the nation be governed by "Louis le Bossu."

25th. The Abbé Arthur Dillon's affair with Madame de Gouvernet is the talk of the day. She is the daughter of Count Arthur Dillon. Her husband came to the Abbé with threats to insist upon his giving up her letters, which Arthur refused (people say because he had them not). Her friends, a strong party, the Poixe, Beauveaus, &c., say that in her childhood she had written him many foolish love-letters, and that in consequence he used to tease her about them so much that she insisted upon his giving them up. Not succeeding in this point, she applied to the Archbishop of Narbonne, but to no purpose as Abbé Dillon was supported by Madame Routh (the Archbishop's favourite lady), to whom he has been often useful and agreeable; and then Gouvernet

set off to attack Arthur personally and made a great *fracas*. People say this business will prevent the Abbé's promotion to the mitre.

M. de la Monnoie, the other night, was in the *parterre*. Being extremely fat and bulky, he intercepted the view of the performance from two men behind him, one in particular, who began expressing his displeasure—"Enfin," said he out loud, "quand on est d'une pareille grosseur, on ne devrait pas se mettre devant les gens." "Excusez, Monsieur," said La Monnoie, turning round politely, "il n'est pas donné à tout le monde d'être plat comme vous."

June 2nd. At a *grande fête* given by the Baron de Breteuil, on account of his grand-daughter's marriage with the Baron de Montmorency.

3rd. Grand *fêtes*, on the same occasion, at the Prince de Montmorency's on the Boulevards. We saw the fireworks and illuminations from the Princess Lubomirska's, opposite. Breteuil resigns to-day.

4th. Dined at Madame d'Angeviller's with M. de Bièvre, famous for his wit and *calembours*. The reputation he has acquired for them is such, that, a few days ago, he sat next to a person at dinner and asked him to have the kindness to help him to some spinach. The other began con-

sidering and racking his brain in vain, fancying there was a double meaning in this speech, and at last said, "Ma foi ! pour celui-la, je ne le comprends pas."

Every time anything is made for the King's children, a double quantity, *dit-on*, is made and sold by Madame de Polignac and Madame d'Harcourt. They have twelve dozen shirts a year.

Madame de la Vaupalière, hearing that an *abbaye* was vacant, wrote to the Bishop of Orleans, who had *la porte-feuille des bénéfices*, in favour of her sister, who had been abbess somewhere before. This was her letter: "Monseigneur, je viens d'apprendre que l'Abbaye du Parc-aux-Cerfs est vacante, et je vous supplie de la donner à ma sœur. Elle en est digne, ayant déjà fait ses preuves; et je suis sûre qu'on lui trouvera toutes les qualités requises pour mettre ce couvent sur le meilleur pied possible."

Now this *Parc-aux-Cerfs* is a house near Versailles, where Louis Quinze had a seraglio, and she put this phrase by mistake instead of *Pont-aux-Dames*. The King and Bishop having entertained themselves with this letter, the prelate wrote a polite answer, assuring Madame de la Vaupalière that he had no doubt of her sister's qualifications,

but that unfortunately the abbey she asked for was not in his presentation.

6th. Dined yesterday at the Countess d'Albanie's, with Alfieri, Conway and D'Hancarville. Met the Abbé de St. Nom, editor of the "*Voyage Pittoresque d'Italie*," and M. le Maître, who was ten years in the Bastille for having published in a periodical paper, called "*l'Espion Turc*," the following story or prophecy: "Catherine de Medicis was always surrounded by astrologers, one of whom, by her desire, composed a magic mirror, wherein she might see what would occur in the future. She beheld each of her sons on the throne, then her mortal enemy, Henry of Bourbon, his son and grandson, the crown held up by the Jesuits. When it came to Louis XVI. she saw nothing but mist—no king—and a set of cats and rats devouring each other. On seeing this she fainted away. On her recovery all was clear, and a Prince of the name of Charles was seated on the throne."

The following story is supposed to account for the famous "*Iron Mask*." Cardinal Richelieu, being anxious to prevent the Duke d'Orleans and the Condés from succeeding to the throne, prevailed upon Anne of Austria to raise an heir that might entitle her to the regency. She pitched

on a *bourgeois* of Troyes, by name Louis Bourdon, whose figure and good looks had struck her in one or other of her journeys. The surly, capricious temper of Louis XIII. having kept him at a distance all the time that was necessary for colouring the deceit with the appearance of probability, she was obliged to keep the birth of the intended heir secret and confide him to trusty hands that were never to abandon him. At the same time he was to remain in eternal ignorance of his birth and parentage. A second attempt was more successfully achieved, by which Louis XIV. saw the light, whilst his unhappy elder brother was imprisoned at different places, but treated with great attention and expense. Probably his guardian disclosed the secret to him on the death of Louis XIII. and thereby occasioned his removal and close confinement. Linguet says that a lady at Chartres, ninety years old, still alive, and in her youth mistress to one of the ministers, was surprised this should not be known, as it was no secret when she lived in the world.¹

Madame Campan tells me that her father-in-

¹ It has been stated in a previous note that, although the real name of the "Iron Mask" still remains a mystery, it is the general opinion that the sufferer was the unfortunate Fouquet.

law actually occupies the same house that was inhabited by the *maître d'hôtel* and favourite *femme de chambre* (his wife) of Anne of Austria. That Queen made a *neuvaine*¹ to St. Leonard, whose chapel is near Choisy and who is famous for procuring children to barren ladies. Every day during her pilgrimage the Queen retired to this house at Choisy after the ceremonies were over; and there is a tradition that someone came to visit her from Ruel every evening by a private road which leads through the meadows to the river, where the country people say there is, or was, within the memory of man, a ford, the only one for miles on the Seine. They show the traces of the road.

The Maréchal de Beauveau told me the following anecdote, and assured me it had been handed down from generation to generation from the person to whom the circumstance occurred. Whilst the Cardinal de Richelieu resided at Ruel, a man of rank received at Paris a message from him, to say that he desired he would immediately mount his horse with the utmost secrecy and come with all speed to confer with his Eminence upon certain affairs of great moment. The noble-

1 Nine days' prayers.

man went to his stable unobserved, and stole away as soon as he had saddled his horse. As he had forgotten in his hurry to take a cloak, and was overtaken by a very heavy and persistent shower of rain, he took refuge near Nanterre, in a public-house which was famous for dressing eels *à la matelotte*. There he found a well-looking man at the door, driven in also by the storm, and accosted him. Finding him a decent, well-informed person, the nobleman entered into further conversation, and at last good-naturedly proposed to treat him with a dish of eels, as the smell of the dinner had awakened his own appetite. They sat down, dined and drank a merry glass together. When the weather cleared up, the nobleman paid for his reckoning and called for his horse; the stranger then took him aside, and, naming him, said:

“Sir, I know you well, though you are thus unattended. The liberal behaviour and confidential intercourse with which you have honoured me have made such an impression upon me that I am determined, at all hazards of my own, to preserve you from destruction. I know you are summoned in the most secret manner to a rendezvous with the Cardinal, and there, I know, you will immediately be strangled and your body

buried in the garden, where many other good men lie unknown. You will believe my intelligence when I tell you I am the public executioner, sent for to put you to death. Therefore, mount your horse and return home or to whatever place you think the most secure." The nobleman shook him heartily by the hand, and, taking his advice, galloped back to Paris without minding either wind or rain.

The Cardinal kept up great state, and one day, at the Duchess de Chevreuse's, the Marquis de Conflans made remarks before him on the ostentation of his having his train borne by a chevalier de St. Louis. The cardinal replied that it was the custom always to have one as "*Gentilhomme Caudataire*. The predecessor of the present one," added he with a sneer, "bore the name and arms of Conflans."

"Je n'en doute pas," said the Marquis; "car il y a longtems qu'il se trouve dans ma famille de pauvres hères, dans le cas de tirer le diable par la queue."

When the King of Sweden was at Paris the courtiers turned him into ridicule, as they do everybody. "Enfin," said M. de C——, "c'est un roi" — "Couronné," interrupted a cautious friend, in order to put a stop to his invectives.

I was recommending one of Miss Burney's novels to Madame Lemoine.

"Vos romans Anglais sont si tristes," said she.

"Pas toujours, madame."

"A vous dire vrai, je n'en ai lu qu'un, et il m'a paru d'une tristesse inconcevable."

"Et son titre?"

"Il s'appelle les Nuits d'Young!"

It is the fashion now at Paris for ladies to be, or pretend to be, learned—at least *au fait* of history—which has certainly not been part of their education. The remarks one hears coming from them are sometimes very diverting. Someone was talking of St. Louis and Louis XVI. as being the best kings France could boast of, except Henry IV.

"Pour moi," said Madame d'Osmond, "de tous les rois de France, je vous déclare que c'est Louis V. qui est mon favori."

The only thing recorded of this monarch is his having obtained the surname of *Le Fainéant*.

The other night, at the Théâtre Français, the part of Mithridate was acted by Granger, who squints and is very ugly. When Monime said to him, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage," a man in the *parterre* called out, "Eh! tant mieux! laissez le faire."

June 7th. We went to dine and sleep at the Val. M. Gaillard Roy, the astronomer, and the Duke de Chabot were there. We had a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; the latter, divided and dispersed by the conductors, played about the house like lambent meteors without points or sharpness.

Accounts from Brittany state that a deputation of four hundred gentlemen waited upon M. de Thiers, requesting him to forward their memorial to the King and their circular letter to the Princes and the peers. He promised to do so, but expostulated with them upon the illegality of their assembling in such a manner, and expressed how much the King would be offended by it. To this they replied that when the English landed at St. Cast they assembled in a similar manner and had been thanked for doing so by His Majesty. "That was a different case," said Thiers; "it was against the enemies of your country." "The case is the same now," they boldly answered.

The Count d'Artois says publicly, "C'est un manœuvre manqué—cela ne peut pas tenir—il faut revenir sur ses pas." But the Queen and her advisers will not give up the point.

The Bailli de Soissons, on refusing to accept, sent to the Garde des Sceaux (Lamoignon) copies

of letters written to them by him in 1771, when he was exiled, exhorting the magistrates of Soissons to join the Parliament and refuse to acquiesce in the King's demands.

The pun at present is "que le grand baillage est à St. Cloud"—that is, they are very dull there and yawn a great deal, and that "Les gardes Françaises sont des garde-robes."

Canterbury, June 12th.

Sailed for England, and slept at Canterbury. The country in high beauty. The limpidity of the streams, neatness of the gardens, beauty of the women, and elegance of almost every vehicle when compared to those we left in France, struck me forcibly on my return to Old England.

The court and cloisters here are kept very spruce, and the *reverendissimi* seem to be comfortably quartered. The few remaining ruins of St. Augustine's monastery and its vast enclosures vouch for its former splendour. The cathedral is a light Gothic pile; the eastern part much more ancient than the rest, being in the Saxon or Norman style.

London, November 17th.

We went yesterday, along with Dutens, to Mr. M'Kenzie's at Petersham, and met Count Woronzow. We saw stars by daylight with Mr. M'Kenzie's equatorial—a wonderful machine, for by calculation, and by placing the instrument with infinite precision, you immediately point to the star you want.

November 29th.

We dined on Monday at Barthelemy's (secretary to the French Embassy), with a large company—Lucchesi, Mademoiselle d'Eon, Miss Wilkes, Sir John Macpherson, &c., &c.

Captain J. Payne being in the House of Commons the other day, during a debate relative to the Navy, had a note conveyed to him from another member, desiring him to get up and explain to the House certain sea terms which were evidently misunderstood. The note began thus: "Sir, as you are *bread* to the sea," &c., &c. Payne took out his pencil and answered upon the same paper, "I am not bread to the sea, but the sea is bread to me, and d—d bad bread it is!"

November 31st.

We dined yesterday at Wilkes's with some of the same party, among whom were Barthelemy and Count Rewitsky, Imperial envoy, and a famous collector of rare books, which he has sold to Lord Spencer and some others. At the dessert somebody happened to mention Lord Sandwich, when Rewitsky started up, saying, "Is it the famous Lord Sandwich who had his friend condemned by the House of Lords to be hanged for writing an abominable book?"¹

Wilkes stared, and hung his jaw and tongue, as was usual with him in any dilemma, but said nothing. Barthelemy, who knew nothing of the matter, pressed Rewitsky to give an account of it. "It was a horrible work," said he, "as I am told, for I never read it; it certainly deserved that its author should be punished, for he must have been void of all religion, shame and decency; I am surprised Lord Sandwich let him live so long." Soon after, without anything more being said on the subject, the conversation changed; and perhaps Rewitsky will never know that it was his *Amphytrion du jour* whom he had been thus reprobating to his face.

December 8th.

It was reported yesterday that the King was dead. Joy was in many faces among the people of the Opposition—among others, in that of Lord Derby, who clapped and rubbed his hands with an air of infinite satisfaction. There are accounts to-day of His Majesty being still alive; Colonel St. Leger's face was rather long as he learnt it. All the Prince's associates seem out of their wits.

December 12th. The King is quite insane, but in no danger of death. Dr. Monro attends him. Strange confusion is expected about the regency, as there is no precedent in our law for such a case. I dined at Wilkes's, and, calling in at Cosway's, found great agitation and mystery going on there about something unexplained. I fancy it is some knighthood, or other nonsense, concerted between Cosway and the Prince.

January 4th, 1789.

Lord Bandon has summoned the armed neutrality, of which he, rather than the Duke of Northumberland, seems to be the head, and desired to know whether they were unanimous in supporting the Prince of Wales. Twenty-five said "yes"; the rest went off to Pitt's side.

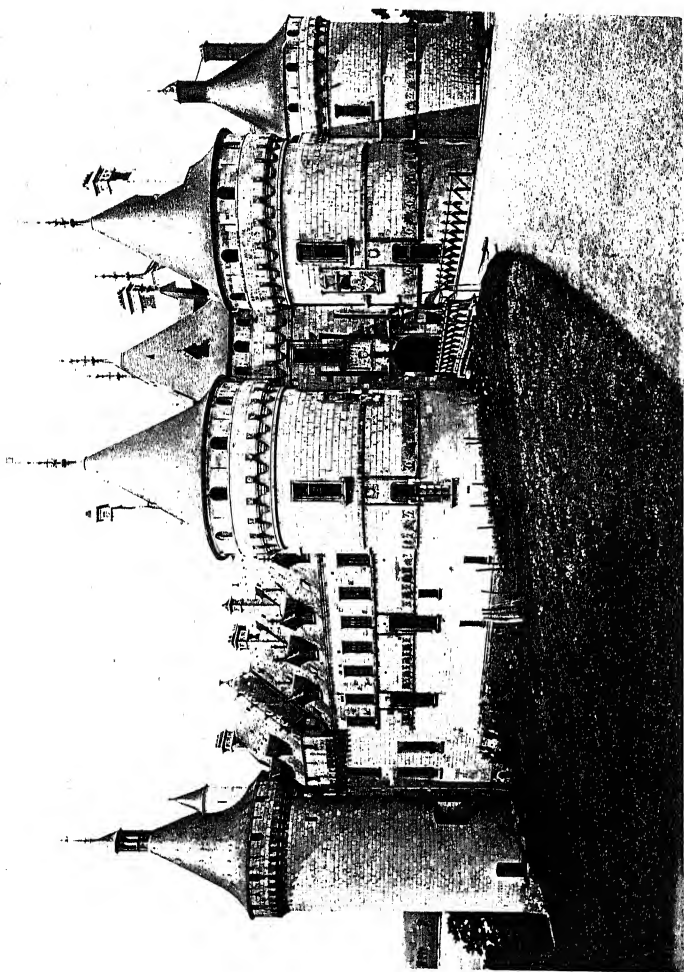
Mr. Grenville is to be Speaker. He is young and near-sighted. There are great disputes among the King's physicians. The Queen will accept the regency if the Prince refuses, but he has decided to have it on any terms. The limitations have been sent to him. They are supposed to prevent him from giving any patent places, making peers and changing the household. The King's real and personal estate is to be vested in Lord Hawkesbury and J. Robinson, by which means they keep the chancellorship of Lancaster and the surveyorship of the woods. The Opposition talk loudly and imprudently of wreaking their vengeance on Eden and on Buckingham. The Duke of Portland is to be minister. Many members skulk; among others, Johnny Wilkes, who has gone to hide himself in the Isle of Wight till all is over.

January 9th. The Foxites say the King amuses himself with the Red Book, creating baronets, and that he takes exercise in his apartment, riding on a cane.¹ The Pittites, on the

¹ An odd example of hallucination, not unlike that recorded by Mr. S., is said to have occurred not long since in a certain royal palace. A person holding a place about the Court, and who no one imagined had any wits to lose, was waiting in the gallery for the royal party to go out riding. Lady —, happening to pass by, placed her Leghorn hat and feathers on a table. This our gentleman

CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT, ON THE LOIRE

Built about 1670 by Philibert de L'Orme



contrary, say he is recovering fast and will soon be well. The Duke of Northumberland is to have the ordnance.

Many caricatures are out. The Prince, as Prince Hal; John Falstaff, Sheridan; Bardolph, Jack Payne; Pistol, &c.; the last scene in *Henry IV*.

When Dr. Willis was examined, Sheridan, with a long string of questions, was ready to perplex him if possible. Willis said, "Pray, sir, before you begin, be so good as to snuff those candles that we may see clear, for I always like to see the face of the man I am speaking to."

Sheridan was so confounded at this speech of the basilisk doctor, that he could not get on in his examination, and for once in his life he was nonplussed.

April 8th. The rejoicings on the King's recovery have been universal, and at the Queen's first drawing-room the crowd was excessive. Her Majesty is very popular at this moment, which

no sooner saw than he put it on, mounted the balustrade of the stairs, and fancying himself galloping after the royal *cortège*, slid down the banisters *ventre à terre*. He had rather astonished the servants on the previous day by asking for *sugar* and *cream* when they brought him his soup at dinner. They were not aware that he mistook it for green tea.

is generally the case when success bestows the palm. Indeed, upon the whole, her conduct throughout has been dignified, sensible, and becoming her exalted situation.

We have had much gaiety and many *fêtes*. Those of the French ambassador (La Luzerne) were superb. The illuminations were so numerous that the whole town seemed in a blaze. If the Prince de Monaco had arrived upon one of those nights, he would, indeed, have been gratified at the respect shown to him.¹

The ball of balls was that given by White's Club at the Pantheon. It was a most brilliant spectacle. I never saw anything in foreign countries to be compared to it. The illumination of the dome, the wreaths of lamps round the pillars, the dresses and feathers of the ladies and the excellence of the supper were objects of great praise. Very few of the Prince's friends were there, and scarcely one of the party's women. The Duke of Gloucester and his children were the only members of the royal family. The Prince used all his endeavours to keep people away.

¹ On his arriving at night in London, he mistook the lighted lamps of the streets for an illumination on his account, and said he was sorry the King of England had put himself to such expense.

How much nobler would it have been had he put party feelings in his pocket and gone himself to a *fête* given to celebrate the recovery of a parent!

London, May 5th.

A great gala was given last week by Brookes' Club to a crowd of everything fashionable and handsome in London. The opera-house was too small for the company. The boxes were hung with blue, buff and silver. The floor extremely dirty, but the *coup-d'œil* fine. People of both sides of the question were there. After waiting two hours, without music or anything going on, Mrs. Siddons, ridiculously dressed as Britannia in red and blue, with a green helmet, shield and lance, declaimed a pitiful ode on the occasion, addressed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who stood before her in coats of mail. Lord Townshend, on being asked what he thought of the Prince's rich suit, said, "it was probably the coat belonging to his father's strait-waistcoat."

The Prince gives a *fête* to the "*Je ne sais quoi*" club; Boodle's another, and Luzerne another. The *fêtes* of the latter are sumptuous and worthy of the

grand or rather *gros monarque* whom he represents. Prince William Henry is created Duke of Clarence.

Erskine, the lawyer, having joked too severely upon the poverty of his party, the Buffs and Blues¹ sent him to Coventry; but upon proper repentance, he was again received into the set, and asked Mr. Fox if, having now made every necessary concession, he might not hope to regain once more the confidence of the party. "My dear fellow," answered Fox, "your own confidence is enough to satisfy any man; what can you want with any more?"

FROM MRS. SWINBURNE TO HER HUSBAND.

Versailles, May 10th, 1789.

I hope you received my letter to say Harry had arrived safe and well. M. de Beauveau presented him to the Prince de Lambesc, and he was almost immediately installed among the King's pages. The education he will there receive is considered to be in every respect excellent. There is

¹ The Buffs and Blues, from the colours assumed by the Whig party.

great strictness; but, in my opinion, the elder pages have too much power over the younger ones, who are treated like fags at Eton. I had an audience of the Queen two days ago; she is very much altered and has lost all her brilliancy of look. She was more gracious than ever, and said, "Vous arrivez dans un mauvais moment, chère Madame Swinburne. Vous ne me trouverez point gaie; j'ai beaucoup sur le cœur."

She is very low-spirited and uneasy about her son, who, by all accounts, lies dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. She inquired kindly after all our family, and assured me she should consider Harry as under her care, and also spoke of our business, which Madame Campan had told her was my reason for now returning to France.

"Je crains," said she, "que dans ce moment je ne pourrai vous être d'aucune utilité; mais si les tems deviennent meilleurs, vous savez que je n'oublie jamais mes amis."

Apropos of that, I find it was by her desire that the Luzernes have shown us so much attention.

The whole tenor of her conversation was melancholy, but she said little about public affairs; her child's illness seemed uppermost in

her mind. The tears, which I with difficulty restrained in her presence, gushed from me as soon as I had quitted the room. She told me she should like to see me again soon. Poor thing! her kindness and sorrowful manner made me more interested and enthusiastic about her than ever.

The Convocation of the États Généraux, by Necker's advice, took place on the 27th of last month and on the 4th of this. They had their *séance*, at which the King, Queen and all the royal family attended in great state, in the Salle des Menus Plaisirs du Roi.¹ It was by all accounts a very fine exhibition, but I was not tempted to go, although Madame de Beauveau offered to take me, for you know I hate sights and detest enduring fatigue unless for some useful purpose. However, I find she did not go herself. They say Necker made a fine speech, but not a satisfactory one, as he affirmed that the deficit amounted to fifty-six millions. He assured his hearers that nobody but himself was capable of saving the country.

1 The Salle des Menus Plaisirs is one of the apartments in the building of that name, in the Fauxbourg Poissonnière. The buildings of the Menus Plaisirs are used as a dépôt for furniture, &c. It has been employed for balls, concerts, &c., since the time of Louis XIV.

July 1st.

The fermentation seems to be strangely increased; and if it were not for Harry's being here, I would return directly to England; but I confess I am unwilling to leave him behind till I know all is settled and quiet. Yet I am assured there can be no danger for us, and that the unpopularity of the Court will not affect private individuals.

The death of the Dauphin prevented my seeing the Queen again. It has been a bitter stroke for her, though she must have expected it. She mourns much and receives no one without absolute necessity. I understand she considers Monsieur as a great cause of the evils now occurring, as it was he who proposed and insisted upon the number of the Tiers États' representatives being double that of the other orders, on the plea of its being a larger body. He made a fine flummery speech to the King about the justice of its being so.

Necker is very popular and makes up to the Tiers États. Being a Calvinist he has a horror of the French clergy and, being of low origin, naturally dislikes the nobles.

The King went to another *séance* of the États Généraux, but was very ill-received, and Mirabeau

behaved most insolently.¹ The Tiers États have now established themselves apart as an *assemblée nationale*, with M. Bailly as their president, who convoked them in a tennis-court, where they have sworn to resist the clergy and the nobles.² The Duke d'Orleans attends this new assembly and the Evêque d'Autun (Talleyrand) makes himself very conspicuous.

The King has at length been prevailed upon to send for troops, and the Maréchal de Broglie is ordered to come with twelve thousand men. Mirabeau has brought an address to the King from the assembly demanding a counter order, and it has been presented by the Count de Clermont-Tonnerre. I do not know the result.

July 16th.

Necker is dismissed and banished from France, and the Baron de Breteuil is come in. This has

1 The language here alluded to is that held by Mirabeau, both to the King himself and to the Duke de Brezé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who came by order of Louis to dissolve the sittings of the Tiers États. It was then that Mirabeau rose and said, "Go and tell him that sent you that we are here through the force of the people and that nothing shall remove us but the force of bayonets."

2 This was the celebrated oath known as the "Serment du Jeu de Paume."

been the Count d'Artois' doing. The departure of Necker was the signal of explosion. His bust and that of the Duke d'Orleans were paraded round the town, and they were called *les défenseurs de la patrie*! All the theatres were closed, soldiers and populace filled the streets, fire was set to the barriers, cannons were fired, the *tocsin* sounded, and all was sedition.

The Prince de Lambesc, with his regiment, appeared on the Place Louis XV., but the troops had no orders to act; therefore, although they drove away some of the assailants, the latter very soon armed themselves *en masse*, and in less than a day they amounted to a corps of six thousand men, with M. de la Salle for their commandant. They have taken the colours of the Duke d'Orleans' livery — blue, red and white — for their cockade. They seized the arms at l'Hôtel des Invalides. The Gardes Françaises joined them, and the day before yesterday they attacked the Bastille, which they took without trouble. Poor M. de Launay, the governor, and some other officers were massacred.

They have insisted on the King's ordering the Maréchal de Broglie and his troops to withdraw, and he has, I fear, consented. The Duke de Liancourt has joined the rebel party.

The King has been to the Assemblée Nationale

with Monsieur and the Count d'Artois. The recall of Necker was insisted upon, and the King has sent for him. It is said the reason of his thus acquiescing in everything that is asked him is that he makes a point of acting quite contrary to Charles I. in his dissensions with his people, and he is constantly studying his history. He has ordered the Count d'Artois and his family to leave France, as well as the other Princes of the blood; but Monsieur has refused to go. The Polignacs also, who are the objects of the detestation of the populace, are ordered away for their safety, and Madame de Tourzel is to be *surintendante des enfans*. There were only three prisoners found in the Bastille.

M. de la Fayette is made commandant-général de la Milice Parisienne. The people of Paris insist on the King's coming amongst them.

July 24th.

The King has been to Paris. M. de Beauveau went with him. The people would not let the Gardes du Corps go beyond the *barrières*. M. Bailly¹ presented the keys of the city to the King

¹ Bailly, mayor of Paris, who was subsequently guillotined. It was he who made the famous answer to one

in a gold basin, and in his speech compared him to Henri Quatre—a bad comparison, for the latter came as a conqueror, poor Louis as a vanquished monarch. La Fayette was there at the head of the National Guard. The cry was, “Vive la nation!” But when the King accepted the tri-colour cockade, they greeted him with “Vive le Roi!”

At l'Hôtel de Ville he was addressed by the Count de Lally Tollendal.

The Queen was in dreadful fear until the King's return to Versailles; Monsieur remained with her all the time. The poor King came back sadly fatigued.

M. Necker has returned triumphant, and was received with honours, cannon-firing and illuminations. As he is so popular, it is to be hoped he will be of use in producing tranquility.

August 5th.

Young Laborde has been making himself very conspicuous, as well as Charles de Noailles who married his sister, declaiming in favour of demo-

of the wretches who taunted him, as he stood on the scaffold, with “Tu as peur, tu tremble.” “Non,” replied he, “j'ai froid.”

cracy; also the Duke d'Aiguillon and Matthieu de Montmorency.¹ All the *droits féodaux* are to be put an end to. A *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel at Versailles, at which the National Assembly assisted.

The Duke d'Orleans is very active, but does not succeed. The discussion now is, whether the King is to be allowed a veto on every act that is passed; and parties differ on the subject.

The populace now call the poor Queen "Madame Veto," as they used to call her "Madame Deficit."

October 4th.

The Duke d'Orleans is becoming popular; they call him "Le père du peuple!"

The day before yesterday a troop of *poissardes* went about Paris, calling for bread! Hordes of *brigands* and women, with pikes and sabres, came on to Versailles. They say l'Abbé Gregoire² led them on. The Gardes du Corps, under the com-

¹ The Dukes d'Aiguillon, Noailles, Montmorency, and others, abdicated their titles and privileges in the sitting of the National Assembly upon the 4th of August. But this act of concession, or patriotism, if it may be so called, did not save them from subsequent proscription.

² Count Henry Gregoire, born somewhere near Luneville. He entered holy orders at an early age, and was elected deputy to the States-General. He was one of the

mand of the Duke de Guiche, defended the entrance of the palace, at the hall called l'Oeil de Bœuf. The mob begged to be heard, and the King allowed one of the women to enter. He gave an order to the directors of the royal granaries for bread to be distributed among them.

The Count d'Estaing behaved in a very cowardly manner, and deserted his post. They say the Maréchal de Broglie has offered to convey the King and royal family in safety to Metz, and he is much advised to go; but Necker objects to it. It is supposed that if he went the Duke d'Orleans would be crowned. Necker proposed that the Queen and children should go to Rambouillet, but she will not leave the King.

The King has accepted the constitution. La Fayette addressed him. He speaks little, they say, from having few ideas, not from profound thought. He said in the Assemblée Nationale that "*l'insurrection est la plus sainte des devoirs.*" That is certainly an original idea. The King has ordered away the Gardes du Corps, except those belonging to the palace. Many nobles have run

four first priests who renounced their ministry, and became one of the most violent enemies of the King. He had the good fortune to escape the fate that befell the greater part of the principal actors in the Revolution, and lived to an advanced age.

away. The Count de Fronsac had great difficulty in escaping from Paris, which he did in disguise.

October 9th.

We have had dreadful doings. On the 6th, at night, a set of wretches forced themselves into the château, screaming, "La tête de la reine! à bas la reine! Louis ne sera plus roi—il nous faut le Duc d'Orleans—il nous donnera du pain celuilà!"

M. Durepaire, one of the Gardes du Corps, defended the Queen's door and was killed. Others took his place and were thrown down. "Sauvez la reine!" was the cry of the Gardes du Corps. Madame Thibaud awoke the Queen, who threw a coverlet of the bed over her and ran into the King's room, and soon after she was gone her door was burst open. The King ran and fetched his son, and all together they awaited the event. They owed their rescue to M. de la Fayette and the Gardes Françaises. He insisted upon the King taking up his abode at Paris, without which he would not promise him safety. At one, next day, therefore, they all went, partly escorted by the *poissardes* and their bullies. They were six hours going from Versailles to Paris. A deputation from the Assemblée Nationale waited upon the King

and Queen soon after they arrived at the Tuileries, and were very civil, which was something to raise their spirits. M. de la Fayette had a quarrel at the Marquis de Coigny's with the Duke d'Orleans. The latter came to the King, who accepted his submission, but requested him, for his own sake, to go to England, under the pretext of a special mission, with passports from the King and the Assembly. This he has done, and his astonished partisans have sent off to Boulogne to stop him and force him to return to Paris.

They say things are now becoming tranquil.

London, December 1st, 1789.

I am just arrived, and so fatigued that it is impossible for me to set out for the north for several days. It will take me that time to recover. But though weak in body, I am happy in mind to be again in England, and so soon to see you all. One sad drawback is my having left Henry; but he is well and safe, receiving an excellent education, much loved by his master, and under the special care of Madame de Talaru and M. de Beauveau, who, on the very first appearance of danger, will send him directly to

England. But all is quiet now, and I hope will remain so. The people are in high good-humour since the royal family came to the Tuileries. It was, perhaps, natural that the Parisians should be jealous of the predilection of their sovereigns for Versailles.

The King's acceptance of the constitution, and in no respect whatever doing anything to displease or disgust them, seems to have had a very salutary effect; and can one regret the abuses and injustice of the despotic and immoral Court of Louis Quinze being put an end to?

When I had obtained my passports for myself and maid, I asked to take leave of the Queen, and the interview was granted, which is a great favour, for she sees no one. She received me graciously, even kindly, and the manner in which she spoke of my son was calculated to set my heart at ease concerning him. She wished me every happiness. "Vous allez dans votre heureuse famille," said she, "dans un pays tranquille, où la calomnie et la cruauté ne vous poursuivront pas! Je dois vous porter envie."

I ventured a few words of consolation, hinting that times were now improving, and that her popularity and happiness would be restored. She shook her head. We were alone. I know not

how I was worked up to it, or had courage to make the proposal; but I did so—that if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my maid, whom I could easily dispose of by sending her, under some pretext, to her friends at St. Germain. She thanked me and smiled faintly, but said nothing would induce her to leave her family. She added that she had refused other offers of the same sort. “Besides,”—and she looked round—“*si je voulais, cela ne se pourroit pas; il y a trop d’espions.*”

I took leave of her with regret and affection.

I am sorry to say I have been informed by one of the Queen’s friends that there is some doubt of the perfect fidelity of Madame Campan.

As it happened, it was lucky my offer was not accepted, for on my arrival at Boulogne the carriage was assailed by a horde of *poissardes*, who accused me of being the mistress of the Duke d’Orleans, going after him to England. They declared I should not leave France.

Imagine my terror. I put my head out of the window to address them. “*Écoutez, écoutez,*” said one or two of them. “*Mesdames,*” said I, as politely as my fear would let me, “*ayez la bonté*

de me regarder. Je ne suis ni jeune ni jolie ; M. le Duc d'Orleans, auroit-il si mauvais gout ? ”

This made the creatures laugh, and some said, “ Pas si mal—pas si mal.” Never did beauty long to be admired more than I did to be thought ugly. At last Mrs. Knowles, from the inn, came to my assistance and vouched for my being otherwise than what they thought. But I never got rid of my terror till I found myself safely on board.

I had a dreadful passage, but the storm of the elements alarmed me less than the torrent of human violence which I had just escaped.—Adieu, for I am sleepy and can write no more.

MR. SWINBURNE TO HIS WIFE.

London, May 12th, 1790.

The town is filling with French emigrants, and I have already met several of our acquaintance. I was induced to dine at Greenwich the other day with the Duchess de Biron, Madame de Cambise and Miss Wilkes, who is the great protectress of all the *expatriées*. It was a charming

day and the party was very agreeable. Dr. Maskelyne showed us his camera obscura.

I have just read "Bruce's Travels," which you inquire about. He has cooked up strange falsehoods in his imaginary conversations with an Abyssinian priest. He makes himself tell him that every man in *our country* is allowed to serve God in his own way, and as long as the teachers confine themselves to what the Sacred Books have told them, they can teach no ill and therefore meet with no molestation.

The other day I went to a *fête* on board Lord Shrewsbury's yacht, the *Talbot*, off Woolwich. The party consisted of Lady Winny and Miss and Mr. Constable, Lady Wallace, and a large party of Wrights, Blundells, Bedingfields, &c. I slept on board, and returned the next day to dine with Townley¹ and Jekyll at Wilkes's. Lord Shrewsbury and Sennet sailed from Woolwich, but whither bound I know not. They would fain have carried me off with them, but I made my escape in time. I do not believe they themselves know whither they are going. I dine to-day at Totteridge, to meet Lord Henry Petty, and

¹ Mr. Townley, the proprietor of the noble collection of antiquities now in the British Museum.

to-morrow shall start for Coldham, Parlington, and, though last not least, Hamsterley.

TO SIR T. GASCOIGNE.

August, 1790.

I have been roaming about on visits — to Castle Eden, Burdon's place, where there is a fine down susceptible of much improvement, a good house, and trees growing well down to the sea; thence to the election at Durham, where a ball was given to Burdon and Milbanke.

My next visit was to Hesley Side, Mr. Charlton's. The destruction of wood on the Tynedale within my memory is prodigious. Charlton has re-established part of his, and Sir Edward made large plantations at Mounces; all the rest is neglected. The cattle there are fond of rushes made into hay, and grass of Parnassus is common in wet spots.

At Axwell we had George Clavering, whose queer speeches of the bull kind are very entertaining. I must tell you a few of them. A lady was there who suckled her child, and this child

cried a great deal. "Ah, ma'am," said he to her, "I hear your little one crying for its ass's milk."

Dean Digby, in answer to some person at table who was enquiring his age, and saying the dean could not be fifty, replied, "No, no, I have not yet seen fifty." "Then," said Mr. George Clavering, meaning to be excessively polite, and taking up his glass, "then, Mr. Dean, here's that you never *may* see fifty!"

When Lady Poole, his second wife, lay ill of the disorder which terminated her life, all her acquaintances left their names at her door, to enquire after her. When she at last died, her husband called himself at the houses of those acquaintances, and left a message, viz., that "Lady Poole was very much obliged to them for their kind enquiries, but was very sorry she could not return their calls, because she was dead."¹

Mr. Ralph Carr, of Dunstan Hill (whose father, by-the-bye, I believe was gardener to the Claverings), recollects having seen my grandmother, Isabella, Lady Swinburne, walking in Newcastle with a mob after her, on account of her having

¹ Apropos of bulls, the following specimen is both rare and comical, and the more so since it was addressed to Bonaparte when elected consul *for life*.

"Du bonheur des Français le gage est *éternel*,
Car ils auront *à vie* un consul *immortel*."

had thirty children. She was tall and very handsome, her husband swarthy and lame, and only came up to her elbow.

TO THE SAME.

March, 1791.

We have had gay doings at Seaton Delaval, where the *Fair Penitent* was performed by the family. Lord Delaval acted Sciolto; Lord Tyrconnel, Lothario; Lady Tyrconnel, Calista; Mr. Spearman, Altamont; Charles Williams, Horatio; Mr. Foster, Bossano; Miss Daniel, Lavinia; and Miss Augusta Daniel, the maid. Spearman was the most ridiculous, fat, lame, monotonous Altamont that ever was seen; Mr. Foster insipid; the misses not capital; but the rest of the parts were extremely well performed. Lord Delaval was correct and pathetic; he even gazed at his wife's picture when he swore. Lady Tyrconnel now and then mumbled her phrases, but looked the thing. Lord T. was too bulky, his coat too scanty, and he sawed the air over-much. Williams was manly and clear, but brogued to excess, and straddled a great deal. After the play, Lord Delaval spoke

an epilogue written by himself, pointed and smart, alluding to the actors. A natural son of Lord Tyrconnel's danced and sang, and so did some children of Mrs. Abbs.

After this came a strange farce, written by Williams and Spearman. You may judge, now I have told you the authors, that it could not be anything very wonderful, but really it was beyond anything I ever saw or heard of; such a farrago of officers, nuns, lovers, conjurers; ancient and modern times and manners all jumbled together hodge-podge, with a prologue by Charles Williams, and many bacchanalian songs, for which, indeed, the farce was intended as a vehicle.

The theatre was erected in the hall, with elegance, warmth and comfort. The scenery was well painted, and the dresses were good. We afterwards adjourned to the saloon, where above a hundred guests sat down to a magnificent supper, with abundance of various wines. There were some clever songs, and then dancing and card-parties till the morning.

Lord Delaval is social and agreeable. I have heard that Seaton Delaval was famous, when he was Sir Francis, for the tricks he played upon his visitors. One gentleman was kept in his bed three whole days by making him believe it was

not morning yet; apple-pie beds, ducks and chickens in beds, and figures dressed up! It was a strange propensity, and not very hospitable. It was at last put a stop to by one of those tricks being the occasion of loss of reason for a long time to a foolish young man on whom it was played. Amongst a large party, one person who was expected, and whom the young man knew a little, was reported to have died suddenly. His death was talked of and canvassed, everyone but this youth being in the plot. In the middle of supper (at least, when the servants had withdrawn) the supposed dead man appeared in the room, dressed in a shroud, with his face powdered and ghastly. The young man exclaimed he saw him; everyone else declared they saw nothing. This had so dreadful an effect upon the poor weak-minded youth, that he fell down in a fit, and when restored to life did not recover his senses. Since that time, I understand, no tricks have been played, which I was very glad of, I assure you.

After my return home, Lord Strathmore, from Gibside, and his friend Wharton dined with me, and my description of the agreeable entertainment I had met with at Seaton Delaval induced them to entreat me to obtain permission to introduce

them at the next performance, which I accordingly did, and they were most hospitably received. The play was the same as before; only Williams, being ill, was doubled by Collins of the Shields Company, and Captain Scott of the artillery, in the farce. The play was even better acted by Lord Delaval and his daughter this time than the last, and the farce was still more detestable. We had supper, and songs by a Mr. Smith, with horrid convulsions. The company, on account of the darkness of the night, stayed till eight in the morning.

We slept there, and returned to Newcastle in the afternoon of the next day to dine at the mess of the Scots Greys.

From thence I made an excursion to Capheaton, which is very much improved of late, the house being furnished and fitted up in a very comfortable and expensive style.

I found, on my return to this part of the country, that my introduction of Lord Strathmore at Seaton Delaval had been followed up, and that he was now completely *domicilié* in the family. The whole party sent to ask me to sup with them at the inn at Newcastle, after the guild ball. I was rather surprised to see the intimacy which had struck up so suddenly; and a fine scene between Lady Tyrconnel and Lord Strathmore

afforded me great amusement. The poor man is desperately smitten.

I was invited to a third performance at Seaton Delaval, in which he (Lord Strathmore) was to take a part. The play was *Othello*; the Moor, Lord Tyrconnel; her ladyship, Desdemona; Lord Delaval, Iago; and Lord Strathmore, Cassio. It was very indifferently acted by all except Lord Delaval. The farce was *No Song, no Supper*, and fat Spearman's coming out of the sack covered with flour was very laughable.

April 3rd, 1791.

The whole company of players from Seaton Delaval are encamped at Gibside. I dined there, and found them as merry and jovial as ever. I hear that d'Hancarville has run away from Paris eighty thousand pounds in debt, leaving his china and books to his creditors. His fine story of M. d'Anglade making him his heir was all a catch, upon the strength of which he borrowed money to raise the wind, took up furniture, &c. He is now incognito at Rome, as Mr. Jenkins writes word, but has had a hint that he must be

cautious what he does, as there is such a place as the Castle St. Angelo.

Tom Clavering has run away with, and married, a girl of Angers, Mademoiselle Galais. He was placed there to learn French, and she is daughter to the person who lets the lodgings. He is positively bent on fulfilling his engagement.¹

Apropos of this, old George Clavering's hobby-horse is *roads*; and if they are mentioned, all other ideas vanish in an instant. I was engaged in very serious conversation with his wife on the subject of this unlucky marriage of his son's. She was in tears, and very anxious to persuade me to tell what answer I had from France about the lady. George

1 A curious anecdote is related at Angers, relative to this event. It appears that the young person of whom Mr. Clavering was enamoured and had agreed to elope with, and who was the daughter of a wax-chandler, changed her mind, or, at all events, had not courage to leave her parents' abode at the hour specified. She had, however, a *confidante* in her cousin, to whom she communicated her embarrassment. This young lady, who it appears was secretly in love with Mr. Clavering, and who was not tormented with the same scruples, instantly made up her mind to supply her friend's place. She therefore muffled herself up, and, favoured by the darkness, safely joined the expecting and impatient lover, who instantly placed her in his carriage, drove off, and did not discover his error until the following day. It is said that the beauty and grace of the *confidante* quickly consoled him for his disappointment, and that he further expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his conquest. Such is the story; I do not vouch for its veracity.

came up to us, and Mrs. C. begged him to join his entreaties to hers. I declined it, saying things were too far gone, and I could not think of reporting what was possibly not true and which might prejudice them against her. "I might just as well," said I, "take a pistol and attack her on the high road."

"Road, sir?" said George, "I can now tell you who is bound to repair the road at Shiel-row"; and away he went helter-skelter after his road, without our being able to stop him or bring him back to the original subject.

September, 1791.

We have been spending a very agreeable time at Whitfield in Allandale. Allandale is a neat little town over the Allan, almost every building of which is a public-house for the miners. Whitfield is a large new mansion, built about four years, the offices and stables complete, the situation wild and beautiful, the hills being bold and well wooded, and the moor-land at a proper distance in the view. A great deal of hanging wood, on the left side, borders the river, and the uneven lawn is well dotted with trees.

The party consisted of Mrs. Ord and her family, Messrs. Brandling, Ferrers, &c., and Fanny and myself. The ladies came in carts to meet the shooters, and dined in the fields. The present owner's grandfather was an attorney at Newcastle, and had a passion for hanging himself. The first time he was cut down by his servant; the second time the cord broke; but he accomplished his purpose afterwards.

I returned for my harvest-home. The reapers here dress up a sheaf of corn like a woman, and carry it three times round the barn or the kitchen, singing:

"Blest be the day that Christ was born!
Here's the mell of Harry Swinburne's corn."

Then there is a large kairn supper, where the master of the house used to sit at the head of the table and have his health drunk.

I send you my inscription on my well in Mazzunti's walk:

Nympha loquitur.

Qui latices nostros, lucumque invis is opacum
Ritè loci dominum jubeas saluere priorem.
Dic bona verba, precor—Quondam his errare viretis,
Floribus aut muris intentus, ut ille solebat,
Heu! quoties vidi gaudentem rure paterno
Naiadibus vaga de saxo dare fræna, retortas
Per dumeta vias agere, aut arbuscula nudis,
Insertare jugis, gnatis querceta futura.
Defessus tandem delecta in valle quievit,

Parvus ubi sacro cippus tegit ossa sub antro.
 Sæpe tamen caros fontes circumvolat umbra,
 Et nunc fortè levis (neu sit pavor) æthere ludit,
 Dumque calore liques, variâ te ventilat alâ,
 Sic grates persolvit—Abi jam, vive valeque.¹

TO MRS. SWINBURNE.

London, January 1792.

I left Sir Thomas in good health and spirits and fatter than ever. We talked a good deal about the plantations, and had fine weather.

1 The following is a free translation of the above, which, we fear, would not have gained for its author a corner in the *Musæ Etonenses* :

Stranger, that to these groves and to this fount
 May haply wander, let their former lord
 Claim thy heart's silent orison ; for he
 By this translucent stream, 'mid Nature's charms,
 Sweetly bewildered, or with willing step,
 Led by the gentle Muse, was wont to stray.
 Oft have I seen him, whilst his sparkling eye
 Dwelt with fond pride on his paternal home,
 Curb the wild wave, or through the thorny brake
 Direct the devious path, or o'er the hill
 Spread the oak's leafy honours, and in thought
 Enrich his grandsons. Now his wearied head
 Softly reposes where this sheltering vale
 Marks in its sacred cave, on sculptured stone,
 The short memento of mortality.
 Yet hovering oft, o'er scenes thro' life beloved,
 His spirit dwells, and gratefully around
 Thy sunburnt temples pours its cooling balm,
 And through the pensive foliage sighs—Adieu!

I dined, on my arrival in town, with a large party at the Stratford coffee-house with Hussey,¹ Sheridan, Grey, Dillon, Campbell, and Dr. Geddes of the Bible, and have been since with Manning to Theobald's Lodge—a snug box in a pleasant situation, belonging to Miss Smith.

We passed over a great deal of very beautiful country, interspersed in all parts by the New River, which winds surprisingly, and often unnecessarily, so timorous were engineers in the early part of the last century, and of so little value was the land.

The inside of the Pantheon has been burnt to the ground; the walls are left standing. The new opera-house in the Haymarket is a noble theatre. I went there with Townley to see *Cymon*, which is a stupid pageantry.

I have dined at Hussey's with Madame de Sillery (or, rather, Madame Brulart, for she calls herself by that name now, since titles are abolished in France), Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Pamela and Henriette de Cercy. She desired her kind regards to you. I escorted them next day to Townley's, to see his collection of busts, statues, &c.

1 Catholic Bishop of Waterford.

March 20th.

Harry has just arrived safe and sound from the land of tumults and confusion. The wound he received on the night he was at the play in the Queen's suite has left a mark on his forehead. He seems rejoiced to have got away, and by his account things at Paris are a great deal worse than we thought. He is grown tall, and promises to be handsome.

Innumerable *émigrés* are come to England. I see a great deal of Madame Brulart and her party.

The Margravine of Anspach is come to London; I saw her at the opera. She dresses in a particular style, with a flat handkerchief and no curls. She has fine eyes and good features but is not pretty, in my opinion.

I went down with Abbé Campbell to Portsmouth and saw Tom, who is discharged into the *Lion*, which is fitting out to take Lord Macartney to China. We visited the docks; there seems great waste in the building jobs.

Sir George Staunton goes to China and takes his son. I met him and the two Chinese priests he has brought from Naples with him. He has

taught his son Latin and Greek by talking to him only, without learning grammar. These poor fellows were brought out of China, without leave, at the age of sixteen and seventeen, and when they return will put on their native habit and enter their country unobserved. One of them is called *Ly-Pio*, the other *Cho-Paulus*. The first syllable of each name is that of their family. The first of these men was christened Jacobus. No man of rank in China dare avow being a Christian, or conform outwardly to the public worship. Yet in the Christian chapels there are places of different honours. There are two bishops in China, named by the King of Portugal, and public meeting-houses for Christians.

We went in a wherry to the Isle of Wight and landed at Ryde, where there is a pretty view from Windham's, up the hill. I went from thence to Chichester to visit my sister-in-law Mrs. Baker, and then to Sir J. Peachey's at West Dean. It is in a bottom, with parkish downs rising on every side; the tops of the hills are covered with plantations.

Cowdry is a large square house enclosing a court, battlemented, and of the time of Henry VIII. The hall, which is very large, and the staircase, not very magnificent, are sadly bedaubed and

begilt.¹ There is a quantity of portraits and bad pictures. The situation is low, on the Arun, a deep stream without beauty. The park is confined, or reduced and intersected, and not strikingly handsome. The country is very hilly, and there is a beautiful view from the heights towards Haslemere, like the Vale of Tarbes, woody and variegated.

June 10th.

I have been staying at Bury with Madame Brulart, and went on to Coldham, where I amused myself *à la Jasmin*, and took a view of Lawshall Church and Lavenham. The steeple part was built by the Veres in Henry VII.'s time; their arms, with garter supporters, being everywhere put up. The battlements and porch are much ornamented, but not in the delicate Gothic manner. That style was evidently losing ground, and architectural taste becoming more fantastic and conceited.

Sir H. Parker's is a large old house, with handsome grounds. I returned to Madame Brulart's, and then went to spend a few days at Langham, Sir Patrick Blake's. It is a small,

¹ It has since been burnt down.

middling - kind of house, with grand stables. Messrs. Deane and Blake were there.

They say Sheridan is in love with and wanting to marry Pamela; but whether his red face will charm her is, I think, doubtful, notwithstanding his wit.

The news has arrived of the deposition of Louis XVI.

October, 1792.

Harry has set out for Naples with Abbé Campbell. I envy him spending the winter in that delicious climate and I fancy you do the same. My sister Anne, the nun, has arrived from Montargis with thirty-five other nuns. I have just seen them. They are in excellent spirits and are very much *fêté* and kindly treated by everybody. They landed at Brighthelmstone, where the Prince of Wales, as well as Mrs. Fitzherbert, assisted them extremely. They have the offer of two country-houses, and they mean to establish themselves at one and take pensioners. She hopes we will send our children to her. She gave me a long account of their escape and adventures.

Hussey told me a speech of one of the *émigrés*. He remarked how poor the English language was, for that one word stood for three different things,

viz., "ship—*un vaisseau*; ship—*bon marché*; and ship—*un mouton*." ¹

September 7th, 1796.

I have learnt from Huskisson that the French have sent over a plan of *cartel*, and Nepean informs me I am to be sent to France on the subject. Ministers have ordered all prisoners on parole to be confined, by way of retaliation for Sir Sidney Smith.

Lord Malmesbury is appointed minister plenipotentiary to negotiate peace at Paris. Lord Spencer would not ask for me to go under Lord M.'s passport, as the missions are distinct. My salary is fixed at two pounds a day and one hundred guineas for a secretary, and all travelling expenses allowed, except "journeys within fifty miles of Paris." ²

1 This is almost as good as the story told of the artist who, on being desired by a rich Shropshire squire to enliven the picture of his castle and park with a few "*ship*" (Anglice, sheep), took his patron at his word and painted a fine squadron of two-deckers, at anchor, on a small piece of water scarcely deep enough to float a swan.

2 Mr. Swinburne had just received his appointment as commissioner for the exchange of prisoners.

Dover, November 5th, 1796.

The first time I left England to go to college I sailed from this very pier as they were firing the guns for Guy Fawkes' plot; and I arrived here to-day as the same festival was celebrating. The guns reminded me of this coincidence of circumstances. Is it not odd? I am almost tempted to *sumere superbiam quæsitam meritis*; for I am half intoxicated with the dignity that attends me: letters by special messengers from the Secretary of State—collectors of customs in waiting—Danout's son-in-law, with Pat Hennesy's son, cringing and bowing for leave to accompany me, the mayor taking my orders, &c., &c. *Je commencerai à me croire né pour les grandes aventures*, if my tooth does not ache, which every now and then takes me off my high horse.

I have brought a young man as secretary, who seems sensible, and likely to do well. Adieu; I do not believe I shall be able to write from Calais; but if you do not hear of the *Princess Augusta* going to the bottom, you may conclude I am safely landed in Tigerland. God bless you all; you shall have a full account of Paris *renouvelé* when I have seen it.

Calais, November 6th.

We had the finest passage imaginable, of four hours; not a sail shifted, or a rough wave; the sun shining, and the wind warm; both coasts as clear as rockwater, and seen at the same time. The price was very high; five and twenty guineas for one of Minet's boats.

When we arrived, the quay was covered with men in as many strange attires as if we had come to a rendezvous of all the nations of the earth. Scarcely two were equipped alike; most of them were dressed in cloaks, large wrappers, great-coats, rugs, &c., and muffled up as if they were in Iceland. The strange diversity of hats and caps (most of the former enormous) was truly comical. There were no red caps among them.

At the custom-house they offered for sale, and prudence induced us to purchase, little tricolour cockades, at fifteen sous apiece, which we placed on the side of the crowns of our hats.

It was Sunday, and Sunday is observed here, for nobody will have anything to say to *Décades*,¹

¹ The revolutionary months were divided into three *décades*, or epochs, of ten days each, thus making three hundred and sixty. The remaining five days were called *jours complémentaires*, and were devoted to feasting. The names of these months, the first of which commenced on

or the *Dimanche de Robespierre*, although his inscription, "*Le peuple français reconnaît l'être suprême, et l'immortalité de l'âme*,"¹ still appears upon the churches

No soldiers or people accompanied us to the inn, but we were escorted by the innkeeper into the *Hôtel de Ville*, where I wrote myself down, and my suite. All was very civil and easy—no curiosity, no noise, nor to this moment have we been called *des Anglais*, accosted, or taken the least notice of. A great apathy, despair, or indifference seems to have got the better of all the spirit of the French. Except not meeting any priests or friars, everything appears much as it was. The lands are fully cultivated, but there are few labourers of the youthful or middle age.

In the principal church a priest was saying mass, sailors and women hearing it. The pictures and images of saints remain. The west end of the

the 22nd of September, 1792, common style, were Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, Germinal, Floréal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor; so that Vendémiaire was composed partly of September and partly of October. The 1st of Vendémiaire anno 1 of the Republic, corresponded with the 22nd September, 1792, and the 30th Fructidor with the 16th September, 1793.

1 It was that foul miscreant who said upon some occasion, in order to show that he believed in a divinity, "*Si Dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer!*"

nave had been railed off, to be converted into one of Robespierre's temples, but it is now shut up.

The people here, not in office, pay little attention to the new calendar, as far as relates to decades; but they are obliged to adopt the names of the months.

The inhabitants of Calais refused, in the days of terror, to admit Joseph le Bon,¹ which saved many lives.

I heard the bells ring, but no one is obliged to shut up shop or attend any public service on the *Décade*, or revolutionary sabbath.

My secretary and Major Gall, whom Mr. Dundas had desired that I would pass off as an additional one, that he might reach Paris in safety, and bring away his daughters, were described at the *municipalité* as to their age and persons, but I was not required to go. It is rather strange, and almost provoking, that the people show so little curiosity about us. There is little stir in the town, and no singing and no rioting. I have hired a coach to take us to Paris, at one hundred and eight livres.

¹ Joseph le Bon, one of the most execrable of the terrorists. He was born at Arras in 1765, and was therefore well known throughout the Pas de Calais. He was guillotined on the 5th October, 1795.

Chantilly, November 10th, 1796.

We lodged at Boulogne with Mrs. Knowles, who was two years in prison and has lost her fat, but not her tongue, nor her hatred of those she lives amongst. There is little to be earned and many disconsolate poor. The few persons we have spoken with have little hopes of peace. Many deserters are lurking about the woods, and there are continual robberies and murders. We have not travelled half an hour in the dark, as you may see by the slowness of our journey.

There is no great danger of any feats being done in the invasion way, as they cannot get their men to go on board. There are gun-boats at Boulogne for the defence of the coast, but, as there is no pay, the officers do nothing and the men desert.

I am surprised that Mrs. Knowles, with her abuse of the French and her rash talk, has kept her head on her shoulders. She begged relief for Mr. Cannon, who is in prison with his four children and very ill off for everything.

This country is sadly depopulated since the Revolution. Ambleteux alone has lost three hundred men fit to bear arms. At Amiens the masons appeared to be pulling down some churches, but the cathedral is not at all injured.

We have just taken a walk round this desolate place, which is all but demolished. Over the fountain, in the stables, is a cartoon, and upon it is written, "*Bandeau mis sur un nom abhorré (Condé) par les Charrois de la République.*"¹

The leaden pipes are carried off, the statues and vases broken, the arcades destroyed, and the equestrian statue of the Connétable de Montmorency melted down. The forest is full of deserters and banditti. A family the other day was robbed and murdered at Villeneuve, near this place.

Paris, November 11th, 1796.

We arrived here at twelve this morning—had delightful weather—no examination of passport or stoppage of any kind at the *barrières*—nobody set over us. We lodge at la Maison des Étrangers, Rue Vivienne. The word *hôtel* is proscribed and *maison* substituted.

Some thieves who call themselves "the twelve

¹ The *Charrois* were the society or administration who contracted to supply the Republican armies with hospital wagons, &c.—thence their name. Some members of this society, the headquarters of which were at Compiègne, suffered persecution for having lent their wagons to conceal and favour the escape of proscripts.

poets of the Republic" sent us a copy of verses, and went away satisfied with half-a-crown, as were the *poissardes*, who also offered a galimatias copy of verses.

I have seen Lord Malmesbury, who desires me to take Sir Sidney Smith's affair in hand, as he found he could make nothing of it.¹ I wrote to inform Truguet, the minister of marine, of my arrival, and an appointment is made for to-morrow. Lord M. says we must keep separate as much as we can; as his hopes are in me, and I shall be able to speak and be spoken to, which he cannot, for he sees nobody. God knows whether any mediating services of mine will be fairly set to my account or not; possibly not; nor do I care; at all events, I must have his good word.

I have been about as freely as in London. Paris in this quarter is crowded more than ever, but both men and women are sad frights. The women dress shockingly, with immense bushy periwigs, quite discordant with their complexions and eyebrows; forming either a large *chignon*, or a great horse-tail behind, and brought very long over their faces in the front, only a little parted in the middle of the forehead, just like the men

¹ Sir Sidney Smith was then a close prisoner in the Temple.

in Charles II.'s days; owls in ivy bushes. They wear upon this, large flapping caps or mobs, and over all a chip hat, like an umbrella, squeezed down at the sides, and staring up in front, lined with yellow, scarlet, or some such glaring colour. Shawls and blankets, projecting necks, black and gray stockings, and no heels.

November 12th, 1796.

I have seen l'Abbé Tersan, who is just as we left him, among his books and medals, as lively as ever.¹ His section saved him. I have also seen the bookseller Barrois, Mr. Keller, Dr. Gem, and Perregaux, the banker.

The Directory is putting the Luxembourg Palace into thorough repair. The convent of the Dominicans (*l'antre des Jacobins*) is destroyed, and part of the gardens of the Chartreuse is being added to that of the Luxembourg. The new bridge of La Paix, La Revolution, or Louis XVI., is finished; but the preserving the Palais Bourbon

¹ Charles Philip de Tersan, a learned antiquarian and man of extraordinary research; the more remarkable since he never published any work on these subjects, although no one possessed more materials or greater capabilities. He died at a very advanced age in 1819.

for a house for the *cinq cens* makes the approach from and to the south very awkward and twisting.

My banker tells me I am looked upon to be a more confidential man of Mr. Pitt's than Lord M. himself; quite his *âme damnée*. I think if they are not more cunning in other things than in this guess, *on en aura bon marché*. Is it not laughable?

Truguet's answer to my application for an audience came to me enclosed in a bit of brown paper. He appointed me to be with him at three o'clock to-day.¹ I was introduced to him by M. Coltrone, *chef de la troisième division*. He is a smart young beau, very polite and chatty; but upon my bringing Sir Sidney Smith upon the *tapis*, he bounced up in a violent passion, said he had not understood that I was to have anything to say in that business and expressed an idea that it could not be settled till the *cartel* was fixed.

I had a good deal of talk with him after that explosion, and when calmer, he assured me everything would be done that I could wish. I am to make an official request for leave to visit

¹ Laurent J. François Truguet, born at Toulon, created Count in 1814, Peer in 1819, and Admiral (equivalent to Marshal) in 1831. He commenced his career in the navy as midshipman, in 1765, and still lives.

prisons and for lists of the prisoners. He promised me a passport for Major Gall to return to England, as I represented him in so bad a state of health as to be of no use to me as a secretary.

I dined afterwards with Lord Malmesbury, who desires me to ask for leave to see Sir Sidney Smith. I know I shall be refused; but however disagreeable it may be to do it with the certainty of a rebuff, perhaps an uncivil one, I must comply. Sir S. is in the Temple *au secret*, but well lodged. I had a letter from him to-day. Lord M. says his greatest dependence is on me. He has been very impatient for my arrival, for he has no intercourse with anyone, knows nobody, and has a disagreeable message to deliver if I do not succeed with regard to Sir S. So the load is thrown upon poor Pillgarlick.

So much for politics. All the nonsense and observations I make shall be set down as they occur; so make the best you can of the farrago.

M. le Moine¹ is alive, near Paris, and Perregaux has promised to find him out for me. He says he is very poor. All the Misses Moore are dead. —Adieu.

¹ Previously one of the *gentilhommes de la chambre* to Louis XVI.

November 15th, 1796.

Though I know not when this will go, I shall begin it as a *journal de bêtises*. Yesterday several hundred young men were arrested because they had plaited curls behind their ears, construed to be the same as tresses, the signs of party.

Girandot the banker's house was robbed the night before last of a large sum in specie, the dog poisoned, &c. The Directory has *washed the head* of (*Anglice*, reprimanded) Cochon, the minister of police, for his neglect. Chevalier Jerningham's property is sold, therefore a hopeless case. Poor Laville is where he was, but instead of being a *fermier-général*, he is a retail snuff-seller, a very poor livelihood.

Le Moine was never even in prison. He is at Montagne, and his wife at Versailles. I have written to her. I dined to-day with l'Abbé Tersan, who talked me to sleep. Not being accustomed of late to such rapidity of *verbiage* I could not follow him enough to understand him. He escaped the fury of the terrorists by lying hid up five pairs of stairs among his books. His section protected and answered for him.

Vaillant, who has published his "Travels in Africa," is (*secundum* Tersan) an illiterate and ignorant man, and the book is no more his

composition than it is mine. He knows nothing of natural history, &c., and is no more than a mere *tireur d'oiseaux*. He had made no notes, but dictated what he could remember or invent to one Varon, a *faiseur* here, who cooked up a book for him. When he ran away to Holland, M. Tersinck employed him by sending him to the Cape to collect birds for him.

The French Ministry have Lord Malmesbury's letters and notes translated and published regularly in the public journals. In his correspondence with La Croix,¹ the latter does not appear to advantage, for his notes are peevish and childish. If they do no better I shall begin to think men may overturn a government and conquer countries without being capable of acting wisely in quiet times and conducting business with their equals.

November 16th.

I was last night at the Théâtre de la Rue Feydeau, where the Comédie Française is now

1 J. P. de la Croix, born in 1754, and originally bred to the bar. He was a man of undoubted abilities. Having embraced the popular cause, he rose from place to place to that of minister for foreign affairs. He was one of those most hostile to the royal family, voted the King's death, and in his turn was guillotined with Danton on the 8th April, 1794.

established. Mesdemoiselles Contat and Molé were delightful in the *Célibataire*. The vulgarity of appearance in the audience and the gloominess of the house were shocking; men and women *pêle-mêle* in the boxes and in hats; some of the men in boots and great-coats. They still retained enough of old politeness to take off their hats, unless in the back seats. Indeed, upon enquiry, I found that most of them were of the privileged class.

The pit was full of the dirtiest of the dirty; horrid black-looking creatures. The decorations are bad, and one hears but poorly.

As I went in, a fellow was hawking about a tragedy of the death of Louis XVI. I perceived that the audience applauded whenever a passage in the play seemed to allude to terrorism or imprisonment.

My man passed the night in the guard-house, for being out without his passport and speaking English.

I dined to-day at Monsieur Formalague's, once a clerk to Boyd, with some noted people, viz., Mathieu Languinais, Røederer, late a Counsellor of Metz, editor of "*l'Historien*," Bourgoign, author of the "*Essay on Spain*," &c. They talked away, as Frenchmen always did; morals, philosophy,

&c., then mirth and wit, then dispute and argument. They are all violently in opposition to the Directory, at least, to outward appearance. They are concerned with the Press, and profess anti-Jacobinism. The "Historien" is a clever, violent publication. Bourgoign was envoy at the Hague, and in Spain, where he wrote his travels. Formalague is a great friend of Cottrau, who was to have dined there, but was prevented. I find the Directory have given him two *adjoints* to combat poor me. I hope a plain tale will put them down, however, I am glad they are in good humour, for I was half afraid I had got too far about Sir Sidney Smith. Everyone here dines now at five o'clock.

November 17th, 1796.

I have been running about Paris just as formerly. The beggars call me *milord*. How dull—how gloomy Paris is! All its hurry and crowd seem concentrated round the focus of this neighbourhood. The rest of the town is deserted. The Fauxbourg St. Germain can never recover.

I had been told by English republicans and Americans, that wonderful things had been done,

and magnificent works undertaken. I see many things pulled down, but except a repair in the roof of the Luxembourg, the alteration of the Palais Bourbon and the finishing of the bridge, I have not seen one new stone put upon another.

There are wood and plaster statues where brass and marble stood, dead poplar trees of liberty,¹ and the words "*propriété nationale*" upon more than half the houses. These are the present ornaments of Paris.

The Hôtel du Parc Royal is now a printing-house; l'Hotel de l'Université, an office for the artillery. The Fauxbourg St. Germain is quite depopulated; its hotels almost all seized by Government, and the streets near the Boulevard are choked with weeds. There is little bustle, except about the Palais de l'Egalité, which is a complete receptacle of filth. The buildings about it are ruinous. Poor Bablot, of the "Parc royal," died of a broken heart.

I have been to the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that

¹ Similar *ornaments* are still permitted to disfigure three of the handsomest portions of Brussels. All persons in that city unite in condemning their being preserved; but no one has the good taste or courage to propose their removal.

the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament of their town.

I am told there are weekly balls, *par abonnement* of thirty-six francs, for the winter, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs, with flesh-coloured clothing. The complexion of the women seems to me to be much improved, and there is not such a quantity of rouge used as formerly.

Dr. Gem was with me yesterday. He was three months in prison, locked up in the same room with Mrs. Elliott¹ (Dolly the tall) and her dogs. He believes in a general republicanism over the west of Europe. The reason of his calling upon me was that he desired to go to England, and had applied to Lord Malmesbury to get him a passport, that he might accompany him should he take his departure suddenly. Lord M. told him he must apply to me for that purpose, as I was the only person likely to succeed in obtaining anything. I find, from this and other quarters, that Lord M. has some opinion of me as a conciliator.

I have just had a visit from poor Dominick Meade, who has grown very thin; and have called on St. Foix and on Madame de Laborde de Marc-

1 Mother of the first Lady C. Bentinck.

ville and her daughter, both looking very well. I have promised to dine with them. To-day I dined with Lord Malmesbury. Last night I was in his box *aux Italiens*. It was *Stratonice et Fanchette*. Madame Dugazon did not act.

The *fiacres* are much neater than they used to be. There is no regulated fare, therefore one makes a bargain on stepping into these motley chariots.

They say General d'Alvinizi¹ is coming down in two columns, with a very formidable force, upon Bonaparte, who has only 23,000 men left, and perhaps you will soon hear of some great derangement in the French projects in that part of the world. Basile is still at Menil, poor and almost blind.

La Mère Gertrude² came the other day from Passy on foot, though past eighty, to see Madame de Laborde. The latter is reinstated in all her possessions. Madame de Beauveau lives in a small house at St. Germain.

The Dunkirk flotilla, object of our alarms, has been shipwrecked on its own coast. There has

1 Field Marshal d'Alvinizi commanded a division in Laudohn's army, and was afterwards commander-in-chief at Rivoli and Arcole. He was much respected, though not successful as a military man. He died in 1810, aged 84.

2 Ex-abbess of the Ursuline convent where Mrs. Swinburne was a *pensionnaire*.

been an engagement with the Spanish fleet, but as yet I do not know the particulars.

I have been waited upon by "Les Dames de la Halle," but not *kissed*, for I stopped their mouths with a piece of money. I have also had a fine copy of doggerel verses addressed to me, which are to be published, and, I suppose, will enter into some collection as a specimen of *l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle*. Here they are:

Liberté—Egalité,
République Française,
Fraternité;
Honneur et hommage,
Presentés au vertueux Monsieur
Swinburne, à l'occasion de
Son arrivée à Paris, pour le
Cartel d'Échange.
Publicité.

Oui, pour notre patrie,
Chère à votre grand cœur,
Vous employez la vie,
A faire son bonheur.

Swinburne, qu'on révère,
De notre bien
Ami le plus sincère,
Et le soutien,

Acceptez notre zèle,
Dans ces trop faibles traits,
Nous servant de modèle,
Nous goutons vos bienfaits.

Nous publirons sans cesse
Tous vos grands faits,
Votre grande tendresse
Pour les Français.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'hommage dû à vos vertus et à votre mérite, puisque votre importante mission doit contribuer à améliorer notre sort; daignez aussi agréer notre respect profond.

Signé

Les 12 Auteurs Nouvellistes Republicains.

I cannot very well tell what all these compliments are about, and feel something like Sancho in the island of Barataria.

At dinner at Perregaux's I met Senovert, who was sent last year with Monneson, to try if they could open a negotiation for peace, but got no farther than Canterbury.

Lord Malmesbury *m'accable d'honnêtetés*, and wishes me to dine with him every day.

I have asked leave officially to see Sir Sidney Smith, and expect it to be granted and that I shall be able to effect his liberation upon parole, for the face of things seems much softened.

I spent last evening at Madame de la Live's, with all the *cousins* and *tantes*, very agreeably.

La petite Laborde is here, and I shall call on her to-morrow. Auguste, her son, turned out very ill, and some *esclandre* of his was the cause of his father's being dragged from his hiding-place and guillotined.

Poor La Celle¹ is sold to a paper merchant, the church destroyed, and the monastery turned into a rag-warehouse. Watt Smith, brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert, is here, married, *ou peu s'en faut*, to a Madame Notaire.

November 18th, 1796.

I just now saw poor little Madame de Laborde, the picture of misery and desolation. She cried bitterly. Her husband might have been saved, for the municipality of Rouen offered to let him remain five days longer, but he had been so long in prison that he was sick of existence, and wished to be tried and the matter ended one way or the other.² He was sent to Paris, and executed on the fifth day after Robespierre was dethroned.³

1 The college where Mr. Swinburne was educated.

2 M. de Laborde was a *fermier-général*, and was much esteemed. His only daughter married Count Charles de Noailles.

3 M. Fontin Desodoards, in his treatise on the French Revolution, says of this monster of blood and iniquity: "He was more ferocious than Nero, and more credulous than Claudius. His exterior was cold, and his manners embarrassed. He was insensible to friendship, pity or remorse. His look was sinister, and his conversation insignificant.

What happiness to others that day must have brought! Mrs. Tinker (mother of Harvey Aston) was in prison at the time, with innumerable other people; amongst them a gentleman dying of a quinsy in the throat, and given over. On the delightful news reaching her, she ran to the sick man, calling out, "Vivez! vivez Monsieur! car Robespierre est mort." The man was so startled at this that he burst into a violent fit of hysterical laughter, which burst the quinsy and saved his life.

This epitaph was made on Robespierre:

"Passant, ne plaignez pas son sort,
S'il eut vecu, vous seriez mort."

M. de Hautefort called on me yesterday and begged his compliments. All his family were put to death.

I have written a memoir about Sir Sidney Smith, much approved of by Lord M. I myself think it well done, and hope it will make an impression, for the Directory are much relaxed about Sir S. He has now the whole of the

His temper was irascible, his character pusillanimous, and his talents limited; but his ambition was immeasurable, and his blood-thirstiness and depravity insatiable." Providence, after permitting him to desolate France during several months, at length held forth its avenging hand. He was guillotined upon the 27th July, 1794 (9th Thermidor), in his 36th year.

Temple to range in, and liberty of writing, &c.; he is also allowed his secretary.

November 20th.

Yesterday I dined and went with Lord M. to the opera, which is now in the Rue de la Loi (Richelieu), and as handsome a *salle* as ever I saw. It was not an opera, but a concert, which is all the *ton*, and the dress-night for the women. After it the ballet of *Télémaque*, in which the women danced divinely. Vestris, the only man dancer, has no pantomime, and I was soon tired of his bounds and his *tours de force*. The house was extremely crowded. Major Gall, who is *magnifique*, gave twenty francs for one of the last tickets to be had. It was very well lighted, and the company well dressed.

Madame Tallien¹ was in the Spanish ambassa-

¹ Theresia de Cabarus (Madame Tallien) was a Spaniard by birth. She was married, before the Revolution, to a M. de Fontenay, of Rouen, from whom she was subsequently divorced, not from bad conduct on her part, but by mutual accord. Being cast into prison during the Reign of Terror, she married Tallien in order to save her life, and she had thus many opportunities of performing acts of benevolence; so

dor's box, opposite to us, very showy, with a spangled muslin gown and a scarlet cloak. She has a fine face and figure, and was not at all *outrée* in her decoration. Her very black hair was plaited with gold riband, and ringlets fell over her forehead and neck; rather a short waist, her arms bare, and a great breadth of shoulders displayed. She was altogether very much *decolletée*, which is the fashion of the day.

On the same line with her, *au premier*, and among the well dressed, were two or three servant-looking women *en bonnets de paysannes*. By their appearance they must have been tradesmen's wives of the lowest class. The fine ladies wear feathers and no rouge. The men in the boxes were like gentlemen in England; those in the pit like what French *laquais* were formerly on a rainy day.

The Marquis del Campo¹ was at the opera, without his star. His servility is disgusting, even to the men in power. He affects equality so much, that his table is presided over by Mademoiselle Chaleté,

much so, that she acquired the name of "Notre bonne dame de Thermidor," in allusion to the lives she saved during that hideous period. She was afterwards divorced from Tallien, whom she is unjustly stated to have abandoned in his distress. In due time she married Francis Joseph de Caraman, Prince de Chimay. She died at her husband's château of Chimay, near Mons, in 1836, universally regretted.

1 The Spanish ambassador.

the tall opera-dancer. He placed her there on a great day, when Mrs. Monro, the American ambassadress, and other modest ladies, dined with him. As soon as their husbands apprised them of it, they left the company.

The Directory, who have an interest in the opera, regularly carry off all the cash taken at the door.

Madame de Maulde was with me this morning ; she is well and sprightly, has saved her landed property and lost what she placed out. Madame d'Anglures is in possession of her estates, and lives quietly upon them.

I do not know whether you heard at the time that the day of the King's execution was as dark as pitch, quite overcast and black, without wind or cloud, and not a sound in the streets until the guns were fired. That on which the Queen died was as fine as possible, and no one seemed to care a halfpenny. This is only accounted for by the different seasons of the year, and the habits contracted from seeing so much bloodshed. I have also been desired to note that it was exactly fifty days from Robespierre's making his harangue from the throne in the Tuileries, and declaring that there was a Supreme Being, to the day of his death, which corresponds with the *cinquant-*

aine de Pâques. I don't well understand the combination, but *garrit aniles ex re fabellas vicino*.

I have had a melancholy letter from the poor Maréchale de Beauveau. She says she cannot press me to visit "une personne que vous avez laissée si heureuse, et que vous trouverez si misérable par la perte qu'elle a faite de tout ce qui l'attachait à la vie. Les autres maux sont supportables; celui-la seul ôte le gout de l'existence. Je vous remercie beaucoup des nouvelles que vous me donnez de deux personnes qui m'intéressent tant. Recevez l'assurance bien sincère du souvenir que je conserverai toujours de ce tems où j'ai eu le bonheur de connoître Madame Swinburne et vous," &c.

I wish in your next letter you would write me a few lines, which I could cut out and send her.

I am quite melted with her sorrowful letter; "mais tu l'as voulu, George Dandin," one might say to her.

By all I can learn, poor Le Maître¹ was guillotined.

Madame de Boisgibault is remarried to a Swiss banker. Divorces are very easy things here. A young lady was married the other day,

¹ The same who was ten years in the Bastille for publishing a prophecy concerning the Bourbons.

with the consent of her mother and guardians ; but soon after their return from the wedding, she disappeared, leaving a message for her bridegroom, that she meant to be divorced the next day, as she had only married to get out of her mother's clutches.

I must tell you another trait : a young man and woman were attached to each other, but could not marry because they had not a shilling. There was an old aunt of the girl's who had a great deal of money, and who was in love with the young man. He encouraged her passion, and at last consented to become her husband on condition she made over all her property to him on their marriage. She did so ; they were married, and her fortune put in his power. No sooner was this done than he abandoned her, procured a divorce, and married her niece.

The Blue Nuns are quiet in their house, and live upon what they can earn.

Lord Malmesbury is extremely attentive to me, and I hope I may be able to do him an essential service by bringing Sir Sidney Smith's affair to a proper determination. I have every reason to expect I shall succeed. The French ministers are exceedingly softened, and I believe that I shall to-morrow have leave to see him.

The Jacobins appear to be the strongest in the Conseil des Anciens, as appears by the rejection of the petition for the examination into abuses.

The ministers seem to go *au devant de mes souhaits*; but they have overdone it, for they have named three *chefs de bureau* to treat with me. I wish they were three *chefs de cuisine*. My apartment here, in the Maison des Étrangers, is very dear, and I shall remove from thence as soon as I return from my tour, or know that I am to stay here some time.

I dined to-day with Madame de Laborde.

November 21st, 1796.

I have been with the minister this morning, and have carried the point as to seeing Sir Sidney Smith. My letter for his release is also laid before the *Directoire Executif*, and I hope will have its effect upon them. I shall probably have an interview with some of them officially, or by way of conversation. I have also obtained a passport for Major Gall, who sets out with his two daughters in a day or two, and will take this packet.

I heard a thing to-day which hurts me very

much—that the *sous-gouverneur des pages du roi* (d'Alvimar) lost his life for having a letter of mine found among his papers. He must have kept it a long time, for I never wrote to him since May, 1792.

Half the houses in Paris are confiscated. If the words *Unité, Indivisibilité de la République*, are upon it, it is a sign the house is employed in the public service, or that it is given to somebody under that pretext. If *propriété Nationale* is inscribed, it means that it is not yet sold.

Many churches are pulled down. People buy them and estates, and begin repaying themselves the money advanced as first payment, by dilapidation and cutting down timber, &c. So that, if ever they were to be ousted, they would still have made an excellent bargain.¹

Think of Major Gall's daughters having been put in prison as accomplices in the taking of Toulon!

November 22nd, 1796.

I have received Gall's passport, and an evasive answer about Smith.

1 Most of the châteaux were purchased with assignats by a company called *la bande noire*, from their pulling down the buildings and devastating the woods.

MARIE-CAROLINE-LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF
FRANÇOIS I AND WIFE OF FERDI-
NAND IV, KING OF NAPLES
AND THE TWO SICILIES

*After a painting by Louis-Charles-Auguste Couder,
in the Gallery of Versailles*

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Les colonnes mobiles des Pères de famille are ordered out to garrison Landau and reinforce the army in Italy.

Madame de Talaru and Cesarina have called on me. The latter has grown a stout, bold-looking girl—her chin à *la Neron*. During the time of terror, when they were hiding themselves and lived in constant fear and trembling, the mother was exhorting the girl to attend to her religious exercises. “Ah, maman!” she said, “comment est-ce qu’on pourroit penser à faire son salut à present?”

A journal (I know not which) has found out that I had a son, page to Louis XVI., and that I and Lord Malmesbury are selected for our *astuce* and *manque de foi*; so it requests everyone to be upon their guard against us. As all I say and do may be known on the Pont Neuf if they like it, you may be sure such stuff gives me no uneasiness.

Madame du Paty has married her daughter Leonora to the son of Elie de Beaumont. Mademoiselle d'Arbouville is in quiet possession of her property, and nobody knows the fate of her brother, poor Crooknose. The young Du Patys have been employed in planning, &c., upon the frontiers.

November 24th.

I dined and spent a merry evening at Madame de Maulde's. Her daughter Eugénie is a very fine girl. M. de Maulde resides at Melun, and deals in wood and charcoal.

I have a letter from M. le Moine and his wife, full of friendship and tenderness. Her health is much impaired. They live at Mortagne, en Perche, upon the proceeds of a small estate in that neighbourhood, and contrive to make it do. Alas! why am I poor? I mean to go and see their daughter, Madame des Entelles.

I find Dominick Meade has a *madame* chez lui; for he sent me a letter from a young man of twenty-five who lives near him, quite a Nicodemus or *grand-cousin*; and as it was addressed to an uncle at Martinées, he desired me to read it first lest it should contain anything improper. I accordingly opened it, and found mention of M. Meade, *Anglais-Américain, fort aimable homme, ainsi que Madame son épouse*. The letter is worthy the pen of a comic writer, and I must copy one sentence. "*Si tu* (to his uncle, who is every now and then *vous*) *me voyais, tu ne me me reconnaîtrois plus, tant je suis changé. Je jouis d'une bonne santé, gras et gros comme un moine Bénédictin. J'ai les cheveux*

à la mode, long de coté comme des oreilles de chien. Je suis plus dégourdi qu'à ma pension, où j'avois l'air d'un grand nigaud; la moindre parole que je voulois parler on m'imposait silence, en disant que j'étais une bête," &c., &c.

November 26, 1796.

I have a large parcel by the messenger, and am rather surprised at receiving no letters from you; but I had one from Mr. Marsh, and two from Lord Spencer, kind and confidential. Lord Malmesbury read me part of his despatch to-day, in which he speaks very handsomely of me to Lord Grenville. The minister here has given me leave to see Sir Sidney Smith, but not the order for it, without which I cannot get admittance. I expect it to-morrow.

I find, as far as my acquaintances go, that in Paris there are very few Republicans—almost all are Jacobins or Royalists. The former have great force, and the Directory tries to keep itself up by balancing one party against the other. There is great confusion and distress in the Government.

Paris, without police, is full of robbers and

murderers. Last night, at seven o'clock, a woman was assassinated in her own room, not far from us. There is a great want of money; so much so as to make it necessary for Government to seize upon the *recette* at the opera.

I went yesterday to see the Muséum, or Galerie du Louvre. The dimensions are wonderful, and contain crowds of *chef-d'œuvres*, mixed with bad French pictures. Robert, the painter, attends us, to show what is intended to be done. The length is prodigious, but the colour gray and unfavourable for pictures. Robert wishes the Directory to make skylights, but they have no money. It will be very fine when the statues come into it; but there is hardly any light, and nowhere a good one, for the windows are all near the ground and much too low for the purpose of lighting up paintings. Only think! When the Academicians opened out the plunder of Lombardy, they found nothing but copies; so wise are their *Mummi*, and so sharp the Italians.¹

Bonaparte gives but a lame account of himself and his troops in his last letter, talking of bad

1 If the Italians were too sharp for the French in this instance—an assertion much to be doubted—the latter amply revenged themselves at a later period, as was proved by the contents of the Louvre in 1814.

weather and *terreur panique*. What must the truth be when they publish so much?

At last they have given a palliated account of the misfortunes of the flotilla of Dunkirk, which has been knocked to pieces by the sea. There are great disturbances there; officers hanged up by the sailors, others sent prisoners to Lille.

Madame Campan keeps a boarding-school at St. Germain, and has fifty-six scholars.¹ Her husband lives with her, and teaches the children music, &c. Her father died quite insolvent. Her sister, Madame Nugent, threw herself out of a window upon her husband's being arrested and herself denounced. I am assured that Madame Campan was cruelly calumniated in the Revolution.

Isidore Lynch is here with Meade, doing nothing and living upon nothing, from his having remained *en demi caractère* in the French service. Had he gone to England, he might have had a regiment; and had he been zealous in the Revolution, he would have had a command.

1 Madame Campan, *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette. Amongst her scholars were Napoleon's sister, Madame Murat, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais (Pauline). She was also appointed directress of the Orphan Establishment of the Legion of Honour at Ecouen. Madame Campan was accused of acting towards some of her *élèves* in a manner not highly creditable to her character or their virtue.

I sat this morning listening to Madame de Talaru. She is just as you left her, dressed in a heap as usual, and *politiquant* at a great rate. She lives in a very decent house, Rue de Bacq.

You have no idea of the dearness of this place. I assure you I am obliged to calculate with my two pounds a day. They ask a louis d'or for a coach and coachman per day, and dinners are extremely dear.

I am assured d'Alvimar was not put to death for any letter of mine.

Poor Kellet, the monk, has been reduced to want a morsel of bread during the scarcity, and drank only water.

Sir Sidney Smith is assisted in the conveyance of his letters, &c., by two youngish women, who say it has been the business of their lives to assist prisoners. They take no money.

November 29th, 1796.

I fear the affair of Sir S. Smith will not succeed. Since Lord Malmesbury gave in a note declaring it to be the intention of our Government to retaliate, the business has taken a *mauvaise*

tournure, and the minister of marine (as I am told at his *bureau*) has been reprimanded about it, and will meddle no more; so that all chance of my being allowed to see Sir Sidney is at an end.

Lord M.'s instructions from Lord Grenville were so positive that he could not put it off any longer; it is ill-managed. We have an example in General O'Hara that the only way to deal with men who have overleaped the bounds of law and right is moderation, and patient watching for the proper moment. Things were going on so well! Probably a little further delay would have completed the business. I see it *en noir*.

This affair may also prove of evil consequence to the Choiseuls, taken at Calais, and already tried, but their judges declared incompetent by the Directory. The object of my mission will also be more difficult to accomplish, and I foresee a great deal of bad blood and haggling. I have the comfort to say it is no fault of mine, for I kept back the evil hour a fortnight. The Directory are very angry at Sir Sidney Smith's release being so much insisted upon, and the *cartel* stopped on that account. They seem to wish that we should think they consider him as an incendiary.

Cussy, the *émigré*, was guillotined yesterday.

I have just come from the petit Luxembourg, and from seeing Reubel receive petitions in his *costume de directeur*. Lynch was with me.¹ No one asked us any questions as we handed in Mesdames d'Aremberg and Brancas, who wanted to see Barras. We went upstairs through a great crowd, and through halls full of dragoons and grenadiers. The audience-room is a large *salon*, where Monsieur formerly received his company. A bar across the middle divides the simply curious from those who have petitions to present, who are admitted within the bars by two sentinels. Those who were merely spectators, like myself, remained without the rails.

The room was filled with tagrag and bobtail; a crowd of women presenting memorials, lame soldiers, &c., whilst aides-de-camp, secretaries and well-dressed fellows stood about the fireplace.

The Directeur had a blackguard clerk, in a shabby great-coat (forming a contrast with his gewgaws), sitting near him at a table. Reubel attended by rotation for an hour. He was very elegantly clad, his hair well dressed, his waist-coat and pantaloons of white satin, with a blue

¹ The same who was mayor of Bordeaux in 1814, and was amongst the first functionaries that recognised the Bourbons.

belt and blue ribands in his shoes, and a Roman sword hanging to a gold chain. Over all this a scarlet surtout or tabard, lined with white, faced and caped with white, and embroidered with gold. The cape wide and lying on the shoulders—the sleeves at the wrist turned back, and a Vandyck ruff. It is by no means a dignified habiliment; it wants amplitude and simplicity for a *toga*, and tightness as well as simplicity for a *paludamentum*. His hat with feathers lay on the table, near which he stood all the time.

The petitioners gave their memorials to the director; he stood between two soldiers with bayonets, who could read the papers over his shoulder. He perused them, and gave some answer or other. Behind him were huissiers, dressed in short black coats, with red caps and feathers, very like Crispin's habit in the play, and quite as ludicrous. Some of the ministers stood round the fire.

This puppet-show work cannot expedite business, but it amuses the people, and those who were accustomed to solicit and plead. The populace, easily fascinated by any humbug, went away satisfied that they had seen their chief take their memorials with his own hands, and *gratis*, although probably he never thought any more of half of

them. At one the great man bowed, and went into the inner room.

I afterwards wrote to Truguet for leave to visit the *dépôt*, but with little hope of obtaining it, as Cottrau thinks the Directory are in a bad humour. Continual squibs and songs against the Government are stuck up in the streets, but no ballad-singers are seen about.

Murders are numerous. The police knows who the assassins are, but is not strong enough to put a stop to them. The depravity of all ranks (if one can talk of ranks) is past belief. Everyone plunges into the mud-pool of vice as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it without fear of parental or political control. Nothing can be more disastrous than the situation of a virtuous parent who has a son or daughter of an age to marry or to choose a profession.

It appears to me that enormous fortunes have been made in these troublesome times; but this has not been the lot of a very great number of persons; for all pensions, rentes, interests, &c., being totally unproductive, farmers and peasants are refractory and hard to manage. Scarce anybody seems rich, or even at ease, in his circumstances.

Lord Malmesbury, who lodges at l'Hôtel de

la Grange Batelière, is surrounded by spies, who are at all hours parading before the gate of his large court, which, as well as the apartments, faces the short street of that name leading to the Boulevards, and through the windows on both sides one may from the street see every person that moves in them. He only goes out in the morning to take a walk, in the evening to some theatre, and frequently sups with Mrs. Elliot, with whom I think I told you Dr. Gem was imprisoned four months.

The doctor is eighty-two, and very stout. He was a violent democrat, but I fancy his prison and the strange work he has been witness to have cooled his ardour for the extremes of liberty. He is great-uncle to Mr. Huskisson, and a very good physician. His nephew was bred by him a surgeon, and was then as revolutionary as himself. He was made secretary of the Club des Feuillans,¹ and when Lord Gower² came to be in want of a secretary, this young man was recommended to him as being the son of a Trentham tenant. This

1 The Club of Feuillans, established by Mirabeau, in the building of the old convent of that name, which then occupied a portion of the Rue Castiglione.

2 George Granville, third Earl Gower, ambassador to the Court of France.

brought him to England, and his cleverness and knowledge of French recommended him to Dundas, who probably is ignorant of that language.

The women here in the morning all wear dark-purple or gray stockings with orange clocks; large coloured shawls over their shoulders, wigs and loose caps, with immense flapping wings to them—such figures! You would be amused to see them tripping along the dirty streets, pulling their petticoats round them, and showing their legs up to the knees. The men all look like cut-throats, with their long hair falling over their faces, their coloured neck-handkerchiefs, strange-cut coats, pantaloons, immense sticks, and fierce cocked hats.

I supped last night with Madame de Maulde, in company with the Commander de Dolomière, who has adhered to the new order of things.

November 30th, 1796.

I have received letters from Sir S. Smith through the minister of marine.

I begin to find myself assailed by very suspicious persons offering their services to the British Government, but am on my guard.

December 3rd, 1796.

It has snowed for a day or two, and now freezes, and is delightful on the Boulevards. I went last night with Lord Malmesbury to see the famous satire upon the convention, called *l'Intérieur d'un comité révolutionnaire*, at the Théâtre de la Cité.¹ It is a very curious and extraordinary piece, which one can scarcely suppose would be tolerated. It has been stopped twice or thrice. Robespierre, Danton and others are taken off to the life, in action, voice, words and sentiments. The plot is nothing, but there are some witty hits; indeed, it turns the whole Revolution into ridicule, completely *à la française*.

I yesterday visited the Blue Nuns. It seemed

1 The following are the titles of some of the plays and comic operas most in vogue at this period, or, rather, a short time before:—*Le Vous et le Toi*, comic opera; *A bas la Calotte*, comedy; *Les accords de Phillipot et Pamela*, opera civico-matrimonico (this was a satire on the Duke d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis); *A qui sera pendu le Premier*, proverbe tragico-risible; *Le mille et unième tour de Marie Antoinette*; *Les Prêtres et Les Rois*, vaudeville; *L'intérieur d'un Ménage Républicain*; *Le Tombeau des Impôtteurs*, sansculottade dramatique; *Les vrais sans culottes*; *Le Jugement dernier des Rois*; *La Guillotine d'Amour*, &c., &c. The wit of the last piece depended upon a lover, who, on attempting to climb into the apartment of his mistress, was caught by the window falling upon his neck and holding him prisoner until the police came round and took him up as a thief. Windows made as in England are still called *à la guillotine*.

so odd to go in at once. St. Ursula did not know me. Mrs. Green looks old. They appeared comfortable, and I advised them to remain quietly where they are, and not to think of going to England, as some advise them. Their convent has been in ruins, but their property is restored to them, and they will do very well if another storm does not come.

I walked to Chaillot, looking at the views. The Bonshommes church is pulled down, as well as the statues at the Barrières.

Robert Dillon has married a rich widow, and from having lost his hand was never molested. Rochegude, absorbed in bibliomania, lives on his pay as deputy.

After great delays and difficulties I have obtained passports for Major Gall and his sister and daughters, and he sets out to-morrow, taking this packet. I assure you, notwithstanding all my trouble and anxiety about it, I have had a treat in rendering them so essential a service. Had he been the most disagreeable of men, I still should have rejoiced to serve the father of a family, and restore him to his children.

Heavens! what a luxury it must be to be rich and powerful, since the trifling mission I am sent upon has already furnished me with many most

delicious moments, by affording me an opportunity of serving and obliging. I am not one of those who think there is no gratitude in man; on the contrary, I am persuaded, from my own experience, that there is a great deal of it in the world. The almost sole pleasure of my present situation is the power of rendering *de petits services*, and sometimes very essential ones, to the persons who ask for them.

I wish I had time to take a trip to St. Germain, to see poor Basile, who writes me word—"When you saw me last I was working for pleasure in my garden, and now it is for a livelihood; it is my only support." The tears fell from my cheeks as I read his letter, so full of *onction* and of cordial affection.

To return to Major Gall, whom I have left in a Shandying style. I think our friends, *al solito*, have taken him *en grippe*, because he is now poor. His fortune was placed in France, and then came the deluge, which swept all fortunes from the face of the earth. He is cheerful, grateful, sensible and well-informed—*que voulez vous de plus?*

I do not suppose any of my letters can miscarry; but as I write a regular account of everything (*faute d'amusement*), I may acknowledge their receipt.

I have a good friend in Lord Spencer. We are in constant correspondence, and I have sent him some books.

News is come of the surrender of Mantua.¹ The other day, when the Directory sent an account of Bonaparte's victory to the five hundred, it was received with great coldness, and they passed to the order of the day.

I have seen Mentelli, the geographer, member of the Institute, who is lodged in the Louvre. He has a globe map so large that you can creep in to behold the heavenly movements.

I am to enter upon the business of my mission on the 10th, having received an official note from my three co-operators; and high time it is for the poor prisoners, for frost and snow are set in with great severity, and numbers of them are in want of clothes and fuel. I hope soon to be able to

¹ The fall of this place leads me to think of the battle of Marengo, which followed it, and thence of an anecdote relative to the death of Dessaix. All the world has been given to understand that this brave soldier died with these remarkable words upon his lips: "*Allez dire au premier Consul, que je meurs avec le regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la patrie.*" Now, it is affirmed, by an eye-witness, that all Dessaix really did say, on receiving his mortal wound, was "*Je suis f—.*" Cambron, at Waterloo, is reported to have exclaimed, "*La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas*"; an absurdity, when at that moment the guard was in full flight.

assist them. It is well I had Sir S. Smith's business to occupy me, or I should have *seché sur pied* for want of employment.

I hear frequently from Le Moine, in better English than he used to write. By his account he is very decently provided for from his little estate. What a new race is now in possession of France! But I think that in a generation or two, *à quelque chose près*, the people will be just like their predecessors. It will require great efforts to re-establish an *appearance* even of morality, decency and probity, which was nearly the sum-total of what existed before. At the present crisis, immorality is at its height. Education and laws well enforced may bring things back to order; but I look upon the younger part of the generation—I mean such as were about seventeen at the beginning of the Revolution—as irretrievable. Very little can be expected even from those who are now of that age. Future good citizens and men of honour can only be hoped for from the number of those who are now ten years old.

I think there is such a lassitude in the whole nation, such a horror of being forced to fresh exertions of any kind, that those who at present rule will find it an easy matter to prevent any

serious revolution or return of monarchy.¹ It is the nature of the French to make vigorous efforts while full of enthusiasm; to push everything to extremes, and then to be quite tired of the struggle, and suffer their neck to be bowed again to some yoke or other, provided, as formerly, they may amuse themselves by roaring in your ears the splendour of the Court and the glory of the monarch; or, in the present system, the liberty, indivisibility, equality and unity of the Republic.

On most of the walls they have scratched out the finale, *ou la mort*, and on the Palais Bourbon, where the five hundred are to meet, there is put instead of it *Humanité et Justice*.

The imbecility of all the Princes is a great bar to a return to royalty, and I really think the present system will take root, if no unexpected convulsion happens. The rulers are much hated, and treated with a disrespect of language never used but in the latter days of Louis XV. They seem to be afraid of venturing out. *Au reste*, there is employment enough for them at home, for the finances are in a very exhausted state.

Carnot has gained ground wonderfully, by all

1 The Revolution of the 9th Brumaire, which placed Napoleon on the throne, proves the fallacy of this prediction.

accounts, and promises to increase in power and reputation of genius.

The Republic requires to fall into the hands of some able charioteer. At present, money is so much the deity of every man's worship, and those who acquire it lavish it so profusely in the gratification of every passion, that one can form no guess when any great and good man is to make his appearance. But if the present powers can but keep the country quiet, the vast bulk alone of the Empire will settle itself into consistency and order by its own weight. Thirty-six millions of men will not long continue in an uncomfortable situation where the force is in their own hands; and, by degrees, that regularity and order necessary for the existence even of a gang of robbers must overpower anarchy and vice, or perish.

You will laugh, perhaps, at all this political tirade;—but I am quietly seated by my fireside, waiting for a person to go and see Mr. Boyd's house and furniture, from which I have got the seals removed; and I put down my ideas as they arise, by way of conversation with you.

You must expect, in the course of correspondence, many variations in my opinion, because every day presents objects in a different light,

and I describe them as I see them at the moment. Hereafter, perhaps, a comparative view may lead to the truth.

The way poor, fat Laborde lost his life was this: in Robespierre's time, scarcely anything was more criminal than being out late at night and driving in a cabriolet. His son, Auguste, supped with some gay ladies and stayed very late; so about two in the morning he drives away in a gig—is stopped by the first patrol, and asked who he is—"Laborde."—"Quoi, fils du riche?"—"Non, du fermier général."—"Ou est-il, le père?"—"A tel endroit."—"Quoi! il n'est-pas mort, avec les autres fermiers généraux? on nous avoit donc trompés." And the next morning the hell-hounds were despatched, and the father taken to prison, all by his son's dissipation and folly.

Harry's *protégé*, M'Grogan, has been to see me, full of gratitude for his kindness, which he has expressed warmly to his friend Barras. He told me he had been to the reception of an ambassador, and heard Barras speak so elegantly! such fine French delivery! I could not help smiling. What a critical ear Mr. M'Grogan must have!

Lord Malmesbury has a good deal of diplomatic *morgue*, yet seems indolently inclined. He,

however, is willing to make the most of anything I can do, tell, or suggest.

December 12th, 1796.

Madame des Entelles tells me her father wishes me to sanction his translation of Milton. There have been ten already both in verse and prose, and none now would sell—but it is his hobby-horse, poor man!

I have been to l'Hôtel de Nêsle, where all the pictures, vases, &c., taken out of the emigrants' houses, are deposited. The Directory have carried off all the best to furnish their apartments, public and private, as well as those of other officers. Most of those remaining are marked M. for the Musée, D. for the Directoire, and G. or N., the latter being for Madame de Nort, the divorced wife of the African Vaillant, who has sold his birds to the nation, and is repaid in pictures.

At the Petits Augustins they have collected all the tombs, statues, busts, epitaphs, &c., from the demolished churches; they are all piled up in the court, or ranged in borders like the *par-*

terres of a garden. The colossal figures, from the top of the St. Sulpice, are placed close to one's eye, and Cardinal Richelieu's famous monument from the Sorbonne is exposed to all sorts of injury in the court.

When the *Sans Culottes* took up all the royal bodies to throw them into a hole, they found that of Henri Quatre quite fresh and recognisable¹—the wound in his side bloody; and the wretches amused themselves with pulling his beard and whiskers!

December 13th, 1796.

Basile was with me this morning, white-haired with poverty, chagrin and imprisonment. The Vicaire de Menil, being turned out in the general dissolution of priesthood, married a nun, whom he divorced and took again. He now is *régisseur* to M. Lenchère, a *millionnaire de nouvelle date*, who has bought Maisons. Aumont, the Vicaire de Maison, has behaved well through all vicissitudes, and earns his livelihood at the post-office.

Taxes and cesses force everyone to sell their

¹ A cast was made from it, with the beard and moustache still complete.

furniture, and the Palais de l'Egalité is full of auctions every night, where things sell very low.

December 14th, 1796.

I am in a new lodging in the Rue Honoré,¹ opposite *l'Assomption*. There is nothing between me and the garden of the Tuileries but a wall, so that I have the sun on my windows from the time of its rising at this season of the year, and am very comfortable; but the frost is intense.

I have had the first conference, and dined to-day with Cottrau, the *chef de bureau*, and his wife, a very pretty woman, at Sir George Chad's, a Norfolk man, lately dubbed. He came strongly recommended to Cottrau, who has got him passports to go through France and Italy to the baths of Pisa. He seems a good sort of man and invited me to a sumptuous *repas*, having met me at the Bureau.

December 16th, 1796.

I am frozen by the fireside. Poor Major Gall has been pursued by misfortunes; for no sooner

1 The word Saint was abolished.

had he sailed out of Calais than he was overtaken by a French privateer. The vessel was seized and carried into Dunkirk under pretence of specie being smuggled out the country, &c. However, in his letter he says he was on the point of sailing, and that it would not be sent off until he was clear of the coast.

December 17th, 1796.

Yesterday was a charming day, and I took a walk to Auteuil, where I found everything as comfortable as it used to be. Madame de Boufflers is grown quite thin. Emmanuel is no longer a beauty, but grown into an ugly, red-haired boy.

I then went to see Mr. Boyd's house at Boulogne, which is inhabited by somebody who bought it of the nation.

Ma petite santé devient grande, for I grow fat. Everybody cries out at my looks. I do not wonder, for everyone here seems twenty years older than when I went away, with white hair, wizened faces, &c.

The women here dress very well in the evening; I mean those who do not put on (or

rather put off) fancy dresses, which are *un peu trop fort*. The horrid length of naked arms above the elbow starves one to look at. Their waists are not too short, like our fashionables in England. Wine of the first quality is now almost as cheap as the commonest sorts, by reason of the stagnation of commerce.

I have left my name at the Marquis del Campo's (the Spanish minister), with a polite note, but have not heard of him since. He is so great a courtier that here he signs "Campo, *tout court*." If he goes anywhere else, where democracy is still more exalted, he will, of course, sink lower, and call himself—"Po!"

The saints are gradually regaining possession of their posts in the titles of streets. Honest men, and men of parts and education, are by degrees rising to their natural level and regaining their proper ascendancy over the unlettered, strong, ferocious animals. Mankind, by the superiority of mind and pliability of its organs, has subdued every other animal; and, by the same irresistible force, wisdom, virtue, learning and skill must overcome the savage part of mankind in a short time. The latter have no chance of maintaining the superiority which bodily strength and numbers give them, but by a total destruction and annihi-

lation of arts, sciences, books, tradition, and all that ever knew anything.

Sir Sidney Smith was yesterday interrogated by a judge.

December 20th, 1796.

Lord Malmesbury, who will carry this letter, received orders this morning to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, as the terms he has offered were contrary to the laws, constitution and treaties of the Republic. He will set out tomorrow. As yet I have not heard that I am to follow him, although several people have taken pains to represent me to the Directory as participating in his mission, and being an accredited spy upon public opinion.

I am pestered with men and women that offer their services for England, for Sir Sidney, or for the devil knows who; but I have a *visage de bois* for them all. I shut myself up still more in my bandbox and attend to business as far as I am able.

I am at l'Hôtel des Carmes, in a very large *salon*, with half-a-dozen screens and a comfortable bed-chamber. My secretary is also lodged *mag-*

nifiquement. But we were nearly frozen to death before the thaw. I have fixed my table and lodging expenses and wages as cheap as I could, and when all is paid, have not more left than ten or twelve francs for plays or coach-hire.

I have to-day sent in a petition for the Blue Nuns to President Barras. I had asked to see him, but the clouds of the moment render it impossible.

December 25th, 1796.

A merry Christmas to you all, and a good appetite for your goose-pies and mince-pies. I am neither merry nor sad, but should be happier in any clime or situation if I had you all round me.

You see by this I have survived our minister four days at least, and I conclude I shall remain quiet here. I say *here*, because it appears as if I should not be suffered to move from hence for some time.

I spare no pains, and by means of correspondents, succeed much in gaining proper accounts of prisons and prisoners. I hope to be of almost (not quite) as much use as if I were on the spot. I have already procured some lists, and sent relief to several places.

One of my correspondents is Mr. Mitford, a brother of Lady Charles Annesley, who resides at Amiens. Perregaux, the banker, is extremely friendly and useful to me in this respect, and is always ready with open purse-strings. His daughter is a very smart, pretty girl.¹

Nothing can exceed Madame de Laborde's attention to me. She is settled in her fine house, Rue d'Artois (now Cersette). I went with her and her daughter to the Lycée Républicain, to hear La Harpe read an "Analyse de Zaire." Afterwards l'Abbé Morellet gave us an account of his own examination by the Comité Révolutionnaire.

Madame de Poix had a ball the other night, but I was lazy, and did not go. How comically I should have been accoutred, in worsted stockings and half boots, with a red handkerchief round my neck! Such is the ball costume at present.

January 2nd, 1797.

Since my last, I have little to say, beyond wishing you all a happy new year. I hardly go

¹ She afterwards became Duchess de Raguse (Marmont).

anywhere, and as to plays and balls, I have not been to a public place for a month. I expected a few days ago that my turn was come, and that I was to be ordered to follow Lord Malmesbury ; but things appear to have taken another twist, and I fancy I am to stay. I had a hint given me the other day that I should have something soon to do, more than the administration had first intended. If so, I should rejoice at the opportunity given me of showing that I am capable of managing more important concerns than those I am charged with.

I received a letter from La Croix, the *ministre des affaires intérieures*, who, by order of the Directory, wished to see my commission. I called on him with it, at his sumptuous Hôtel de Gallifet. He was civil enough in his way, but appeared ignorant of the nature of our commission. (He kept mine.) He was in a long close coat, and wore his hair very long and powdered, without a *queue*. He is a tall, vulgar man.

I also waited upon Merlin de Douay, *ministre de la Justice*, about Sir Sidney, whom I asked to see, but in vain. This one was nicely powdered and pig-tailed, with spectacles.

The Directory have found the means to be re-chosen contrary to law, and to fill up vacancies themselves in the college.

D'Alvarade pretends to me that he has taken great pains to dissuade Reubel from ordering me out of France. I was last night at the American consul's, Mr. Mountfloreance. His name is Cole; but because a Cole in Ireland is Viscount Mountfloreance, this man calls himself so. I met Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney there.

January 9th, 1797.

You do not write often enough. Consider how precious a letter is to me, a poor solitary hermit de la Rue Honoré. I understand La Croix wished to send me away, and said my powers were insufficient; but the commissioners stepped forward and the matter was cleared up. My commission is to be sent back, with an apology and a request to look upon the thing as *non avenue*.

My conduct in this instance, as in everything else since I came here, is so correct that the more it is pried into the better I shall be satisfied. I experience every civility from the Marine, and am glad to be on a fair and good footing with the persons I have to meet upon business.

I had not been at a public place since Lord

Malmesbury went away; not from my mourning for that event, but from my want of somebody to force me out. But the other day I emerged, and honoured with my presence a morning concert at M. Senovert's, who was an officer, and son to a president of Toulouse, but is now a snuff-merchant. He went over to England with Monneron last year, to offer a negotiation, but got no farther than Canterbury. He occupies Madame de Polignac's hotel, Rue St. Dominique.

The company assembled at two. The men were clean,¹ many in English dresses, but there were also a good many *extravagants*, or *incroyables*, *en oreilles de chien*; that is, with their hair plaited and done up very tight behind, like an old-fashioned chignon, and in front two curls or tresses a foot long, just parted in the middle of the forehead and hanging down the cheeks upon the waistcoat. Two of them I remarked as being particularly ridiculous; one side only was in curls

1 This reminds me of a somewhat similar observation made by Lord —, who, being at Brussels immediately after the arrival of King Leopold, in 1831, and having returned to it again three years after, exclaimed, "Things are mightily improved since my last visit; for then, when I went to dine out, I was obliged to walk through a puddle to take the polish off my boots, as I did not like to look particular. Now they actually all clean their boots and shoes with French varnish!"

hanging down, the other drawn back with the hair behind.

The women were all in wigs, generally as different as possible from the true colour of their hair; their faces almost totally obscured. Their caps and hats had much gold and velvet, and very small feathers; their waists immoderately short, their faces daubed, their necks covered, their gowns muslin, with a great profusion of gold spangles and gold fringe.

We had some excellent singing by Garat, who has a delightful voice and great taste; and as he was there as one of the company, perfectly at his ease, he sang jovially and without being asked. He has thirty thousand livres for twelve nights at the theatre. A Mademoiselle Molinos played on the harp, and Mademoiselle du Fresnoy on the piano, in an astonishing manner.

At half-past four we sat down to a grand *dejeuner*; then concerted till ten; then supped; then danced—(*pas moi*)—it would not have suited my diplomatic dignity, and still less my gray hairs; for I am grown very gray from living with Lord Malmesbury.

The late Bishop of Angers, Citoyen Couet de Lory, lives a few doors off from me, *avec sa petite gouvernante, et son bon magot d'écus*. Citoyen Tersan

sends his compliments to you. Yesterday I dined with Cubières (late *écuyer cavalcadour du Roi*), whom you remember with a pretty house and garden at Versailles. He is a wit and very merry. He is engaged in the *fournitures de foin pour la République*.

The other night Madame de Valence¹ gave a ball, *chez ma tante*, to a vast number of *ci-devants*,² who ate and drank, laughed and danced as if they had not a friend absent or one murdered—when, behold! in comes Madame Tallien, and all the women went away. Can you imagine such folly, in their circumstances and misfortunes? I will venture to say there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favour of that woman, whose greatest crimes, perhaps, are her beauty and her riches.

M. d'Hautefort maintains a *grand état*, and gives the best concerts and *diners fins* in Paris, without any other means but his *old ones*. Madame de Maulde and her daughters visited and dined there, as they are ever in the same court; but they found out that Mademoiselle Henriette, whom

1 Daughter of Madame de Genlis.

2 *Ma tante* was the nickname for Madame de Montesson. The *ci-devants* were the ex-nobility.

he introduced to them as his *pupille*, was *quelque chose de plus*; so they go there no more.

All the dead trees in the Tuileries are taken away, and young ones planted in their place.

M. de Maulde expects to be a deputy, and would otherwise be employed in the diplomatic line.

Dr. Gem tells me he has such an idea of my philosophical love of truth and dignity, that he was sure I would not have accepted an embassy.

Count Benincasa has enclosed to me a heap of improper letters, which I opened, and found one full of equivocal, cipherous phrases, *cousus de fil blanc*, and another directed to Citoyen Grangibus; so I made a bonfire of them. Do not say I was cross; for, *voyez-vous*, supposing my letters come unopened, and I were to send them, the person is taken up, and the papers are found in his bureau. "How did you come by them?" "I received them from le commissionnaire Anglais"—who sleeps the next night at Chantilly!

To return to Benincasa,¹ he has vexed many people by the ridiculous observations in his book.

¹ Count Bartholoméo Benincasa, author of a work called "Les Morlaques," and of other publications of a satirical kind.

I cannot conceive whom you mean by Mrs. Talbot and her niece Justinia, and how they want me to serve them. I have no list with me but that of figures, which cannot be employed, as being evidently a cipher; therefore, pray do not write *amphibologiquement*, except when you are very sure I must recollect. You know I am not quick at deciphering, and never could guess anything. Indeed, I hate the trouble of it, which some people like. Do you not remember my making a charade in going to Paris, and when I returned to Menil, having forgotten to write down the solution, I could not make out what it was?

I dined yesterday at Cannel d'Anville's with Hovel, the painter, of Sicily. There was a large company of men; and a very pretty housekeeper directed the service, helped the guests, and then sat on a chair behind, without attending to the free conversation that passed at table. The Cannels are great merchants, and have now the looking-glass manufactory; but I think the bad sales, destruction of all credit, and want of exportation, must ruin any adventurer in that trade.

The Countess Amelie de Boufflers' husband has been long dead, and there is a suspicion that she is married again to M. Chevalier, her son's

tutor. He saved all their lives. I do not believe the report of her having married him: "*pour autrement—peut-être.*"¹

I did not find old Madame de Boufflers cross; she used to be so formerly; also in other respects, which shall be nameless, she is much improved: *c'était de l'ancien régime*. Madame Lorenzi is at Auteuil. I see Madame de Laborde often. Natalie has lost her son.

I meet the American consul sometimes at dinner; but his nation is now on so ticklish a footing with ours, that he seems frightened to death if I even pass near him.

I am sure Dundas and Huskisson did not forget me when they talked me over with the King. I have every reason to flatter myself I am approved of on both sides. Indeed, I have kept clear of all dirty connections, and hope to steer my vessel through all plots and nonsense, and complete my mission frankly and loyally to their hearts' desire. I trust, therefore, the old gentleman is not likely to be laid on the shelf. But I should not talk so much of *him*, for I assure you I am in such health and looks, and such a smart

1 A lady interrogating a gentleman who was paying attention to her daughter, asked him, "Est-ce pour le mariage, ou autrement?" "Pour autrement," said he.

beau blondin, that I am afraid to go in a carriage in the dark—*presque seul*.¹

January 18th, 1797.

I send you two prints of the present dresses of Paris, done by Vernet's son, and not the least caricatured, however extraordinary they may appear to you. What a change even the two months I have been here have made in dress, manners, &c. ! The return of tranquility and diminution of terror in the minds of belles, beaux, and dastardly *honnêtes gens*, who, in fact, deserve no name but that of egotists, have produced a wonderful improvement and increase of luxury. The quantity of handsome carriages just come out; the circumstance of servants again getting up behind them, and being better dressed; abbés and others walking *chapeau bas*; the men more elegantly and the women more richly habited, strike my eyes as I move about in private and in public. I have this day, for the first time, seen a *vinaigrette*.²

1 M. de B. enquiring of the pretty M. de T. if she was going quite alone into the country, the lady answered, "*Presque seule*."

2 A species of sedan chair upon two wheels. These vehicles were introduced when all the horses in Paris were put in requisition for the army.

Yesterday, Madame de Gontaut gave as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore; three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine! Some of the men there danced with their hats on and with red heels. Two of the ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.

I saw advertised in the "Journal de Paris," "*Recueil de toutes les pièces en faveur de Louis Seize, par Guyard, auteur de sa Defense.*"¹

1 Another curious publication had preceded it. This was the dreadful catalogue of the victims of the guillotine. It was first published in numbers, and was entitled, "*Liste générale et très exacte des noms, âges, et qualités, de tous les conspirateurs qui ont été condamnés à mort par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, l'an 2 de la République, une et indivisible et imperissable.*" The first eleven numbers, in my possession, contain the names of two thousand seven hundred victims. It may not be irrelevant to mention that this instrument of death was invented, before the Revolution, by a Dr. Guillotin, with the philanthropic intention of shortening the sufferings of criminals. The projector went mad when he discovered the horrible purposes to which his invention was applied. It will scarcely be believed that when this machine was erected *en permanence* upon the Place Carousel, the children used to climb upon the scaffold and amuse themselves by putting their heads through the hole still dripping with blood; and if anyone, more timid than the others, evinced repugnance at the sight, he was assailed and maltreated as an aristocrat. The people were so accustomed to the guillotine, that the word seemed to be identified with the manners and thoughts of the day. The very ballad-singers used to chant

I dined yesterday at Neilson's with La Harpe, Henri la Riviere, and M. Chevenix, son of an Irish bishop, and we all adjourned to the Lycée to hear La Harpe dissert on "Merope"; but he had taken more of the Burgundian than the Castalian spring, and made very dull stuff of his speech.

Carmelite, *boue de Paris*, and purple, are now the fashionable colours for women.

How dear Paris has grown! Every article of dress costs nearly double what it did ten years ago. I am compelled to be very economical with my two pounds a day, and can hardly make it do.

Except at balls, all descriptions of women cover their necks very much; most of them cover their shoulders and half their bodies with large coloured handkerchiefs, generally purple, with broad borders of rose colour or orange. Men wear coloured handkerchiefs as cravats.

I find your friend Le Maître was looked upon as a *mauvaise tête*, and was enveloped in a foolish

its merits. The following is a sample of one of their songs :

"La guillotine est un joujou,
Aujourd'hui des plus à la mode;
J'en veux en bois d'acajou,
Que je mettrai sur ma commode.
Je l'essayerai soir et matin,
Afin que, n'étant point novice,
Je sois prêt dès le lendemain,
En cas que je sois de service."

correspondence, which was intercepted and caused his death.

Many people think M. de Rohan (Chabot that was) will marry little Madame Laborde. Others say, *il est trop frivole pour cela*.

Madame de Nort, who has a large collection of original pictures to sell, where I have been selecting some for Benfield,¹ is the wife of Vailant, the ornitho-catcher. She has retaken her maiden name, because, after being three years absent, he came back with a new wife and three children. She has a son ; so, by agreement between his father and her, she has got possession of his cabinet of birds, which she parted with to the nation, and in return they have given her what they think the sweeping of the emigrant plunder ; but there are many charming things amongst them.

I do not think I shall have any difficulty in obtaining from the Directory leave for poor Durand² to return to his plough, though not to his vicarage, if he wishes it. My situation puts me in the way of seeing many people, and of making pleasant acquaintances ; but *le coin de mon feu me séduit*, and I do not go about much.

¹ Brother-in-law to Mr. Swinburne.

² Tutor to his children.

The Dutch ambassador gave a great ball the other night (I forget on what occasion), and the doors of his court were shut at nine, and only re-opened at eight the next morning—a ball of liberty! Some gentlemen, whose wives were ill from the heat, were obliged to use force to get the doors opened.

January 22nd, 1797.

No letter from you in this last packet. I only wish the folks who intercept them would forward them after reading their contents. I enclose one from Abbé Durand's father to me, which will give the poor fellow pleasure. All the Durands in the world seem to enjoy good health; they seem to be a numerous clan. A gentleman here, for whom I got a friend released, has presented me with a perpetual ticket for the opera, so you may imagine I never go; but my Lord Findlater,¹ alias my secretary, does, and tells me all about it. There is a charming piece given now, called *Anacreon chez Polycrate*.

1 Alluding to the repeated answers given by Lady Findlater to George II. when, at her presentation, he asked her if she had been to the opera, museums, &c. "No, sir, but my Lord Findlater has."

I met to-day at Tersan's your old acquaintance l'Abbé de Londres, as brisk as bottled ale, and ten years younger than he was when we knew him. Tersan tells me that Le Vaillant's *ci-devant* wife has taken to herself another husband.

The Directory went yesterday to Notre Dame in procession, to commemorate the King's execution. They were in their own plain coaches, one servant out of livery behind, themselves *en grand costume*; a number of troops before, trumpeting, &c. There was no crowd, and the mob was quite quiet. I stood to see them at my ease on the Pont Neuf. In Notre Dame they sat under the centre tower, where the bells used to hang, and some people, who had got up there to see, pulled down through the poles a shower of dust and dirt upon Reubel's head.

Natalie's son died in London, where he was with his father, and was, they think, doctored to death. She was in dreadful grief when the news was broken to her.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux and la belle Hortense.

I am much better since I got back to my old air of Faubourg St. Germain; the excessive noise of the Rue Honoré gave me headaches. I am now in the Maison d'Orleans, Rue des Petits Augustins.

January 27th, 1797.

At length I have received your packet, and make *amende honorable* to all the *autorités constitutionnelles*, whom I suspected of having so long intercepted our correspondence. The volume of letters before me will exceed my time to-day, and even to-morrow, to answer fully, because I must indulge in the pleasure of reading them over and over *savourer* their contents. Some parts are quite unintelligible to me, as I have no cipher or key; for example, I puzzle my brains in vain to comprehend who Justinia and her Methodist aunt are.¹ I went to bed in despair, and lay awake I don't know how long without succeeding in finding it out, and am no wiser this morning.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux, whose cordial kindness to me I am apt to acknowledge in every letter, and there met Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun, lately returned from America. We renewed acquaintance very well. He is a very pleasant man, though a *diable boiteux*. He is moving heaven and earth to get employed by the Directory. We had also my old friend St. Foix,

¹ This was intended for Justin, the young Marquis de Talaru, and his uncle l'Evêque de Coutances, who wished to be allowed to re-enter France from emigration.

who is now a great crony of Talleyrand's, and Simon Dumesny, grandson of Helvetius.

M. Perignon has invited me to dinner for next *Décade*, and adds this *apostille*: “Les représentans Portalis, Cambacères, et Isnard, qui doivent être des nôtres, s'applaudissent beaucoup de vous connoître; je partage leur empressement, et j'ose espérer que vous ne vous refuserez pas à nos désirs communs.”

The newspapers *dixere quid essent hi homines*; but I shall be glad to know them in spite of Mr. Burke's broad R.

I meet with great civility from people I never knew before, and by remaining quiet, *recueilli* and steady, I shall not risk losing any ground, and I may gain.

The other day the municipality of Melun wrote to the Ministre de l'Intérieur a petition, and signed it, “Votre très humble et très obéissante servante, la municipalité de Melun.”

M. d'Hautefort lives at an immense rate, giving monthly concerts, which cost him a hundred and fifty guineas in music.

In Robespierre's time the direction of an English letter was sufficient to condemn anyone on whom it was found; at present things are very different.

I do not know whether Henry VIII. was murdering and plundering while Sir Thomas More was composing his *Utopia*; but your exclamations of happy times, justice and moderation, amuse me as much as Democritus would have been amused, if he could have peeped alternately over Sir Thomas's shoulder to read, and then out of the window at burnings and executions.

The victory lately obtained in Italy by Bonaparte may help us to a peace, though I do not comprehend very clearly how it is to operate that way, unless he marches into the Tyrol; for as to Italy, we have no longer any interest in it.

I could not get the sequester taken off Mr. Boyd's house; all I obtained was leave to break the seals, and make a survey of the state of furniture, cellars, &c. His property is of a size not to be recovered quite so easily. Many are recovering theirs, among the rest the *ci-devant* Evêque d'Autun, who had formerly given up his right of primogeniture to his brother, and became an abbé, on account of his lameness.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, the American ambassador and his wife, have been directed to leave the territory of the Republic, and are gone to Holland.

I wonder if my turn will come next. I see no

foreign ministers, and believe I did very well in following that plan.

January 29th, 1797.

I went last night to the *bal abonné* at l'Hôtel de Richelieu; it was very much crowded, but, as you may suppose, with few of my acquaintance except those I went with. Madame Campan's sister, Madame Rousseau, was there with a stout unmarried daughter, and a still stouter married one, dancing away all three. I saw many men and women kicking their heels about, whose age would have condemned them to the benches in former days.

Madame Tallien was almost the only tolerable face, though haggard with hard duty and some thinking. She wore a black wig, *en tête de mouton*, sticking up behind, and interwoven with pearls and diamonds. Her dress had much gold and *ponçeau*. She made a great display. Her shoulders are broad, and her figure robust. She dances well, has fine eyes, rather an Irish nose—I mean turned up at the end only. I do not know whether you understand me, but Burke's is so.

She is exposed to hear many disagreeable speeches and scenes, at which I do not wonder. She looks sometimes dejected. The women of character, though belonging to the Republic, do not associate with her. She had only a companion, or toad-eater.

General Hoche was one of the company, a tolerable-looking young man, with nothing at all martial in his countenance; grave and quiet, not "*en vainqueur d'Irlande*."

When you consider how completely this nation has been demoralised, and the kind of persons who are to compose the rising generation, without control, education or example before them, you will not wonder at my being incredulous as to the prompt return of Astrea.

I was going to apply for Madame Martinville's radiation the very day Lord Malmesbury was ordered away. Perhaps an opportunity may offer of serving her, but I must wait till it appears. Madame d'Angevillers lives at Versailles, retired behind her hair and veil, as usual.

I told you about the Dames Boufflers. The old one is quite a skeleton; the younger looks plump and well. It is supposed she is married to Chevalier, to whom they express much gratitude for saving their lives. Her son Emmanuel has got

fifty thousand livres a year by Madame de Biron's death.

January 30th, 1797.

I wish the elections of April may pass without a heavy storm; but the clouds are gathering black. The meetings of the public assemblies are tempestuous. Murders have been lately perpetrated by one party or the other. I trust it may blow over.

The conversation of the day is of a journalist being taken to the Directory and whipped in the President's apartments. What will be the issue I cannot tell, but all the papers are full of it. For my part, my wish is to inspire the Government with a proper idea of my character, to interfere with no party, to attend only to the subject of my mission, but, at the same time, to cultivate *cultivandos*. I hope this can lead to no harm. I have neither cipher nor means of transmitting any intelligence; therefore, were I ever so much disposed to be active, I must remain quiet.

Now comes another letter about Mrs. Talbot and her niece! Who the deuce she is I know not, so shall pass her over as quickly as I can.

M. Dolomieu tells me Madame de l'Albanie had a son by Alfieri, and it was in consequence of this that the Grand Duke sent her to Rome.

February 1st, 1797.

They are crying about the streets the account the Directory has sent to the councils of an abortive conspiracy of the Royalists to proclaim Louis XVIII., carried on by a *maître de requêtes*, a poor foolish fellow, a Baron Poly and an Abbé Brottier, nephew to the Jesuit editor of "Tacitus." The scheme was weaker than water.

I have read the passage you allude to in "Tacitus," and Tersan and I agree that it is *tiré par les cheveux et entortillé*, even too much for him. When one begins to be too old to guess logogriphs, I find one dislikes obscenity and *difficultés vaincues*.

I dined yesterday *en grande compagnie* at a dinner given to me by Perignon, avocat de la Marine. His wife is handsome; she was the only lady there; an American consul and myself the

only foreigners. We sat down thirty-two. The principal personages were Isnard, Muraire, Portalis, Cambacères, Jubries, Augustin Moneron, Vance, Janet, &c. Isnard was very noisy and drank hard. He gave us an account of his hiding during Robespierre's reign. He was locked up four months in Dauphiny at a friend's house, lay in bed all day, and was in the garden all night. He laughed much at Louis XVIII. offering to pardon the Regicides, which he said was an unnatural thing for him to do; and he said if ever the French people took it into their heads to recall Louis, he for one would slip out of some corner of the realm as the King stepped into the other.¹

Cambacères is a deep, black, silent lawyer,

1 Isnard kept a perfumer's shop at Draguignan. He was named deputy to the National Convention in 1791, and was one of the most vehement of its members. The following may be taken as a specimen of his principles and eloquence. "Religion," said he in one of his speeches, "is an instrument with which one can do more mischief than with any other; therefore you must treat its ministers with more severity than any other class of people. These priestly disturbers must be driven from France. They are infectious wretches, who must be sent to perish in the lazarets of Rome and Italy." He voted the death of the unfortunate Louis, and the "*mis en accusation*" of the Princes. He published several volumes; amongst others, a "Dithyrambe on the Immortality of the Soul."

very like a king's judge; Portalis, a pleasant, unaffected jurisconsult. There was a fine set-out. It being the day when Brottier's conspiracy had been discovered, that subject afforded conversation.¹

I have received an official letter from Mr. Dundas, signifying that, by the King's express command, he communicated to me His Majesty's thorough approbation of my conduct in the negotiation. The Powers to whom I officially communicated the contents of Mr. Dundas's letter were very well pleased, and the whole has made a pleasant impression; it is looked upon as a *rapprochement des deux nations*. I have but one Director violently against me, on account of your friendship with queens and Harry's having been a page—viz., Reubel, who says I am a Frenchman, because I speak French without an English accent, and pretends my son served in l'Armée de Condé. But I am told he is an honest man, although obstinate; so that if ever he can be persuaded that he is mistaken on my score, he will be a staunch friend. One other, Barras, is said to be quite indifferent. As he has been civil to me, he certainly cannot

1 Andrew Brottier, a priest, who was implicated, in 1797, in a conspiracy against the Directory. He was seized and banished to Synnamari, where he died in 1798.

be inimical. I am unwilling to apply to him the *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. The three others approve of my conduct and give me their support. I am writing, at Coltrau's desire, an ostensible account of myself and family for Reubel.

I have called on Merlin, the Ministre de la Justice, concerning Sir Sidney. He had no precise answer to give, except that Sir S. was turned over again to the Ministre de la Marine. Sir Sidney carried on his correspondence with Lord Malmesbury, and with me, by means of two women whom he called *Les Muses*. They had access and acquaintance in the temple, and probably were employed by the Directory, as they went openly to Lord M., and came so to me, but I never would admit them upstairs. They brought letters from him in walnut-shells and such like, and I sent him money by them, which, I daresay, they diminished as it passed through their hands. I went one day, according to their direction, to see them, up four pairs of stairs, in a house looking into the shambles and market of the Abbaie St. Germain. It was something like Bobadil's lodgings. There was an old hag rocking a child, and the two women undressed, unpainted and filthy looking. One of them is the divorced wife of some avocat de Provence.

February 12th, 1797.

A most ridiculous thing happened to me last evening. I went about six o'clock, in a carriage, to call upon Mrs. Drumgold about some business. Upon knocking, a cookmaid, through the keyhole, asked what we wanted. The servant gave my name, saying I wished to see Madame Drumgold. A window opened in the upper story, and ladies appeared, enquiring who I was. I answered; then other windows opened, and there seemed a great commotion throughout the house. It seems, the servant said I was M. le Commissaire, and probably they thought I was the police officer come to take them up, for the maid came again to the keyhole and said nobody lived in the house. Upon this I took my departure, and wrote the nature of my business to Mrs. Drumgold, which was about Mr. Latin's house, &c., and received her excuses. Such are the remnants of the reign of terror.

There is a *bal abonné*, with Robert Dillon at the head, called "Les restes de la Guillotine." None are admitted but *femmes présentées* and *fils de pendus*.¹

1 *Femmes présentées*—those who had been presented at Court prior to the Revolution; *fils de pendus*—sons of those who had perished by the lantern, guillotine, &c. A more painful instance of French levity can scarcely be adduced.

Your expectations of the emancipation of Italy will soon be realised, for the first blow is given. The French have routed the Papal troops at Faenza, and are marching along the coast to Ancona. The Pope has probably gone to Porto Ferrajo.

Harry has enjoined me so severely to attend the playhouses that, in obedience to the governor, I have begun my *cours de théâtre* by that of La République. It was *Robert chef de Brigands*, a tragic comedy (no comedy in it), directed chiefly to inspire a detestation of the game laws. I did not like it, *et puis je m'ennuie au spectacle*.

I send you an almanac of the last Republican year ending in September, and a list of all who were guillotined—not accurate, for they have left out le gros Laborde¹; also the paper with details of the Italian business. In a preceding one Bonaparte exhorts the Cispadane Republic to make religion the basis of the new constitution, and that religion the Roman Catholic one.

There are daily published a hundred and six journals.

The two horses by Bouchardon, from before the palace of Marly, now stand in the Place de

1 The list alluded to in a former note.

la Révolution, corresponding with Mercury and Victory over the gates of the Tuileries. A few red caps remain on the public buildings; they look like lightning conductors. As the *fleurs-de-lis* have been chipped off the public edifices, one might imagine that Paris had been besieged and battered.

Madame Laborde has begun to dress her servants in livery. M. Koenig, Swedish secretary, has orders from his Court to solicit for Sir Sidney's release. I fear it is a *coup d'épée dans l'eau*.

I went to the ball at l'Hôtel de Marbœuf, to which Lycée I am a subscriber. It was crowded. Carnot's wife was there, but there was no distinction whatever paid to her, or particular notice taken of her.

February 15th, 1797.

I have received all yours; but if I had "Tristram" here, I would copy out Bishop Ernulphus's excommunication and pronounce it upon Mrs. Talbot's Justinia, the brother-in-law and the poor old creature—all beings I have not the slightest idea of. I am quite sick of them; and the devil will have it that my man's name is Talbot; so I

have changed it to Henri, for the other puts me quite in a fidget.

Whom can it be that you sent ten pounds to, and that the other (*credite posteri!*) refused?

Madame de Beauveau has not been in Paris since I came, and the Directory do not permit me to quit it.

Necker has published a history of the Revolution, in which he praises the King and abuses the Queen, but by affected omissions leaves much worse to be surmised than he has said. There is, as usual, a great deal about *moi*; such as this: "Il étoit question de me nommer, mais le parti de la reine l'emporta. Si l'on m'avoit nommé, aucun des malheurs qui ont desolé la France ne seroient arrivés." After that, who can read another page? *non ego!*

I have just had a curious visit from Dr. Gem. He came to apologize for my not having been let in when I last called on him, and said the reason was his having suffered a great loss from having lately admitted a person, in consequence of which he now receives nobody.

The following is his story. The other day, his *gouvernante* having gone to market, he opened the door, and a shabby fellow with a bundle of papers sat himself down, told him he waited upon

him as a learned man, and as he was one also, he requested the loan of *vingt sous*. The doctor grew very uneasy, as he observed the man roll his eyes about *quærens quem devoret*, and thought his only chance of saving his purse and life was to acquiesce; accordingly, he dived into his greasy fob. Alas! no sous were there; Madame Anne had carried them all to market; so the poor physician was forced to lug out an *écu*. "And, would you believe it!" he added, "the rascal jumped up and carried it off without returning the change!"¹

February 16th, 1797.

I have this morning agreed upon all the terms of the general exchange of prisoners. It is a delightful idea that it should fall to my lot, and be in my power, *par un trait de plume*, to restore

¹ Young Baron de K—— was more prudent. The beautiful Madame ——, who was said to have purloined and pawned the jewels of one of her admirers, met K——'s intimate friend, and said, "I have fallen in love with Monsieur de K——; bring him to me." The friend delivered the message, upon which the Baron, who did not possess even a gold brooch, ring, or the most trifling trinket, exclaimed, "Etes vous fou, mon ami, de me proposer une telle abomination? Peste! si j'y allois, elle mes voleroit mes bijoux."

to liberty and joy at least sixteen thousand men, who, upon an average, must have a hundred thousand persons benefited and rejoiced by their deliverance.

Madame Cacciapore may, indeed, as well remain where she is, instead of returning to Rome, for by this time Bonaparte is Dictator there. I think it would have answered political purposes better if he had pursued the Germans through the Tyrol, and not given them time to rally; but probably his journey to Rome originated in vanity, and his agreement with Spain to add to the power of Parma, Tuscany and Naples, at the expense of the Pope; otherwise, except plunder, what influence can the fate of poor Rome have upon the conditions of the peace?

I have a note from Madame d'Angevillers. She lives at Versailles in complete retirement. Her husband is at some Court in Germany.

February 19th, 1797.

I have just been sitting with Mesdames de Beauveau and de Poix. The latter is nearly as I left her—the former older in her looks, *politiquant*

as usual; but when I accompanied her upstairs to her apartment, she spoke as a person quite lost to the world. She said her husband's death had prevented her from feeling public calamities or her own danger, and that his loss, with the murder and misfortunes of so many friends, had made her quite tired of her existence. She talked very affectionately of you. Ourica has grown tall, and except that her features are enlarged, nearly as she was. Madame de Beauveau has since learnt that the very day Robespierre fell had been fixed for her execution, that of her brother the Duke de Rohan, and of Madame de Poix. After being separated for eight months, they would have met in the fatal cart.

I have just heard that the people of Loretto having made a show of resistance, Bonaparte had given up the city to be plundered for twenty-four hours.

The report is that Peregrinus Apostolicus has gone to Malta.¹

I do not know what the Abbé de Londres has to live upon, unless it be air, for he lodges in a seventh story in the Quai des Orfevres.

I have been dining at Perregaux's with St.

1 Pius VI., so designated by an ancient prophecy.

Foix, Talleyrand, Roederer and Beaumarchais; the latter is quite deaf, but still clever and sprightly. Yesterday I dined at Madame Charles de Damas', with all the Laborde family, and spent the evening with Madame d'Houdetot, once the wit and life of the Court, and connected with the Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "Les Saisons." He is now old and infirm, but came to supper and was very merry. We had also the Duke de Rohan, Madame de Beauveau's brother. It was of Madame d'Houdetot that Rousseau was enamoured.¹

Yesterday a police officer brought a letter for Major Gall, requiring him to attend at the *Bureau de Surveillance*. From this ignorance of his departure, I conclude that *la Surveillance est bien relâchée sur mon compte*, since the time when I had *quarante mouches à mes trousses*.

I have signed the preliminary convention as a basis for the general exchange of prisoners, leaving two articles for the decision of our Court. Sir Sidney's release will be the immediate consequence of the ratification. His Majesty offers a

¹ St. Lambert, being jealous of Rousseau, wrote the following lines:—

" Dans le sein des faveurs de la beauté que j'aime,
Je déteste les traits dont l'amour m'a frappé.
Mon rival plus heureux goûte un bonheur suprême:
On nous trompe tous deux; mais il est mieux trompé."

thousand more prisoners on that account. The French want four thousand; I offered to split the difference, and informed Sir S. of the plan. He wrote to entreat I would give the four thousand at once, and he would pledge himself to retake them all *in a week* after he could get out to sea!

February 26th, 1797.

At last I have received your solution of the Justinian riddle, which I should never have guessed. The task you impose upon me is a very difficult one indeed. I almost despair. I do not think it will be possible to extract one brass farthing, and I know of no means of attack with any prospect of success.¹ But I may be mistaken.

The account of your illness, though all danger was past when the letter came, distressed me so much that, except the business absolutely required by my official duties, I have not been able to

¹ The ex-Bishop de Coutances, being in great poverty in England, wished his sister to be applied to to send him money.

prevail upon myself to sit down and write a single line till now. I have done everything to dissipate my blue devils, and have actually rushed headlong into *les fureurs du Carnaval, pour me distraire*.

You will compare me to Prince Bourdon, *qui ne faisait plus que ses quatre repas par jour*; but it is true that with *le trait de la mort dans le cœur*, I have been *en parties de plaisir* in the Bois de Boulogne, at dinners and balls: *c'étoit danser sur la guillotine*. It was a long time before I durst open yours, which arrived to-day, for fear it should be a *testament de mort*; but, thank God, it has set my heart at rest.

I live much with Madame de Maulde and her daughters. We agree very well together. I was with them at the ball at the "Lycée des Arts," which is held in the *cirque*, underground, in the middle of the Palais Royal. There was an abundance of dust, horrid smells and bad company. To show you how merrily we Parisians live, to-day is the beginning of a *fête* or *déjeuner* au Bois de Boulogne; then a concert in Paris, a *diner ambigu*, and a ball which is to cost a couple of thousand pounds, given by M. and Madame d'Angrelau. She is a daughter of Peron's, the builder. Her husband was a chocolate-maker at Versailles, and has by the Revolution made an immense fortune, having

the contracts for the army, &c.; on this account the wits call her "La Princesse Cacao."

There is to-night a ball at Madame de Soyecourt's, for six hundred people, dancing on the graves of their fathers, or rather, ankle-deep in their blood: *n'importe ! il faut danser !*

I went some days since with the Perregaux to a ball at l'Hôtel de Marbœuf. The old proprietress, Madame de Marbœuf, was guillotined by Robespierre, because she had ordered her garden to be sown with hay-seed for horses, instead of corn or potatoes for men.

At a dinner where I was, at Formalague's, Roederer and La Grange got into an argument and grew loud. The former at last pulled out pistols, and laid them on each side of him on the table.¹

Le Bois de Boulogne is now the fashionable lounge, and Bagatelle, a sort of tavern; both are open, and are very pretty when full of elegant people. Most of the Bois is cut down.

1 Some years ago, a party were playing at whist at Wattier's Club with Mr. B., whose discussion with Lord D. then occupied a good deal of public attention. To the astonishment of all, Mr. B. suddenly put down his cards, pulled out a pair of pistols and placed them by his side; upon which Lord A., who had just entered, and who was a kind of *bête noire* to B. and the cause of this warlike display, exclaimed, in his usual droll way, "I hope you do not expect your adversary to follow suit."

March 5th, 1797.

I dined two days ago at Madame de Damas', with the Princess de Poise, Natalie de Noailles, Juste de Noailles, Abbé Morellet, de Vagne, Portalis, *père et fils*, Delpy, and l'Abbé de Damas. It was a learned Hôtel de Rambouillet party. Portalis is the director of the set. Madame de Damas is very rich, and has bought Livry, l'Abbé de Coulanges' benefice.

Yesterday I was at Formalague's, with Pelet de la Lozère, Rozé and two or three more. Rozé is a kind of clever *intrigant*, who keeps well with the Government and does much business with the minister. I employed him to get Sir Sidney liberated, but I soon found he had boasted of more than he could do.

We went this morning (a beautiful sunshiny day) to Bagatelle, which is national property and open to the public, but only fashionable two days in the week. The belles of Paris, on those days, go there to stroll about, as much dressed out as if they were going to a ball.

At this moment they are busy in the two councils drawing lots for a third of the Conventionals to go out, and people seem very anxious.

Bonaparte has granted peace to Pius VI. and

*YOLANDE-MARTINE-GABRIELLE
DE POLASTRON, DUCHESSE DE POLIGNAC
GOVERNESS OF THE CHILDREN OF
LOUIS XVI*

*After a painting by Marie-Louise-Elisabeth-Vigée
Le Brun*

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sent an envoy to San Marino. That little old Spartan Republic has answered with a great deal of dignity and simplicity, and refused the offer of an increase of territory. Their chiefs say that a visit from a general of so great a nation lately enfranchised, to their little asylum of liberty, appears like a dream to them. If Bonaparte now turns his arms towards the Tyrol, we shall see whether the proverb says right, that *La fortune aime les plus jeunes*; for the Archduke Charles is the younger of the two.

Some journals name Barthélemy as likely to be the new director, but it is improbable. I was told yesterday by a deputy, whom I made acquaintance with at dinner, that he had wished to meet me, from the impression he had received by the account he had had of me in the Société of the Directory.

March 7th, 1797.

People are all on tiptoe here with the news of our bank having stopped payment—some glad, some sorry.¹ A député, *patriote*, told Madame de

¹ The report of the Bank of England having suspended its payments was then circulated in Paris.

Maulde he hoped this crisis would accelerate peace, and added, "On auroit le plus grand plaisir à traiter avec Swinburne."

I understand Sir Sidney's name is involved in the papers of the Royalist conspirators; another spoke in his wheel, which I wish they would not keep turning.

I have intended an attack upon Madame de T., but as yet I have not been able to satisfy myself as to the plan of it. I shall go this morning and open the oblique trenches by barely exposing the situation of the poor bishop.

The minds of people have been agitated by the drawing of lots in the councils. For my part, I care little who governs, provided the country is peaceable and quiet. We are all on the stretch of expectation to know the particulars of Sir John Jervis's bold attack upon the Spanish fleet. People that reason presume the Spanish have been beaten, from all the lame paragraphs and accounts hitherto received.

I have been reading Necker's "History of the Revolution," which I am surprised should be allowed to be printed and sold at Paris.

March 13th, 1797.

I dined yesterday at Madame d'Houdetot's with Madame de Damas, St. Lambert, &c.—a very pleasant party. The alarm which the operations in our bank occasioned here seems to have blown over; besides, Jervis's victory will have a very powerful effect, they were so sure of his fleet being destroyed. From some strange, vague Spanish letters that the Spanish ambassador officially announced, everyone believed that the victory was on their side.

I have got through Necker's *déclamation*, for it is more that than anything else, and most of it *gratis dictum*. Lally has also published a *défense des émigrés*. It comes with an odd grace from him who ran away first of anybody, and nobody (except Madame d'Herrion) knows why.

Yesterday I spent at Auteuil with Madame de Boufflers. M. Chevalier seems a sensible, clever man; and if he is not husband to the Countess Amelie, it must be because they choose to do without the ceremony. Emmanuel is clever, but untractable and spoilt. The Abbé Morellet, who has been spending several days with them, says Emmanuel tormented him to death. He could not read when, luckily for him, his mamma and

grandmamma were put in prison, and he remained with Madame Lorenzi. When they met again they were quite amazed to find he could read and write very well.

Madame de Boufflers has just bought of the nation half of her estate very cheap. During the reign of assignats they built themselves a house in Normandy, improved the place, and did a vast deal of good, with literally *nothing*.

I have heard that Truguet, on delivering the convention which I had signed, had a smart altercation *sur mon sujet*, with the cart-horse of Colmar, Reubel.

I was at the Cercle de l'Harmonie, a new concert under the direction of the mulatto, St. George; it is held at the old apartment of the Duchess d'Orleans in the Palais Royal.

March 23rd, 1797.

M. Koenig has made a very precipitate retreat from Paris, but whether by order of Sweden or of France is not known. Two agents of the Directory have been to Abbé Kearney's friend to ask questions about me, and said I might remain

all my life; they would not object to it. Hautefort **w**ill have it, *qu'il est question de moi pour la paix*.

I dined yesterday at Prince Corsini's with Caraccioli and Denon, who now excels in engraving beasts.

An embargo is said to be laid at Calais for **a**ll Germinal (from March 21st to April 19th) lest **a**nthing should transpire respecting the elections, **w**hich promise to be as quiet as those for Old Sarum. I write this by way of Hamburgh. With regard to the books Mr. Eure wishes me to send **h**im, I understand divinity is contraband.

How can B. know anything about the time **o**f my staying here? Surely our people would **n**ot recall me upon my arranging the *cartel*; for **o**ther prisoners will be taken, and must be looked **a**fter, were there no other reason. I should apprehend the folks here are more likely to pack me **o**ff *à la Kænig*. But even that I doubt; for I **c**annot but think that peace must be desirable **a**fter the elections.

March 25th, 1797.

I wrote two days ago by Hamburgh, and **b**egin this without knowing how it is to go. The **m**inister of marine means to ask an indulgence

for his and my correspondence against the strict orders of the embargo, which is laid for two months upon all the posts, either to prevent any accounts reaching England of the tenure of the elections, or of the projected invasions.

All seems harmony and quiet in the elections, but great and barefaced corruption in the legislature. Little Caraccioli, Lucchesi's secretary, is come here to prepare the way for Commander Rufo, the Neapolitan envoy, who is in London on his road hither. Caraccioli is called *La Conscience de Portalis*.

You must know that my work here has given me a vast insight into a variety of official routine and political matters, and I begin to think I should make a good working minister of State. My style in French is approved of, in these days of freedom of style, as being energetic and original.

I am rather sanguine as to a prolongation of my political life; first, because I and my merits are now personally known to the King! He has a good memory, and when he takes a liking or a good opinion, is very pertinacious. Secondly, because my being employed as negotiator begins to be a general idea here among all parties; and you know how much the French of all classes are governed by general opinion.

March 30th, 1797.

I have received my final instructions about Sir Sidney Smith. No *cartel* is to be established, unless he is put on his parole like any other prisoner; so that, probably, my mission is on the eve of its departure.

I am apprised of, and expect hourly, an order from the Directory to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. Reubel has at length carried his point. I believe Fontainebleau is the place fixed upon. The Marine are outrageous about it, and have at least prevented the first idea of sending me quite away, which, from some calumny or other, was the intention of the Government. It is of consequence that I should remain, for the sake of the prisoners. I am to come back on the 20th of May, when the elections will be over. By that time the Directory may be softened concerning Sir Sidney; time is gained, and we know not what may turn up. The country air will do me good—I shall have time to *jasminer* and scribble to you. *Me voilà comme toujours, Monsieur Tant mieux, ou l'Optimiste.*

April 4th, 1797.

This letter goes by a *cartel* from Nantes. I am setting out for Fontainebleau by order of the

Directory, who object to my presence during the elections. Rather than be *de trop* here, I shall strive to pass my time pleasantly, as the season advances and the situation is delightful. I am told there is some good company, mostly *ci-devants* reduced; and I am loaded with recommendations. The minister and *commissaires* are very civil, and desire me not to think anything personal is meant to me, but my removal is a general measure, common to the Portuguese ambassador, &c.

I much fear the determination of the Government here not to consent to Sir Sidney Smith's release, and that of our ministers that his release must be a *sine quâ non*, will end in the general exchange being refused on both sides. These series of victories over the Emperor, Trieste being taken, &c., will not render the Directory more obedient to our mandates, or value our threats the more. In the meantime, innumerable prisoners are kept in durance, because one point is not obtained *at present*, for it must be ceded at last. The liberty, perhaps the lives, of above a thousand poor *détenus* is depending. I have written this to Lord Grenville, which may perhaps displease him.

Will it not be a pity if the business I am now upon, and which is now perfected, should fall to the ground—which I much fear will be

the case? Patience and conciliation would bring about matters better than violence.

Adieu until I write from Fontainebleau. How different that place will appear to what it was when I was there with the Court in 1786!

Fontainebleau, April 12th, 1797.

I have settled myself in pleasant lodgings until the expiration of my month's exile. The spring is backward, but the forest, which is dreadfully cut up, even hacked as it is and without leaves, is charming.

The day before yesterday I walked about the Valorin, where the views of the Seine are noble; and yesterday to the long ridge of rocks south of the town, where poor Marie Antoinette had a wide road made along the summit, and the whole eminence planted with maritime pines. To-day I strolled about Thomesy, a large village situated in an elbow of the Seine, environed on three sides by the forest. The vineyards there produce the finest Chasselas grapes, which are sent daily down the river to Paris. On the opposite side of the Seine rises a lofty rocky mountain, covered with

wood, and at its foot is the Château des Pressoirs, in a beautiful situation.

As I wander about the place, what recollections come over my mind, like the heavy clouds of summer, full of thunder and storms. I could fancy myself an eagle hovering about this ancient seat of kings, or a being of other times escaped from the Deluge. Behold the ruins of the habitation of the mighty, whom I here saw in such splendour only eleven years since, when I was one of the many among the courtiers! There I see the Queen's gilt closet, where Eden introduced me and where I was greeted with her sweetest smiles. Where now is the pomp of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Where their ill-fated descendants?

I sometimes think of the words of your favourite psalm: "I myself have seen them in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; I went by, and lo! they were gone, and their place could nowhere be found," &c. And here am I now, a public minister, exiled to this very place by the men, the rulers of the earth, who crumbled to the dust all that mighty pomp and grandeur!

I could write this nonsense for an hour, for since my arrival here I have been troubled by the most melancholy reflections and recollections;

every place, every object brings to my mind the scenes of 1786.

I passed the place where poor John stopped M. de Tourzel's horse ten minutes before it knocked his brains out. John is dead, and Madame de Tourzel has a subscription ball at Paris à six francs!

Au reste, I have a charming apartment, and my host was a member of the *Comité de Salut Publique*; but he is quite altered, and ashamed of it. This place is very anti-Directorial. My time passes quickly; I rise early, write a great deal—for a *great deal* I have to write; then take long walks and eat a *shameful dinner*—another long stroll, a visit and a chat—then write till I go to bed.

I see it is put in the French papers that the English ministry will have no *cartel* until Sir S. Smith is released. If so, and as I fear not agreed to, all the negotiations will go into *fumo*, and your humble servant will return home like the *pot de terre* in the fable, *Clopin Clopant comme il peut*; that is to say, if he is not sent to the Temple to keep company with this chivalrous subject of public contention. It is certainly a misfortune for a country when family interests outweigh those of the public.

The De Mauldes are coming to stay with me. I have such kind letters from them, and so charming an epistle from Hortense, that I believe I am turning fool in my old age, and have caught myself two or three times looking in the glass, and giving my man instructions how to dress my hair.

I never experienced greater friendship and cordiality than from Perregaux. He is much abused for having been afraid, and for giving way to the system of terror; but I should like to know if those who abuse him, and who ran away entirely, were not as much afraid *at least*.

I have had the satisfaction of receiving some pleasing letters from prisoners to whom I have rendered service, written *proprio motu* after their arrival. Men are not so ungrateful as you imagine. I suspect ingratitude is often provoked by something in the behaviour of the obliger, which hurts the pride of the obliged, and settles the account.

There are nine English prisoners, whom I have been clothing, confined in the château, in a room belonging to the Queen's apartments. The municipality here have sent me the keys, and a person to open every room to *monsieur le commissaire*. There are also two hundred Austrian pris-

oners in a wretched state—the subjects of Marie Antoinette's brother! I have given them a great dinner.

Yesterday the great pond was drained by order, and the remaining fish sold. I had one at my table, but not of the time of François I.¹

We have heavenly weather. I have just taken a long walk by moonlight in the forest, and meant to have written more, but am too tired. I know not whether I shall receive any letters during the embargo, or if mine will reach their destination; at all events, I shall have had the pleasure of writing. So God bless you all!

April 22nd, 1797.

Nothing more has occurred since my last, in the political line; but in my private concerns a great increase of *agrément* has taken place, as M. de Maulde and his two daughters have been with me some days. As he and his wife are like two buckets in a well (that is, totally incompatible

¹ Some of the carp were said to have been placed there in the time of that monarch.

together), she cannot come at the same time, so I content myself with Monsieur, who is very merry and facetious. The girls are both amiable, particularly Eugénie, who is full of sense and accomplishments. She, as well as her sister, plays admirably upon the violin and sings well. We had yesterday what I am sure you never heard, a quartetto by four ladies on the violin and alto, and a middling violoncello—very well performed. A Mademoiselle de Mortagne plays charmingly on the harp.

The *ci-devants* look rather askew at De Maulde, because he was employed by the Convention. There is plenty of company and great names, however reduced in their circumstances; but we walk out a great deal, and mix but little in the society, which, in this small town, is very much made up of *commerage*. Madame de Pradelles is an exception, but she leaves us in a few days, as she is going into the country for the summer.

Some fine seasonable rains have brought out spring very fast, and the oaks are beginning to shoot. The low gardens from the palace to the Seine are full of nightingales. I have under my eye, from the window where I am writing, a circle of rocks and wood of various tints, and nearer to me numerous gardens *en berceaux et*

espaliers, all kept in the nicest order, where all their aged proprietors (for there are no young people left) are busied from sunrise to sunset in the various labours of gardening. Ours has a spacious arbour and a summer-house. Our landlord being a florist, flowers cheer the eye in the greatest part of his grounds. Our next-door neighbour is a furious Jacobin, for the present quieted and turning his attention to the improvement of his premises.

The town of Fontainebleau is large, but not populous, because almost every habitation has a large garden. It was originally built and increased by the retired servants and pensioners of the Court; and it was remarked at the beginning of the troubles that the great destroyers, the most violent demagogues, were the *Bornés*, viz., the persons who subsisted upon the pensions and legacies left or given them by princes or ministers, and which they lived upon here. You will say that this circumstance militates against my idea of the natural gratitude of man.

We walked to-day through the forest on the Nemours side. The crosses at the meeting of roads are all thrown down and broken everywhere. There have been six thousand acres of wood cut since the Revolution; but as there are

no deer nor wild boars left, and the cattle are all herded, the young wood is getting up again.

The people about here who were pensioners of the Court and nobility were disappointed in their hopes of sharing the spoil. The manufacturers of porcelain, now established at the former Government-house of M. de Montmorin, are violent *sans-culottes*; but the municipality is composed of very moderate men, and the commune is very quiet.

Yesterday, high mass, *Tenebræ* and *Salut*, was solemnized at the parish church with as much pomp as ever, and the church was crowded. There is no salary for the priest, but a collection is made.

The havoc made in the woods is great, because everyone enters them that chooses, and, under pretence of getting dead wood, they hack and break everything. It is a pity to see noble junipers broken and torn to pieces.

It is now so long since I have heard from home that I feel really like an exile. I might as well be in the East Indies. The Perregaux write to me every post! which gives a little life to my epistolary existence. The peace, which is signed, or nearly signed, with the Emperor,¹ will soon

1 Peace of Campo Formio.

bring our matters to a crisis, and settle them one way or the other.

April 28th, 1797.

Having no opportunity of sending letters with any possibility of guessing when they may reach you, I have written this by scraps, till the date has crept on a whole week.

The victories on the Rhine, though unnecessary, make a brilliant conclusion of a war with an enemy as completely thrashed as it is possible, and they establish the Republic upon solid grounds as to any foreign attacks. Whether our people will come to or no, time, and a very short time, will show.

Poor Le Moine has been a long time plaguing me about his translation of Milton. From the *ennui* a page or two gave me, and other occupations, I had quite forgotten that I had the manuscript. The other day he reminded me of it, informing me, at the same time, that it is going to be published with a preface, stating that I had not only looked over and corrected it, but that it had my approbation, and specifying that I am *un homme connu avantageusement dans la carrière littéraire et diplomatique*.

Startled, as you may suppose, by this declaration, I read the first book to my hosts, who, as well as myself, found the French execrable and infinitely below several translations already published. Add to these my own observation of most unpardonable *contre-sens* and blunders, viz., as a specimen: "defied the best of paynim chivalry"; translation, "*defia les plus brave chevaliers du royaume de Panim.*" So, on the emergency of the case, I took a pen in hand and filled four pages with observations, solely upon the misconception of the English, and sent them to him with an earnest recommendation not to launch his translation into the world until he had read the other translations.

I am afraid my sound advice will not please him; but anything is better than having my name hooked into such a paltry business. I remember enough of Mademoiselle Keralio's translation of my travels to make me tremble at seeing myself exposed to a second massacre. By-the-bye, she took a furious part in the Revolution.

Madame de Pradelles is the life of this place, though she does not like the people. She has taught them to amuse themselves, but as she has not all the money she wants, she is obliged to eke out her year by economical visits to her friends. People this year begin to get back to

their châteaux, and the peasants again dance in the woods on Sunday evenings.

During my present state of uncertainty as to the future, I employ myself in answering all the letters from my agents and the prisoners, every other day, by the same post that brings them. They never had so punctual a correspondent in their lives. The De Mauldes now and then act as my French secretaries, to order clothes for the prisoners, or argue upon the value of their worsted stockings.

May 12th, 1797.

I can give no guess when you have heard from me, or whether this will ever reach you; but what I have to write is of so little consequence, that it matters little what becomes of it. My life here is perfectly rural and uniform. The De Mauldes sing and play in the evening. We live comfortably. I walk a great deal in the morning, and have some hours' employment in writing letters and overhauling accounts. The weather is wet and boisterous, but as this sandy soil is dry in a minute, the rain of many hours is no impediment to our excursions the first fair moment.

I have only nine prisoners to superintend here, and one of them has given me an opportunity of showing my skill as a doctor—much to my own surprise. He had had an ague on him for eight months. Recollecting the remedy which cured the folks at Menil, I luckily got the *calamus aromaticus* here, gave him a dose in a glass of wine, and ordered him some broth. The ague left him that day, and has never returned.

I conclude my exile will not be prolonged beyond the 25th of this month, when they say the elections will be over. For my part, I should have no objection to another month's exile at this fine season of the year, and this charming situation, where I am absolutely *obliged* to do nothing. Being forced into idleness is a great temptation towards liking it, and one easily learns all the luxury of the *far niente*. I shall turn up my nose at the dirt and closeness of Paris when I return. How long I shall have to remain there will depend upon what our ministers will order me to say or do, agreeable or disagreeable.

May 16th, 1797.

We spent a pleasant day yesterday, having dined at St. Brian, a château near the first post

towards Paris, about two miles from the edge of the forest. It is surrounded by a wood cut into alleys, and a moat. M. de Châteauvillard, the owner, was a *maître de la chambre des comptes*, and has saved his property to the extent of four thousand a year. He is now president of the district, and lives like a sultan. There were many ladies there; among others, Mademoiselle de Ferrieres, a fine girl, but very poor. Her father was an officer of rank, who lost all in the Revolution, and is now blind and a pauper in the Invalids. She paints small portraits in oil for her bread.

There was also M. de St. Sauveur, who was a lieutenant-general and a *cordon rouge*. His own people plundered his property, but he remained hid during the *Terreur*, and afterwards retired to live at St. Sauveur upon the wreck of his fortune. He is a chief justice of the peace, and now rules and punishes his former vassals in a more severe and summary way than he ever could have done under the old regime.

May 20th, 1797.

We dined yesterday at the Château de Beuvron. It belonged to an officer of the guards of that name,

who sold it for assignats to the Notary Le Fevre de la Boulaye, and now is at law with him to regain possession. All the wood had been cut down before the sale. As Beuvron discharged all his debts with the assignats paid him by Le Fevre, he appears to have had a fair price, whatever his creditors may have had.

To-day, Lady Rodney and her daughters, with the De Mauldes and myself, dined at the Hermitage de Franchard, where there is a good spring among the rocks, though the stream looks as green as cabbage water. The situation and rocks are very romantic. The church is now a forest-keeper's house. On the wall is the figure of a hermit. There is a dripping-stone down below, and the water is reckoned good for various disorders. The peasants still preserve their superstition. This chapel was, I think, founded by Philippe le Bel.

The Vallée de la Solle (a large, circular plain surrounded by ridges of woody rocks) is replete with beauties. It has many noble beeches and groups of oaks; the timber is remarkable for its size and height, which is prodigious in the part called La Tillas. I measured an oak seven feet in diameter at one foot from the ground. Along the Gorges de Muines the rocks are thrown

together in long piles and mountains. The situation and formation of these freestone and sandy rocks are curious subjects of conjecture. They are narrow, and point from north-west to south-east, as if a flood or river channel had run for ages in that direction. The Mont de Montagu is a lofty, round mountain-wood, covered with large blocks of stone, and, what is remarkable, those on the top are all indented and marked on their outsides with squares or lozenges, like the rippling of waters. These rocks extend many miles. The largest piece is *le long boyau*.

I have found in my perambulations many curious orchises and other beautiful wild flowers; white campion, low creeping broom, red geranium, globularia, orange-leaved euphorbia, anthericum liliago, pink restharrow, white cistus, Solomon's seal, lily of the valley, the maritime rose and a small yellow rose, sweet-scented violets, blue milkworts, heaths, broom, &c.

June 7th, 1797.

Your letters are come, with a load of despatches of importance, and letters of all sorts. I

was in such a hurry to do everything that was necessary to prevent mischief, repair the neglect of others, &c., that I scarce found time to read and answer yours. I am now a little more at leisure, though by no means quite rid of the load of public correspondence which is come in a lump, and is very heavy. Besides, at the same time, the "commission des échanges" has given me a very voluminous parcel of memoirs to examine, palliate, refute, &c., for I am *le grand médiateur des deux côtés*. Both parties believe me and yield to my arguments; but they are always complaining, always ready to pull caps, and I am continually running about with my pen *pour mettre le holà*. I have got quite the knack of it, and have a great deal to do to persuade both parties that they are quarrelling about absolute nonsense. I have sent duplicates of my letters about business, by different channels; therefore I hope all will be pacified.

Think of our old friend Barthélemy having been unanimously carried up to the vacant seat among the Directory. His brother, the medalist,¹ is gone to overcome his *nolo episcopari* and bring him to Paris.

1 Author of "Les Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis."

The De Mauldes left me last week.

M. Perregaux writes me word that a report has been made to the minister about my return, and by him to the Directory; so that I presume my stay here will not be much longer. Meanwhile I make the most of my time; for I rise early and take large strides across the divine forest in every direction. It is so delicious, after clambering over rock and traversing sandy plains, to enter arched dark walks miles in length, cut through groves of the noblest beech, birch and oak, so cool, so silent, so much my own.

This morning I walked straight from the obelisk (erected to Marie Antoinette's four children, now defaced and crowned with a red cap, in its turn out of fashion and rotting), to the very extremity of the forest, seven miles or better, by a route famous in being called after the name of De Vidosson, who was killed in it by Zarnet in 1608. I then turned down to Moret, drew the view, walked home, and am now quite fresh, writing to you. You see how the climate agrees with me.

The Grand Lama Maniaduc's¹ death did not surprise me, except as far as I had completely

¹ A disciple of Cagliostro, and a great magnetiser, much in vogue at that time.

forgotten to think about him. The consternation must be prodigious. Where will they cast the anchor of their faith now?

The Serenissima has made a rude *casada*.¹ Never was a Government so easily overthrown and dissolved. As to Austria, it looks as if money or disaffection had settled much of the contest.

I have an answer from Madame de Talaru, so cautiously worded that it is unintelligible; but I suppose one may surmise that it is satisfactory, so you may copy it out, and send it to the poor old man. I have informed her that I sent him a draft for fifty pounds, which I make no doubt will be repaid.

Everything now seems to take a turn towards tranquility and sociableness.² Many revolutionary

1 Genoa.

2 The reaction had commenced, and all persons panted for a return to the sociability and courtesies of former times. Social amusements, so long exiled, were revived and eagerly sought after. People commenced to breathe a new air. Hope awoke in their hearts, and that politeness which hideous cynicism had abolished was regenerated. Some *salons*, amongst others that of Madame de Montesson, aunt to Madame de Genlis, were re-opened; and although men still addressed each other as *Citoyen*, they saluted women with *Madame*. One curious fact merits record, viz., at no period were so many theatres open in Paris, and never, according to official returns, were they so much frequented as from 1793 to 1798. The number amounted to twenty-five, of which nine gave operas.

laws are on the point of being repealed, and the new Director's speech breathes peace. He is perfectly at home, they say, in his new clothes, and the country appears satisfied with him.

Perregaux informs me that M. Barthélemy recollects me with infinite pleasure, and promises to speak immediately about the absurdity of my being *relégué* at Fontainebleau. He also says that Reubel is more pleasantly inclined than he was.

The Ministre de la Marine has, through the Commissioners of Exchange, desired me to exert myself in obtaining from the King a pardon for Captain Long, an Irishman born, but married and settled these twenty years in France, taken in the command of a privateer, and to be tried for his life. I have, as desired, written on the subject.

We had a comedy last week acted by ladies and gentlemen, and Bourdon was the "Nigaud" in *Le Sourd*. I dined yesterday at Montgermont, the seat of M. de Gontaut, who is, but does not now call himself, Duke de Biron. He married a financier's daughter of vast fortune, a Mademoiselle Palerme, a woman of wit and taste. The house is quite a palace, with a shrubbery laid out round it *à l'anglaise*. The acacias in flower are beautiful. Adjoining to her bed-room, and open to her bed, is a noble gallery or conservatory. At its further

end is a very good marble copy of the Apollo of Belvedere, which Gontaut brought from Rome. The conservatory is kept in a most slovenly manner, and has nothing in it but flowerless lilacs.

Gontaut's wife was rendered very unhappy by his conduct in the Revolution, and by her own losses. He has been courting the daughter of a famous Madame Case, who once was a great beauty and made a great noise;¹ but his nose has been put out of joint by his son.

June 28th, 1797.

Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Maulde have returned to spend a few days with me, which will enliven my evenings should the rain continue; but in fact they have brought back the sunshine.

I know not yet when I am to remove to

1 Madame d'Esparbes, a near relation of this lady, was once an inmate of the Parc-aux-Cerfs, and was so capricious and immoral in her *liaisons*, that Louis XV. at length lost all patience, and rebuked her, saying, "How, madam, can you expect me to have the slightest regard for you, when I know that you are in love with half my subjects? What excuse have you?" "Ah, sire!" replied she, pretending to blush, "I am so kind-hearted." "Why, there is Choiseul," continued the King. "He is so power-

Paris. Barthélemy sends me word to apply to the Directory, which I have already done.

We spent a day with the Princess de Bergues (formerly one of the Queen's ladies) at her house on the river, which was built for the King's *pressoir*, being originally the place where his grapes were pressed and his wine made; and both François Premier and Henry Quatre were very fond of it, and with great reason. The house is not much raised above the meadows; in fact, the ground story is close to the rocks, out of which several streams of water flow into all parts of the building. From each end runs out a noble terrace, under which are the orangery and the kitchen-garden, on different levels. The rocky mountains, covered with fine trees, rise almost perpendicularly behind the house. The whole range or park is immense. The river sweeps along in front for some miles, forming a large crescent. Moret, and many villages in the distance, scattered among

ful, sire," replied she. "Well, then, there is Richelieu." "He is so clever and agreeable, sire." "Good—but there is Monville, who is dull as an owl." "But he is so handsome, and has such a beautiful leg, sire!" "I grant that," rejoined Louis; but what excuse have you for the Duke d'Aumont, who is as ugly as a monkey, and as ill-shaped as a parenthesis." "Ah, sire!" responded Madame d'E., with a deep sigh, "he is so devotedly attached to Your Majesty!"

groves of fruit trees and vineyards, seem one picturesque street. All this is backed by the rich mass of forest, which appears to have no bounds. I scarcely ever saw a landscape equal to this in the same style, for the hills are bolder than about Richmond and the culture more varied.

The lady of the house (a Castelanne by birth) is a cheerful, sensible woman, extremely fond of the place, and very well satisfied with having saved such a remnant of her fortunes. A great deal of the fine timber has been cut down for the support of life.

Did I ever tell you M. de Castillon was alive and well? He has refused being chosen a deputy, having given up the world since his misfortunes, among which the greatest blow was his son being guillotined.

Think of Cosway's friend, David the painter! Before the 9th Thermidor he came to Fontainebleau, took a minute, and made the list of about eight hundred persons to be murdered, and settled everything for their execution on a certain day. I have met the monster in the passages of the Louvre, but he hangs his tiger-head and face, and turns aside.

Dominick Meade and Lynch came here to visit me, but the former ate so much fruit that

he was obliged to hurry back to Paris, not to be out of reach of his doctor.

Paris, with all its faults, must have wonderful attractions, for I am pestered by correspondents, such as Madame Martinville, Chevalier Jerningham, &c., who are dying to come in. I am sure I cannot tell what they expect to find, and I advise them to wait patiently until there is a peace.

If I am here when the season serves (which I dare say I shall be, for any negotiation by Lord Malmesbury seems to me a farce), I will take care to send you the pomponne roses.

What an event, your plants of lady's-slipper blowing! I had long given them all up. Apropos, at the Pressoir, the other day, I found the most beautiful bee-orchis I ever saw. I meant to have painted and sent it to you, but an old hag of an *abbesse defroquée* took it to look at and broke it all to pieces.

July 11th, 1797.

You that know the people here so well (and they are not much altered) will not be surprised, but I am sure, highly diverted, with the *escapade*

of my little friend Eugenie, which I am going to transcribe from her own letter, received the day before yesterday. It is quite in your own way, and I think may make a curious figure in the annals of the Republic a thousand years hence, like the Clelias, Egerias, &c., of Rome. You must first take one thing for granted, that I never gave her any commission to say or do anything for me; it was all zeal and *gaieté de cœur*. Pray take notice that this smart young lady of twenty-two is alone with a *filles de cuisine* at Paris, while her mother is at Liège.

“J’ai été au Directoire, non avec les deux personages que vous connoissez depuis longtems, quoiqu’ils me promettoient monts et merveilles. Lasse de tout cela, j’ai songé à un autre, dont je suis sur de la discretion quant à la démarche; car pour le reste il n’a rien entendu. Il y avoit comme d’ordinaire séance publique, et c’étoit Barthélemy qui présidoit. Je me suis avisée, après l’avoir bien examiné, étant près de lui, de retourner dans la première antichambre, pour lui écrire qu’il etait prié de se rappeler de vous, et pas autre chose absolument. Je lui ai remis mon écrit dans la main. Il me dit, ‘Soyez bien sûre, Madame, que je ne l’oublie point, mais il y a malheureusement des difficultés’; et il disoit cela

avec un air pénétré et plein d'amitié pour vous, qui m'a charmée.' 'J'y pense,' ajouta-t-il, 'soyez en sûre.'

"Il avoit son entourage de messagers d'état et de secrétaires, et il dut s'en tenir là. La séance étant finie, il passa dans la salle d'audience particulière, et ce fut là où l'on m'introduisit pour parler à Carnot. Barthélemy y était, et me reconnut. Il vint à moi, et me demanda si je vous connoissais. Je lui répondis que oui. 'Je ne cesse d'y penser,' dit il; 'je sais qu'il s'ennuye beaucoup, et cela est tout simple.' Je lui dis combien vous étiez enchanté, ainsi que Madame S. d'apprendre sa nomination. 'Ah!' dit-il, 'j'en suis persuadé; est-elle ici?' 'Non; dans l'incertitude des choses on ne peut guère faire voyager une famille nombreuse.' 'Sans doute: se porte elle bien?' 'Oui, au moins dans les dernières lettres.' 'Je suis bien fâché de le voir là — il devrait réclamer.' 'Il a fait une petition au Directoire.' 'Je n'en ai pas encore entendu parler—nous est-elle envoyée?' 'Oui, monsieur.' 'En ce cas nous en parlerons.' Cela fut prononcé avec l'accent de l'amitié. Carnot pendant ce tems donnoit audience à quelques personnes; lorsque mon tour fut venu, il m'a reconnue, et me reçut fort bien," &c.

After all, it is a fine thing for every citizen to have the liberty of seeing and accosting the chief of the State and laying their grievances at the fountain head. They may not be redressed, for that must depend upon various causes and combinations; but you are, at least, sure they are made known and not smuggled by intermediate officers. It is an art which all monarchs have practised who wish to be popular; but they soon grow tired of it, and the people of them; for when the lower classes find it leads to nothing, they begin to see through the bubble.

We are preparing to-day to receive the Turkish ambassador, who is to stay three days here and to be harangued by the municipality.

I should not talk of the beauties of Fontainebleau if I thought they would tempt you to infidelity. They do not *me*; I see no dunghill like my own, no trees, no water, no rocks, no moon—I dare not say sun—comparable to ours; but, with that exception, *tota Anglia mihi sordet*, I prefer France. You will laugh at my neighbourhood. On one side I have les dames de St. Cyr, from Versailles, with twenty pensioners singing litanies all day long. On the other, in the *ci-devant* Count d'Artois' stables, is a regiment of cavalry, who trumpet every hour for something or other,

flutes, and oftener sing and swear.
civil people and inoffensive, except
troubled with a headache. This place
g been very moderate, and no blood
d here, notwithstanding the endeavours
ster David.
say the Tesica¹ will go in her turn.
Spain and Austria support her, but
Scarlet Lady drops, it will be a bad
Januarius.

Au Colombier, July 24th, 1797.

riting from the house of M. Cumpel-
regaux's partner, with a name as soft
hose in Duten's story,² where I came
meet Mademoiselle Perregaux and a
ends. It is near Arpajon, an antique
ded with moats, charmilles and gar-
little river Remarde runs by the edge
en, under shady bowers, very rural and
eumatic. I crossed the country from

The Scarlet Lady, Rome.

an gentleman complained to him of the harsh-
Italian names, and said German ones were
ounce, such as Schwartzenburg, &c.

Fontainebleau by Malesherbes, to see Mereville Laborde's place. The house, in the Revolution, had every bit of furniture taken away and sold. It is now magnificently refurnished. The place has great beauties.

You will laugh to hear that part of our company here consists of M. and Madame Despréaux, the latter better known to you by the name of Mademoiselle Guimard.¹ They are both extremely agreeable, *faisant des couplets pour l'occasion*, inventing games, acting proverbs, &c. They remind me of M. and Madame Texier at Brandenburgh House, being the same sort of personages.

Perregaux writes me word that I may perceive the Revolution has not annihilated the gaiety of the country, and he is preparing a magnificent *fête* for his daughter, who will return without knowing anything of the matter. I shall, at the same time, go back to my *moutons* at Fontainebleau, where I fancy I must stay quietly till the preliminaries of peace are signed, or not signed; for I find my friend can do nothing for me, and his attempt to serve me has miscarried. I must, therefore, endeavour to make myself as comfortable as I can in complete apathy.

1 A famous dancer.

I am utterly unable to serve Jerningham; my interference would injure his cause. Perregaux thinks Charretié gave an impression of me at first as a dangerous man, which my cautious, exemplary conduct has not been able to do away. But he and Charretié hate each other; so I do not give full credit to his suspicion. Barthélemy is of very little consequence, and probably not able to procure my return; indeed, by all accounts, the whole set are by the ears.

I had a letter yesterday from Lord Malmesbury's secretary, who says great attention had been paid them on the road and at Lille, where they are lodged at l'Hôtel Bourbon. I know nothing of the negotiations at Lille, and it would be impossible to distinguish the truth from the different reports made me.

August 7th, 1797.

I have just received a letter from Lord Malmesbury, who makes use of the following remarkable expressions: "I am sorry we are placed at such a distance from each other as to make our meeting for the present very unlikely. I

think it, however, most probable that you will soon return to Paris."

I conclude you have got my letter with an account of Eugenie's visit to the Directory. You will see that Barthélemy is not bad, but he is not strong. All his life he has *filé doux*. I little dreamt I should ever become a suspicious person, who have passed my days *en jasminant*. I suppose I am kept away now for fear of my giving a lift to the negotiations, by intelligence, &c.

I have had a letter from Mr. Vernon, to recommend the captain and crew of the *Dolphin* packet, in which he and Lord Berwick were taken. The French consul has liberated the passengers, and they are gone on to Rome to fetch the Misses Hill. What a time to go to Rome, which is certainly on the eve of liberty! This old lady dead, there will be no more, at least with power. What an age to live in!

Benincasa is delighted with the ruins of hierarchies, inquisitors, nobility, &c. The Margravine has sent me, by Madame Gaspari, a lock of her hair, in the clumsiest frame I ever saw, exactly like some fashionable knockers at doors; a flaming letter accompanied it.

I now copy out the account of Eugenie's second visit, with her mother, to the Directory.

“ Nous avons eu un gros quart d’heure de conversation avec votre connaissance. Il s’est exprimé sur le compte de notre ami de Fontainebleau avec la même liberté et franchise; ce n’est pas sa faute s’il ne vous prouve pas son amitié; il l’a déjà fait, mais on lui a campé au nez, pour principale raison que votre fils aîné avoit été dans l’armée de Condé! Jugez quelle platte calomnie! Il nous a demandé si cela étoit, et nous avons répondu, comme vous l’imaginez bien, selon la vérité. Il nous conseilla d’aller tout de suite chez le nouveau ministre, pour dementir hautement la chose, et que cela suffiroit; qu’ensuite au premier moment favorable il reparlera de vous. ‘J’ai dit que je le connaissais,’ dit-il, ‘que son caractère étoit celui du plus honnête homme, et qu’assurément il faudroit qu’il fut bien changé s’il savoit tromper,’ &c. ‘Enfin cela serait à l’infini si je vous disais tout ce que nous nous sommes mutuellement dit sur votre compte, et sur celui de votre famille. Maman le toucha au vif en lui disant qu’il y avoit de la dureté d’en agir ainsi, tandis que c’étoit un petit dédommagement des pertes enormes que vous aviez faites aux Isles. Il le sentit, et baissa la tête, les yeux presque mouillés. En vérité il vous aime. Dites lui,’ continuat-il, ‘qu’il ne se presse pas de retourner, car l’on m’assure qu’il a demandé son rappel en

Angleterre.' Nous l'assurâmes que c'étoit de toute fausseté—'qu'il ne s'impatiente pas,' dit-il—nous lui dîmes que vous étiez d'une grande tranquillité, et que nous faisons à votre insçu ces démarches d'amitié."

If the ex-Bishop of Coutances is wise, he will not think of returning to Paris. It is too hot yet: your furze-bush may easily take fire and burn to ashes, for the fire-makers mismanage sadly.

The Cisalpine or Milanese Republic has united with the Cispadane or Bologna. That looks like business. I suppose we shall soon hear of the Ligurian, Paduan and Venetian joining it, and then comes old Rome itself again, and perhaps Italy will once more be *liberata dei Goti*. I suspect the little man (Napoleon) whom you admire so much has some such intentions.

De Maulde's daughters have bestirred themselves so much that I think he will get something in the diplomatic line. What a fine thing *charlatanerie* is! You need only say boldly you know a thing, and the world believes you; your reputation is made. *Pour lui*, he is no more attached to Republicanism than you are, except as far as he expects to get something from the Jacobins.

To-day we walked out at six in the morning,

per apricum et solem, to the river, got a boat, and let ourselves glide gently down it in all its windings for about six miles. Then we crossed the forest eight miles, six of which were luckily in complete shade, and got home and made a delightful repast under our *berceau* in the garden, in the true *far niente* style.

But you have forbid my making your mouth water by my descriptions or saying anything about Fontainebleau. Yet how can I avoid talking of my exile—my hermitage? Cicero would think and talk of nothing else but his. To be sure, I do not complain and blubber as he did, and I endeavour to make the most of "*my most filthy bargain*."

You must have had our great thunder-storm the day after we had it. I had no notion it was going any further, or so far, or else I would have begged it to take a message for you. It played about us, singeing our oaks and apple-trees and illuminating our rooms so long, that I could not suppose there was any viaticum left for a jaunt across the sea.

Barthélemy, it seems, told Eugenie that Truguet, late minister of the marine, had always been an enemy of mine. I should not have suspected it, nor can I imagine why, unless it were from my

being so anxious and troublesome in applying early in behalf of Sir Sidney, who, I am told, is very obnoxious to him—*poco m'importa*.

August 20th, 1797.

One of the commissioners of exchange is come to inform me men and opinions are so much changed that I may now get Sir Sidney Smith released, upon our Government ratifying the preliminary convention for a general exchange. I am most happy to see my ideas and hopes realized, and shall not be surprised if I am recalled to Paris, as the business cannot go on otherwise. I wait for an answer from England.

Eugenie writes me word she has seen Barthélemy again, who told her there was not the smallest complaint against me of any kind, but everything arose from *le tems qui courre*, which makes it dangerous moving any way. Perhaps Fontainebleau is safer soil; for Paris grows red, and quivers like the soil of a hill near Naples. Lobsters of a sky-colour abound, and stretch out their claws; everybody wonders when they will pinch.

I find M. de Maulde spoke well of me at the Directory, and said I was above soliciting my return, and have so many resources within myself that I can never be *ennuyé*.

The Emperor's peace is signed. Portugal has made a separate one, so we are left alone.

I will now read over and answer some of your questions. I wish the hedge continued as near the house as possible, to seclude our walk and gardens from intruders. Has the yew taken, that was planted over the wall? The whins¹ here are very hard to rear, though I do not think the birch-trees² overshadow them at all. There is a species of bloody whin³ that is likely to spoil the whole plantation. In this season it is very much heated, and those that have thorns⁴ will overpower the rest; if so, the whole nursery will fail, and all be rooted out.

The Revolution has swept away the *litterati* and the monuments. I have been to Moret, but do not know any means of giving information concerning kings and kings' children.⁵

1 Republic.

2 Royalists.

3 Jacobin.

4 Troops.

5 A negress, daughter of Louis XIV. and his Queen, was shut up at Moret.

You will find both Colombier and Mereville in Cassini's maps. The former was a seat of M. de Gouvernet's.

Mademoiselle du Thés' Lees were Lit de repos, Lit de parade and La fleur des Lis. She herself may have been *Lie du peuple*.

The French expect an immense emigration from England at the peace, driven out by taxes and discontents and tempted by the sale of national property.

How long did Dutens stay with you? I must say for the French, that they are infinitely less given to forget a friend, to pay him court or to neglect him on account of his "actions" being *rehaussés* or *abaissées*, than our John Bulls. I have always observed that you may fascinate the most proud and sensible Englishman with a good dinner.

You will not suppose old age is creeping upon me very fast when I tell you that I walked this morning (being our idle day) to Melun and back again, nearly twenty miles, and I do not feel tired in the least. It is such pleasant walking; a hard sand or mossy turf, and there are such varieties of wood and rock.

I have been entertained with reading "A Journey in the Pyrenees, Barèges, Bagnières, &c."

It dwells rather too much upon lithology, which is quite the fashion now, and very tiresome it is. A man shall travel with you fifty miles, and all you shall learn is, that for so many miles it is clay, so many schist, so many granitoid; and then, perhaps, he has been happy enough to see a piece of a primitive rock or granite tumbled into a valley. But the description of a country where I have passed so many happy hours is, with all its faults, extremely pleasing to me. I am glad that other people have been struck with what delighted me; and, though I laugh at their vanity at having climbed up a rock or a mountain, I read with satisfaction the panegyric of Campan and Grippe.

I think one of our hobby-horses is not very far from being saddled and bridled. I mean that Greece seems likely soon to cast off the Ottoman yoke, and resume something like liberty. I thought once that the Empress of Russia would deliver it; but I now believe its liberty will come from France, a quarter from whence, *Dieu sait*, it was little to be expected ten years ago.

August 28th, 1797.

I stumbled yesterday on the finest inland view I ever saw in my life—(you will say I am like the cat and the mouse in the fable). We set off early to take a long walk into an unexplored country, and accordingly stretched through the forest till we reached the three leagues' stone. There we sat down to our breakfast of bread and a pear, basking in the sun. We then wandered on the banks of the Loire and the Canal de Briare, peeped into a grand château where Nature did much, and art has undone everything. A large rocky stream runs through the woods and gardens, and the tasty owner has trained it up in a triangular pond and a moat round the house, and for its discharge has placed two horrid falling mills in the garden, at the edge of the stone head. We rambled up the high hills that run between the Seine and Loire, and returned to a full view of Moret, near an ancient mound, probably of Roman work. From thence the view was divine; the distant hills of the Orleannois bounding the horizon, the Loire meandering like a snake through a long reach of meadows; on each side gentle eminences and villages, with clumps of poplars; and in a bold semicircle of hills the large

château and park before mentioned. Then the Canal de Briare falling into the natural bed of the Loire, which comes down from the numerous arches and mills at the gates of Moret, where it tumbles down several cascades, and reflects the large old castle and church, with the crumbling walls and turrets of this little fortified town, in the most beautiful manner.

But I am ashamed at catching myself *jasminant de cette force*. Let us return to our *moutons*—at least to our *bêtes*. Barthélemy has written me a note, hoping I do not suppose it his fault that I am still in these quarters. However, nothing seems to be said of my return from exile.

The report is, that peace is made. It is said a telegraph has announced to the Directory that preliminaries are signed at Lille; but Perregaux, who must know, writes word that everything there is dormant, and Mr. Ellis gone to England, not to return. The council has decided that all priests may re-enter France and live unmolested.

We have a great abundance of fruit, and make a glorious consumption of it, for I am grown like the King of Prussia, with some constantly upon the table. When I return home I shall be obliged to send the children out for blackberries and bilberries.

Tourine, upon hearing Barthélemy was without a wife, began immediately to work and build plans, and wrote to Pillgarlick to beg he would recommend one of his fabrication to him; adding, "on fait ces choses là bien lestement aujourd'hui." You may imagine how Pill laughed!

I have written Benincasa an epitaph, on the apoplectic fit of the Serenissima.¹ I am afraid the Adriatic will soon be no better than one of the wicked, and forget her venerable husband.²

September, 1797.

M. informs me our ministers are displeased with me for having, at the positive and official request of the Directory, written to beg mercy might be extended to an Irishman (Long), captain of a French privateer captured, and to be tried for his life, as by our law he has no chance of escaping conviction. This man has been twenty-five years established in France, has children, and served all last war against us; for at that time the penal laws prevented Catholics being employed in the

¹ The fall of Genoa.

² Alluding to the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic.

English service. We have pardoned fifty in this and the last war, under similar circumstances; nay, we have forgiven all the Americans, and were they not English subjects?

I made use of these arguments, and urged the absurdity of a law which must have more exceptions than rules; for what becomes of emigrants' children born in England, if ever they hereafter serve against us on returning to the country where their property lies?

I also mentioned that if Long suffered, it was probable retaliation might ensue.

How could this statement offend? But I will bear all very patiently, and if I am recalled, shall return to my plough with the satisfaction of having done my duty. Perhaps, as the negotiations are begun, and the prisoners likely soon to be released from all parts of France, my presence here will become less necessary.

1
Fontainebleau, September 15th, 1797.

I have not written lately, for reasons which you will have learnt from the public papers.¹

¹ On the 4th of September a revolt had taken place, from a conspiracy for restoring royalty being found out,

Walter Boyd and Mr. Ker are packed off with every species of emigrants. Barthélemy is on his way to God knows where. I am extremely hurried by the number of letters my prisoners write to me, in dread of the *cartel* not being ratified, and their being left without pay or clothes.

On the 4th, by a particular *arrêté*, a commissioner was sent here to offer me the release of Sir Sidney Smith, if I would sign their proposals *conditionally*. This I did directly, as it was no binding engagement. However, the great events of that very day have probably engrossed the thoughts of the Government too much to get this matter finished, and I wait with impatience for further communication. The Admiralty has stopped the *cartel*, and forbidden the release of any more French prisoners, because it has received information, I know not from whom, that the British prisoners had been taken out of the *cartel* ships at Nantes, and that Major Hull and another officer, though provided with passports and their baggage on board, had been disembarked and thrown into close confinement. Now, it happens that I this day received a letter from Major Hull,

in consequence of which the Director Barthélemy, the Deputies Barbé, Marbois, Tronçon, Ducoudray, Ramel, Carnot and others, were condemned to transportation to Cayenne.

to inform me that he and his fellow officer, &c., had sailed some days before. I had, however, applied to the commissioners at Paris on the subject, and was assured that there was not the slightest truth in the report.

September 21st, 1797.

You will learn, before this letter reaches you, that I am recalled. No reason is stated, but I conclude I shall have further intelligence shortly. The ministers do not seem willing to avow their motives for displacing me. It is impossible that Nepean can be ignorant of the cause of my recall, of my enemies, or of the manner in which my business has been concluded. There are no steps taken for the acceptation of my successor, or even for the release of Sir Sidney. I am overwhelmed with letters. The exchange is in jeopardy, and our prisoners are sent up from Nantes to Angers.

Eugenie writes that she has at length determined to give her hand to M. de la Verriere Montreuil, who has been soliciting it for several years. He is, unfortunately, upon crutches, but that is of no consequence to a French wife. He

has a handsome fortune, is an excellent man, and his father was a premier-president of some *chambre des comptes* or *des aides*. They are to keep house for her mother, and her father too, if he chooses. Eugenie says he shall have his apartment, and a door of his own, and even his fat mistress, if he wishes it, *en toute liberté!* These are *principes à la française* in all their perfection. If I had stayed and resided at Paris, I was to have had their principal floor, and to have kept house with them.

Benincasa is at Paris, on his way to Italy, where he expects to be Director of Modena. Ciccaporée came over here to spend a day with me.

Fontainebleau, October 8th, 1797.

I did not expect I should still date from this place, but I am here in a state of suspense and uncertainty. Not a line from the ministry or anybody. You may judge that I am amazingly tired of my situation, and nothing but my good health, the beauty of the weather, and purity of the atmosphere, keep up my spirits.

I have transmitted to the ministry a letter I have received from the Commission des Échanges. It is as follows :

“Le Directoire a pris un arrêté, dont le premier article laisse au Capitaine Smith la liberté de correspondre avec vous. Cet officier jouira d'un cautionnement, dès le moment que votre gouvernement aura ratifié le concordat. Il sera définitivement renvoyé en Angleterre aussitôt la rentrée en France des 4,000 hommes, &c. Les événemens du 18 Fructidor ont empêchés que le Directoire se soit occupé de votre retour à Paris, ce qui peut vous convaincre et vous prouver que le gouvernement desire que nous puissions continuer *avec vous* l'opération des échanges. De-là son silence sur le compte de votre successeur; il n'a pas voulu délibérer sur son admission, et il n'est pas question de lui dans l'arrêté. Croyez moi que nous ferons tout ce qui dépendra de nous, pour vous conserver; nous le devons à la loyauté que vous nous avez toujours montré; nous le devons à l'humanité, dont nous sommes chargés de défendre les droits; et nous sommes convaincus que personne ne peut mieux que vous nous aider dans cette tâche glorieuse.”

I have since received the *arrêté* about Sir S. Smith, who is now put on the footing of a prisoner of war.

It was very fortunate for me I was kept here.

I might otherwise have been involved in the Barthélemy business, and, perhaps, walking about with Carnot.

I learn that all the *ci-devant* nobles are to be banished till after the peace.

How tired my short specimen has made me of ministers!—though I like the kind of business exceedingly, and do it with pleasure and a light hand. I have got into the French style of diplomacy so well that I can now write a whole page of which scarcely an expression is to be found in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie!

I have dined at different country-houses lately, and generally walked. Yesterday we had a long stretch, nearly thirteen miles, before dinner, and as much at night; but it was like walking upon velvet. I wish I were playing so.

October 22nd, 1797.

Still in the wood, as you see, and not a line from England; consequently, nothing altered in my most disagreeable position. Time steals on. Am I then to complete my year in the service? If so, I ought afterwards, like a pauper, to be entitled to a settlement.

There is a greater dearth of matter for a letter than I ever experienced, for the style I live in is more eremitical than you can imagine. Yet the poorest hermit had a garden to cultivate, and I have nothing of the kind.

Our weather is stormy, with an hour or two of sunshine every day, and the golden forest is in high picturesque beauty; but, alas! it gives the unpleasant feeling of desolation and winter. I make long stretches across it every day, after working at my desk two or three hours. After dinner I go and sit sometimes with Lady Rodney and her two daughters; but in general I remain by my fireside and read "Voltaire's Correspondence," which is very entertaining, though I should like it better if there were less of Voltaire in it.

Mesdames d'Anglures and Talaru are coming to see me, but cannot move till the decree is fixed concerning the ex-nobles. The consternation was general while the motion remained unaltered; but the movers have withdrawn it, and proposed another, by which the ex-nobles will stand in the predicament of foreigners.

I have a letter from Sir S. Smith, who thought I was gone, and wrote to me at the Admiralty, from whence it has been forwarded to me. In it

he expresses himself in the highest terms of gratitude and approbation.

I long to have this delay and suspense put an end to, and look forward with ambition and eagerness, though scarcely with hope, to spending the remainder of my days in literary and other amusements, or employments—call them what you will—on my own dunghill, *oblitus obliviscendus!* No letters!

I am told by my correspondent at Calais that no vessel has appeared from Dover for a considerable time. Our winter is begun.

November 9th, 1797.

I have as yet no answer from the Directory, no news of my passport! What can occasion the delay? I think they will not refuse me leave to stay a week at Paris; but there is no knowing. I long much to get away, at any rate; not that I expect any clear explanation or justice from our ministers.

Sir Sidney has at last acknowledged to me that he has frequently written against me to his friends in England. He says he only complained

of my indifference ; and now that he has such proofs of my activity and attention to his interests, he apologises, and regrets having done so ; but what good does his *palinodie* do me now, after he has been impressing Lord Grenville, &c., with hostile ideas against me ? All he can say would not make them change now, or recant and acknowledge an error. How one thoughtless word will thus unintentionally destroy the welfare of another !

Probably other circumstances and calumnies have had their weight at home, and I daresay, some day, I shall be astonished at the baseness of those whom I do not think now of suspecting.

Meanwhile, everything relative to the exchange of prisoners is going to the dogs. Animosity and pique are revived, and hostilities in that line are as warm as in the worst times. Our officers are deprived of their parole, and confined. Probably the French are treated in the same manner.

Pour dissiper nos ennuis, we went yesterday four leagues and more to Nemours, examined the works of the intended bridge, climbed up a high rock to view the country, ate our loaf of bread, and returned home to our dinner without stopping, untired and comfortable. I think, when I get to England, I must offer myself for a twopenny post or exciseman.

November 10th, 1797.

I have received Bourdon's letter, who says he deferred writing till he could learn from his colleagues whether the Directory will or will not receive my successor; and nothing is yet decided. He says: "S'il est possible de finir avec Coles, nous le ferons; mais je ne vous le cache point; les dispositions dans lesquelles il était lorsqu'il a quitté la France, le ton de hauteur avec lequel il parlait de toutes nos institutions républicaines, la morgue qui se remarquait dans ses discours et dans ses actions, tout me fait craindre qu'il n'apporte ici des préventions qui pourraient nous empêcher de faire le bien."

November 11th, 1797.

I had got so far when my man announced the arrival of Madame d'Anglures, Madame de Talaru, and Cesarine, who have taken a trip to see the "hermit of the forest." Your ears must have tingled, as we talked for hours of you and yours. They send you a thousand *embrassades*. Lavie has gone to Switzerland. His daughter is at Paris, endeavouring to procure the definite expunction

of her father and husband's names from the list of *émigrés*, for, in fact, they never quitted France. But during the Reign of Terror, wherever you had an estate and happened not to reside upon it, the kind vassals or peasants set you down as emigrated. Many persons did not know this till the other day, but they were not the less obliged to quit the Republic, as having incurred the penalties of emigration.

Perregaux writes me word my passport is ordered, and I am to be allowed to stay ten days in Paris, so this disagreeable suspense will soon be at an end.—Adieu for the present.

Calais, December 4th, 1797.

I stayed eight days at Paris. The reception I met with from the commission was very flattering. Mr. M. will send you a French paper containing the speech the minister made me on my taking leave of him, which was very friendly and polite. I am informed that, on my account, the whole business of the general exchange is knocked on the head; no further proposals will be made or listened to about Sir S. or the thou-

sand prisoners, but all be looked upon as void, undone, or as *non avenu*. Yet all was in such a fair way. *Peccato!*

Charretié is recalled, and Senovert, or Gallois, a friend of Talleyrand's, will succeed him. I carry over £4,000 for the French prisoners, and, what will interest you more, *des roses pomponnes*, carnations, &c., safely packed.

Perregaux was all kindness and friendship. I shall never forget the cordiality and regard of all the commissioners of the exchange, nay, of all their clerks. They crowded round me when I arrived at Paris from Fontainebleau, and again when I came away. The universal testimonies of esteem I met with were quite overpowering.

Talaru was at Paris unknown to me, but was recognised and obliged to fly to Spain.

I hope in a few days to be in London, where I shall first exclusively occupy myself in bringing my political business to an explanation and to an end; finish with the board; and then make the best of my way home, and there remain quiet till the peace enables us to make a definitive arrangement with regard to the West Indies, &c.

Dover, December, 1797.

After a most boisterous passage I landed in a boat, for the ship could not make the harbour, and was obliged to go to the Downs; so that I have not even a bundle with me. The vessel ought to come up this tide about eight in the evening, but the wind is strong and the weather foul. I have sent to Deal to desire the collector there will take out the boxes that contain my papers, but I am half afraid the ship will be under way before my messenger arrives, so my situation is very disagreeable and uncertain.

But, at all events, I saved myself the horrors of a stormy night at sea, and have at least had a good night's rest.

I will now mention some particulars of the last part of my stay in France. An official letter from the Marine informed me that they had waited day after day for the *Arrêté du Directoire*, which, by its answer to Mr. Dundas, was to remove all uncertainty about the fate of the prisoners, but had not received it, therefore begged I would not wait any longer, but hasten to convey the remittances to Charretié.

The same post brought me a long letter from Cottrau, full of the warmest expressions of friendship, and a promise that, at my request, General

England should not be sent to prison by retaliation, even should there be a general order for it.

A friend wrote to me from Paris that he was afraid the handsome things thought and said of me there *me feroient du tort chez nous*. Can I help being liked?

I found a Captain Davies, of Hull, at Calais, who had made his escape from Arras; and as I happened to be well with the people there, the magistrates and commissioners made no opposition to my putting him down as a servant of mine, and I have brought him over.

The De Mauldes have suffered great losses by speculating in the Caisse d'Escomptes.

Perregaux writes me word that his daughter is asked in marriage by a man past forty, and she *d'accord*. This is the youngest Barthélemy. It is an awkward circumstance at this time, when the elder brother is on his way to Cayenne. The rulers cannot like Perregaux's forming such a connection.¹

London, 1798.

All London was yesterday in a hubbub on the sudden arrival of Sir Sidney Smith from

1 This marriage did not take place.

Portsmouth. He got off from Havre in a fishing-boat with Lieutenant Wright and a little Frenchman of the army of Condé, who managed his escape. The above is the whole account he gave me in a short interview I had with him soon after his arrival. But I have since learnt that an order being given by the Directory to remove them to another prison, a great mob had assembled to see them. When they came into the middle of it, friends properly placed caught hold of them, pulled them into the thickest of the crowd, and carried them off to a private house, where they lay concealed till night; they were then conveyed by cross roads and bye-ways to Rouen and Havre, from the house of one Royalist to another.

As I have been suspecting for some time, by the accounts I have received from Paris, that his escape was preparing, I was not much surprised at it; but I cannot yet take upon me to affirm whether the Directory connived at it, or who were the persons bribed; for money must have been distributed. Sir S. said they were obliged to cut the Gordian knot. He received me with great cordiality and many expressions of gratitude. God knows what effect this will have abroad in the treatment of other prisoners. M. says there will now be no difficulty in ratifying my conven-

tion of February, 1797, and releasing the parole prisoners.

The way I learnt Sir Sidney's arrival was singular. I was asked by Madame d'O. to a little music in the morning, where Angelletti and Benelli were to sing. I found the rooms full of French dukes and duchesses, &c., and other *émigrés*, waiting for the arrival of the Dukes de Bourbon and Berri, who came about three. As soon as they entered the room, the Duke de Bourbon crossed it, and came up to me. "Je crois," said he, "que vous serez enchanté de savoir que le Commodore Sidney Smith est arrivé; je viens de le voir—il s'est sauvé du Temple par le moyen d'un officier de l'armée de Condé, avec un faux ordre du Directoire."

The Duke de Berri is very little and stumpy, with thick lips and rather a *figure ignoble*—not so fat, but like Mr. Heneage. He stands first upon one leg, then on the other. Like all his family, he is very unassuming and polite. The Frenchmen never sit down when he is in the room.

I hear from authority that the captain of the *Hercule* is to be sent over immediately, in exchange for Sir S. S. That looks like an escape by agreement, either settled, as some say, for three thousand pounds, or by Bergeret when last over. Some say

JEANNE-MARIE-IGNACE-THÉRÈSE DE
CABARRUS, MME. TALLIEN, AFTER-
WARDS PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY

*After a painting by Baron François Gérard, in the
Gallery of Versailles*

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he lay hid eight days at Rouen. General England is confined in the citadel of Aire. I make no doubt Sir Sidney will explain my matters to his friends, and render me justice. I enclose a letter from him.

TO H. SWINBURNE, ESQ.

Portsmouth, July 26th, 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,—On my arrival here I find the annexed letter from Lord Grenville, which I lose no time in transmitting to you. If there is any step you wish me to take to procure a satisfactory explanation from the other department, I beg you will command me.

I beg you will be kind enough to tell me what I am in your debt for Spanish books and disbursements to John M'Cann, &c., in order that I may pay the same wherever you may direct.

Accept my heartfelt acknowledgments for all the trouble you were so good as to take on my account, and believe me,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful, humble servant,

W. SIDNEY SMITH.

(Enclosed in the above.)

TO SIR SIDNEY SMITH, &c., &c.

Dropmore, July 19th, 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, enclosing one from Mr. Swinburne to you on the subject of his conduct in France. As Mr. Swinburne was employed under the direction of two other departments of the King's Government, it does not belong to me to pronounce upon his conduct. At the same time I have no difficulty in saying that I am not aware that there is the least ground for doubting the perfect rectitude of his intentions, though he does not appear to me to have always judged properly as to the means of giving effect to them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

London, January 3rd, 1801.

I have seen Sir William Hamilton and the famous Emma.¹ He is just the same in looks as

¹ Lady Hamilton.

when we left him at Naples. She is very large, with a handsome face and bad figure. Her hair is very black, but she wears sometimes an auburn or a fair wig.

They have told me many things of Naples which will interest you. Sir William has given me a list of all the people executed upon the return of Cardinal Rufo and the King, notwithstanding the capitulation. I enclose you a copy of it, by which you will see, as Sir W. says, that almost every man of worth and learning is destroyed or fled from Naples.

He showed me the English letter poor Cyrillo wrote to him for his interference, but which Marshal Pignatelli took care should not be delivered to him until after the unfortunate petitioner's execution. It is manly, and simply affecting.

The Duke of Cassano was put to death, and his wife would have been so likewise, but the Queen had her life saved, because it was known she hated her, and she thought her death would be ascribed to personal vindictiveness. The infant son of young Gensano was executed, and his father near dying of grief in consequence; but now he is thinking of marrying again.

The Duke of Andria went to revolutionise his estates, and upon the people there refusing to

plant the "tree of liberty," he set fire to all the farms and villages. He has since been beheaded. Don Domenico Caraffa continued loyal.

The King likes Palermo, and will probably never forgive Naples; nor can the Queen, for they hooted her, calling out "Fuora la Messalina!" and she met with no kindness when she went to Vienna, from her daughter, the Empress, who soon got tired of her, and at last treated her quite ill. But the Queen never had intended to remain there. She took her three daughters with her; Christina¹ is to be married to the Duke de Berri, and she wishes to give the next to the Archduke Charles.

Mr. Coutts tells me Sir W. lost a good deal of money at Palermo. You may remember he was always fond of play, and played like a child. His estate does not give him above £1,000 a year; add to this a pension of £2,000, and that will not keep up their present establishment.

Paesiello is still at Naples, in disgrace for having composed a fine hymn for the "tree of liberty," when the French were there.

When Abbé Galiani was dying, nobody could get him to be penitent; the Queen, therefore, un-

¹ Afterwards Queen of Sardinia.

dertook it, and wrote him a long, preaching letter, entreating him to repass in his mind all the infidelity and *peccati* he had been guilty of throughout his life, for which he ought now to make *amende honorable*. He sent her a sealed answer, which on opening put her into the greatest rage, for it was her own letter, taken out of its envelope, and put into another which he had directed to herself, having altered two or three things in it.

Lady H. showed me a very kind letter she had received from the Queen, in which she says nothing can be more degraded than the House of Austria, and she does not know what to expect. Lady Hamilton talked much in praise of Harry's beauty, and said he was run after by all the ladies at Naples. She lamented his refusing to marry the Marchesa Moscate, which would have been a splendid match in point of fortune.

I was much amused by a curious account she gave me of what passed when Madame d'Osmond arrived at Naples. The Queen would not see her or any French, but Madame d'O. applied to Lady Hamilton for the purpose, who at last prevailed upon the Queen to receive her.

The Queen was seated on a sofa on the same side as the door. Madame d'O. was dressed out like the mourning bride, and stepped in quite in

a theatrical way; as soon as she got a glimpse of the Queen, she screamed out and raised her hands, then threw herself back in a convulsion—Lady H. acted it admirably for us—then approached, stared, and fell back again, sobbed and struggled in hysterics, crying out, “Quelle ressemblance!” At last, down she bounced on her knees at the Queen’s feet, and began an apostrophe—“Adorable ressemblance de mon incomparable maîtresse! de mon angélique amie!”

The Queen was quite petrified, and reproached Lady Hamilton afterwards for having brought her such a tragedy queen. When the d’Osmonds went away, the Queen complained that she had brought on her a terrible *corvée*, as she was pestered with letters from her, all lamenting her poverty, and begging relief, which the Queen frequently gave.

The Duke of Portland and l’Evêque de St. Pol de Leon will not suffer any priests to return to France, to any province where submission is required. They allow of their going to Bretagne, where none is exacted. The Pope’s legate, Spina, will soon settle all that matter.

The Duke d’Orleans asked kindly after you yesterday. Madame de Genlis’s “Mères Rivales” is her own and Pamela’s story dressed up *a sa*

guise, and more absurd and immoral than any of her preceding works, but well written.

There is a correspondence published of the late Duke and Louis Seize, Marie Antoinette, &c., in 1789. It is authentic. Speaking of our regency, he says, "Si la régence s'établit, l'Angleterre est à nous, pourvu que nous n'épargnons pas l'argent."

France is, I hear, perfectly quiet. Perregaux writes that his daughter has returned covered with laurels, having never left her husband.¹

By-the-bye, Miss Wesley dined, some days ago, in company with Mr. Nellemont, at Dr. Gregory's, and he said to her that the most foolish thing ministers had ever done was to recall me, who had the art of being a favourite with the French Government without betraying my own, *et toujours de la fumée pour toute nourriture!*

It is said everywhere that Pitt has resigned on account of the King's refusing the Irish emancipation, and that the Speaker is prime minister. There arrived somebody, about noon to-day, at Lord Grenville's office, upon which the cabinet was assembled directly. I met "the *late*" Lord Chatham hurrying down about four o'clock, which was very expeditious for him.

¹ Marmont, afterwards Duke de Raguse.

I am told there is a great jumble in the ministerial pot. The King taxes Pitt with duplicity; the Pittites complain of the Speaker, &c. Never was this or any other nation in such a hobble. France at liberty to turn her victorious arms towards us; a northern confederacy; our allies all cowed; the Egyptian expedition probably failed; the ports of all the world shut against us; a French fleet out against either Egypt or the West Indies; Ireland full of inflammables; a weak administration—this is only a partial sketch of our present situation.

The East India Directors, it is said, are going to vote Mr. Dundas a pension of five thousand pounds! But nothing ought to surprise us now.

In the city they think that all this has been settled with Bonaparte, because he could not treat with Pitt, nor Pitt make the proper concessions he had scouted. So peace is now to be made, and then Pitt will resume his station; and this ridiculous folly keeps the stocks up.

I am uneasy at not hearing yet of Harry's arrival in Jamaica, though various persons conversant with those seas laugh at my fears.¹

¹ He went out as secretary and aide-de-camp to General Knox, commander-in-chief at Jamaica. The ship was never more heard of, and must have foundered between Martinique and Jamaica.

February 2nd.

Another Jamaica mail arrived this morning, which left the island on the 21st of December, at which time no account had been received of General Knox. They are very low at the Admiralty concerning it. I have been all the morning in the city, hunting for information; but there are so many contradictory reports and conjectures that I returned just as I went, except feeling my spirits depressed by the fatigue.

I assure you I keep nothing from you, nor palliate nor exaggerate; *spero contra spem*. I do all I can to resist the weight of despondency, but, indeed, I am cruelly alarmed, and prepare myself for the worst. I cannot pretend to bid you keep up your spirits, or hope or despond, for I know not what to do or to say. My thoughts are on the rack about your health, and the improbability that your shattered nerves will be able to resist such a blow as this may prove. Colonel Barry sits all day over the fire crying, and is angry if one suggests a hope. He quite kills me.

I had got so far when Mr. Higgins came in, who declares upon his honour he would not buoy me up with false hopes, but his opinion is not the least altered by the arrival of this packet, nor

will it till we hear from Honduras. There is nothing so common as ships driving past Jamaica and being lost for months; Admiral Parker was so for four months.

February 6th.

Barry has quite got up his spirits, but I fancy from no reason but Higgins's persevering in his opinion, or perhaps from forcing himself out into the fresh air. How often have I admired and felt the force of the Marquis of Ormond's exclamation about his dead son! Ours, if gone, is gone "without a blot upon his fair fame." How time runs on!—every day sinks so much of my hopes, that I feel myself unmanned by every desponding expression or look of other people.

February 12th.

I write to save the last post. We had just dined when a letter came from Colonel Barry, enclosing one just received from the General, the date of which was the 25th of October, from

Martinique. They had arrived, after an agreeable passage in a good ship, the day before. They were to re-embark that evening for Jamaica, where the General expected to be landed about the 1st of November. His letter is written in uncommon spirits. He says they were all well, but that he keeps Swinburne so busy he has no time to write, and therefore begs Barry to acquaint his family that he is safe and well. It was almost too much happiness to bear when these tidings came amidst all our anxiety, and we were quite overcome at such unusual ways of digestion.

February 21st.

I breakfasted yesterday with Mr. Pelham, whose post in the cabinet is not ascertained, as Lord Auckland encourages his son-in-law to stick to the war secretaryship, as a place, I suppose, where he himself can take an active post behind the curtain. Lord Pelham is to be Earl of Laughton in Sussex, near Lewes. The King keeps Sussex for one of his sons, and Lord Moira would set fire to his house were he to take the title of Hastings, of which Lord P. is the lord.

Pelham has spoken to Nepean, and was to see Lord St. Vincent to-day, not having found him at home sooner. Nepean and Lord St. Vincent have had some conversation concerning me, but they cannot take the business under consideration till matters of greater importance are settled. Nepean is most zealous and friendly.

Higgins says there is a letter arrived to a Mr. Miller, announcing the safety of all the crew of the *Babet*. By that I should imagine they have been shipwrecked. I care not, so he is safe.

February 24th.

Nepean has just written to me in a style you must like: "I am a father, and can therefore participate in your feelings on the news of your son's safety; long may he live! I am sure he will be an honour to his name."

The King is very ill; it is reported he is mad, and that Willis attends him. We are in a strange situation, half a ministry in and half another out. Pitt and Dundas are said to be overwhelmed with debt.

February 25th.

It is certain that Dr. Willis is with the King. The Prince and Pitt were together, and the Prince said to Pitt, "You are still minister."

To which the other replied, "I hope, if a regency is requisite, Your Royal Highness and I shall agree better than the last time."

"Oh!" said the Prince, "I see things now in a very different light from what I did then."

So the ministry is now finely mottled. St. Vincent and Hawkesbury are installed, and perhaps Eldon—the rest not. I can scarce flatter myself Lord St. Vincent will return me my old situation, as Messrs. Pitt and Dundas remain.

February 27th.

The King's fever is leaving him, and he is just now as he was when he began to mend twelve years ago. They say his illness was brought on by his taking a most extraordinary dose of James's powders of his own accord. If he does not make haste and recover, there will be a regency established upon the resolution entered into in 1789.

Nepean informs me that Lord St. Vincent has had a second talk with him about me, and he assures me, upon his honour, that he did not know why I was recalled; it was resolved upon at a council at which he did not assist. I am glad to keep the thing alive, and hope, at least, to have an opportunity of justifying myself.

I met Lord Nelson at the Admiralty, but we had not time to say much to each other.

Think of the *émigrés*! The Count de Coigny had returned to Paris, and had got back great part of his property, and lived unmolested under Bonaparte's Government. Meanwhile, he was carrying on Monsieur and the Evêque d'Arras's plot to blow up the whole Opera-house, and then made only a partial explosion in the street. He had got away from France before it blew up.

February 28th.

This morning I hear the King's life is in danger, and some talk of his not getting over the day; but as these are not the most loyal of his subjects I cannot trust to their intelligence.

March 2nd, 1801.

The King is recovering fast, both head and health, and there will of course be no motions made in the House about his situation. This may, perhaps, make some favourable turn with regard to me.

Another month begun, and yet no satisfactory accounts of my dear son! My hopes and fears are exactly what they were, and I wait in silence and sullen patience the accounts from Jamaica.

March 4th.

How charming was the country this morning, the sun bursting upon one in every corner as I passed through the Hammersmith Gardens! I have done your commission with the Loutherbours. If I am to write or go to them again, I will the first opportunity; for I would at any time, and more now than ever, pay at your orders a visit to the Witch of Endor, ancient or modern, *n'importe qui*.

I have received letters from Padre Minasi and Abbé Campbell. The latter says he never met

with such a *testa squaiata* as our friend Minasi, who is stark, staring mad about politics.

Campbell lives entirely with General Acton, and is going to Naples with the Prince Royal. He says Sicily enjoys tranquility and plenty. You had better not write to Minasi, for the ports of Naples and Sicily will soon be in the possession of the French.

When the latter were driven out of Italy by Suwarrow, Benincasa fled from Milan, where he was something, and lay hid for many months at a farmhouse near Modena. He has probably returned before this, and may be a great man by this time.

It is supposed that Bonaparte has agreed with Prussia to make the hereditary Prince of Orange First Consul of the Batavian Republic.

Last night Madame M. had a musical party, which, from the small size of the room, and the black dress of the company, and the long piano-forte in the middle of the apartment, must have been the exact representation of the harlot's funeral in Hogarth.

Lady A. and Mr. W. are separated. He, the most knowing man of the town, marries a woman for her jointure, and finds himself immediately beset with a host of creditors to an enormous

extent. Her first husband carried her out of town (to which she never returned in his lifetime) upon Madame Le Brun sending him in a bill of five thousand pounds.

This strong south-west wind might have blown some ships in from Jamaica. I dare not say I long for their arrival.

March 28th.

Every day takes away part of our hopes; there are letters by the Jamaica mail, and accounts have been received from Honduras and other parts of the island. They have seen nothing of the unfortunate *Babet*, so that little opening remains but the chances of capture, which I am afraid would have been known before now. The Knox family and Colonel Barry give it up as a lost case. I write illegibly, for my eyes are dim, and every letter appears double.

Can it be that the Almighty made my Harry so good, so perfect, and protected him through so many perils, to take him away so early? I cannot believe it, till compelled by time and circumstances. I will still hope, till hope itself shall turn to despair.

Pray look among my papers for all his precious letters, and put them carefully together. Happy is the farmer whose son learns to plough his land, and remains with him till his dying day!

T. has written to you, but you want nobody's counsels or exhortations to keep up your fortitude under this severest of all trials. I think I shall be able to bear it, and not break down, though the mask I am obliged to put on, and the efforts I am forced to make not to annoy those I see, are an amazing strain upon my heart.

April 10th.

I must write, though I have nothing to say, except that your gentle, soothing letter has in some measure calmed my agitated mind. That you are resigned to the will of the Almighty I thank Him, and I will hope that time will teach me to be patient and devout like you.

If Pelham would but get into office, and give me something to do, it might be an occupation, if not an amusement, to me now. I could post the ledger of an apothecary or a haberdasher; I

could feed pigs, or dip a water-dog; but I cannot sit down to my own business without pains in my head and eyes that overcome me in a moment. I cannot draw, I cannot compose, or revise my old MSS., from physical as well as moral causes, and I see no end to my misery.

The papers inform you of all that passes, for I cannot bring myself to have the attention necessary for the perusal of a newspaper.

I will write to Minasi, but his correspondence ceases to give me pleasure, for the subjects he treats of no longer interest me; indeed, "man delights not me, nor woman either." The only idea I can form now, not of happiness, but of quiet existence, is to sit by your side all the time my health and duties do not require absence.

Poor Charles Townley is gone; but I know not what were his religious feelings *in articulo mortis*.

April 16th, 1801.

I will transcribe for you what I remember of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, which she has just been reading to me and others, as they contain many curious details not in the gazette, and which one may like to refer to at a

future period. At the same time it employs me, and may you also, for a little while, in something less distressing to our thoughts than our own feelings. Though I do not mean to say it is a frivolous subject, God knows it is a dreadful one to many a tender parent, wife or child.

Lord Nelson writes several letters. The first gives an account of the negotiation with Colonel Stricker about passing the castle of Cronenbourg. He puns upon the name. An aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince came on board—Admiral Parker writes a *Danish* jackanapes. He wrote something down, and finding the pen bad, threw it away, saying, “Admiral, if your cannons are no better than your pens, we need not fear you much. To-morrow you will pass the Sound; we shall give you a warm reception. What are the names of the commanders?”

All the captains were then mentioned to him. He started at the name of Nelson, and exclaimed, “Ha! Nelson is here? Then, I suppose, you mean to do something.”

The second letter gives an account of the passage of the Sound, which was accomplished without loss, as not a single shot struck the ships, though a tremendous firing was kept up from the Danish forts and batteries.

The attack was very severe and bloody, as he had every floating battery and gunboat to destroy or silence before he could get at the men-of-war and the great batteries. The Hereditary or Crown Prince was present, and very near being killed.

After four hours' hard fighting in the good old way, our brave, skilful tars took, sunk or burnt eighteen sail of men-of-war, seven of the line.

In this letter there is much mention of his trust in God and his protection, &c. He also inserts, very unaffectedly, that he hopes Sir William's pictures sold well. In the preceding letter he had sent his compliments to the Duke of Queensberry and Lord William Gordon, and begged the latter would not be making songs about them till they had done their work well.

He laments the loss of his captains and the grief of their families. In the last letter he says the Danes immediately sent off a flag of truce, to desire an officer of rank might come ashore to treat with the Prince, or that a Danish nobleman might be allowed to go on board; and that an armistice might be granted for a short time.

Lord Nelson complied with great pleasure, for his ship, the *Elephant*, was aground, in a bad position. He went on shore and conferred with the

Prince, to whom he says he told more truths than he probably had ever heard in his life, or perhaps any sovereign ever heard. The Prince asked him "why the British fleet had forced its way up the Baltic?" He answered, "to crush and annihilate a confederacy formed against the dearest interests of England." He pointed out Bernsdorf (who was present) as the author of the combination, and answerable for all the blood which had been spilt that day, and added, that if they had not had beating enough, he was ready to return on board, and lay Copenhagen, its shipping and arsenal, in ashes. The Prince was exceedingly agitated and terrified.

Unfortunately Lady H. was called away, and I did not hear the end of that letter.

It is very singular that when Nelson landed, he was received with huzzas and shouts of triumph, and escorted to the palace amidst the acclamations of the admiring multitude. The capitulation of Copenhagen is expected hourly.

The death of Paul I. occasions a variety of reports about its cause and manner. Those that will have it he was poisoned, say that the chemists are now able to extract an essential oil out of peach stones, which, when rubbed upon the lips of a sleeping person, will prevent his

ever waking again. For my part, I conclude he died of the *maladie du pays*, viz., strangling.

Woronzow¹ resumes his functions, and is expected in town to-day. He was to have gone this very day to Calais, all his fortune in Russia being confiscated by Paul, to answer for the extra expense the Russian fleet had put the Emperor to by remaining too long near England—which, he said, was done by Woronzow's orders.

Paul's death has just saved him, and probably the news of it gave him the same sort of feeling the prisoners at Paris experienced when apprised of that of Robespierre. It is very remarkable (as I learnt from him) that there is a lady or woman (I do not know who she is) who, whenever she was employed to do anything for Woronzow, or to go to see him, always enjoyed good fortune in some respect immediately afterwards.

I had to-day a long conversation with some "down-yonders,"² who made me almost long to go to St. Vincent. Such fine fish and fowls, such beautiful woods, rocks, plants, and a crater of a volcano, &c.

¹ Father of the Countess of Pembroke, and a near relative of the celebrated Princess Daschkaw, whose autobiography has just been given to the world under the editorship of Mr. Bradford.

² West Indians.

The French bishops, I hear, mean to resist the despotic order of the Pope, which forces them to betray their flocks, renounce their allegiance and empower Bonaparte to fill their sees with all sorts of *mauvais sujets*, without assigning any motive, or in any shape benefiting religion. They may add, "and without holding out the least temporal advantage to them," for their places are already filled, no pension promised, much less secured. There—there's the rub! I do not know who is in the right—*non nostrum est inter tantos*.

I met General Moore for the first time yesterday. He avoided all mention of his departed friends—but I interpreted his looks. Pelham is everything that is kind and friendly. I love him as my incomparable son did. He has an excellent heart and a good head.

I have seen in the *Morning Herald* a flaming advertisement of Axwell Park to be let. What would old Sir Thomas say, were he to pop his red face out of Wickham churchyard? Ignorance of what passes on this mole-hill, or at least a total indifference about it, seems necessary to our quiet in the next world. Indeed, as these things can only affect our senses and passions, which depend, in part, at least, on our material organs, there can be little doubt of the apathy of the *trépassés*.

June.

In answer to your questions, I reply that we are descended from the first writers in the "Paston Letters," I believe, for Sir William, to whom several of them are addressed, had several sons. The eldest was the ancestor of the Earls of Yarmouth; the fifth Sir Thomas was the source of the Pastons of Appleton and Horton in Somersetshire, whose heiress (daughter of Edward) married Sir Henry Bedingfield, my grandfather.

The King is so well that he is come to the Queen's house to assist at a Court.

Lord Nelson married a widow in the West Indies. He has but one arm; he cut his own meat, as well as I can recollect, but, for aught I know, Lady Hamilton may have helped him.

I dined with the Loutherbours on Saturday; they talk of taking a house near Beverley, as they hear much of the pleasures and cheapness of that neighbourhood. In these days of taxation and severity, I conceive there is much less difference than there used to be between one part of England and another.

I was prevailed upon last evening to go to the opera. It was anything but an amusement to me. It is the place of all others to annoy me

most, for it brings so many things to my recollection. It was there *he* was so happy, so amused, for you know he doted upon music; and how pleased I felt in seeing him so *fêté*, so agreeable. *Oimè!* nothing on earth, I believe, now can afford me pleasure. It is impossible I can ever cherish a project or build a castle more!

I send you enclosed some verses Barry has brought, which a friend of his (Miss Trefusis) has written on the loss of the *Babet*.

I am told nothing can exceed the King's animosity against Pitt.

The d'Osmonds are quite rejoiced at getting possession again of their daughter, with £1,500 a year to spend, from De Boigne.¹ Did I ever tell you that, in a journey to Winchester or Salisbury (I forget which), d'Osmond and his wife knelt down at the tomb of Osmund de Seez, Lord Chancellor and Bishop in 1072, as *a relation*?

¹ General de Boigne, a Frenchman by birth, who first entered into the Russian service, and afterwards into that of the East India Company. He subsequently became general-in-chief of Scindiah's army. He amassed an immense fortune in India, and on his return to Europe married Mademoiselle d'Osmond.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF THE *BABET*.

BY MISS TREFUSIS.

Benevolent and brave ! bright Honour's child,
Himself unerring, yet to others mild.
Wise, yet unconscious of superior powers,
Fair Science culled for him her choicest flowers,
And playful Wit her proudest tribute brings,
Gives all her graces, but withholds her stings.
A form enriched with many a manly charm
A mind expansive, and a bosom warm.
Large in direction, in performance bold,
In courage youthful, in experience old ;
With deep discernment, yet with graceful ease,
He lent instruction, whilst he sought to please ;
His public with his private virtues strove,
Which our respect should claim, and which our love.
Such once was Knox ! the valiant, wise, and good,
Now deeply buried in the silent flood !
More deeply buried in the British breast
His treasured virtues lie. Oh ! noblest, best,
Where, where was Albion's genius when her pride,
The high-soul'd Knox, her boasted hero, died ?
Nor for *his* loss alone Britannia mourns,
While the proud deep a Swinburne's corpse inurns.
With wit to charm, and virtues to endear,
With manners gentle, and a heart sincere ;
Youth of fair promise ! had thy rising day
Equalled the lustre of the morning ray,
By Knox distinguished, by his virtues led,
With gathering honours clustering round thy head,
How proudly had thy happy parents smiled,
How gloried in the glories of their child !

Loved pair, adieu ! if great the public grief,
Oh ! what to secret sorrow yields relief !
To private friendship, which would proudly boast
Those heaven-born virtues now to friendship lost ;
But that the swelling sigh, the bursting tear,
Tells only that they were, and were most dear.

Benham,¹ July 17th.

I took my destination on Wednesday to come to this place for a few days, in order to break the uniformity of my life, and dissipate my gloom by varying the scene. I am afraid I have not succeeded, nor am likely to succeed, in shaking off the black goddess or god, I know not which, from the crupper, where it is fixed like the old man in Sinbad's story. But, at all events, the jaunt will benefit my health, and kill that now bitter enemy of mine—Time. Alas! till now he and I were on better terms. I remember, when we were such friends, I was always sorry when he ran from me, and lamented that he fled so quick!

About eight o'clock I arrived with my port-manteau at the Gloucester coffee-house, and finding room in the Bath mail, put myself into it, and at four yesterday morning arrived at Newbury, where I slept on a greasy chair by the side of the kitchen fire, surrounded by crickets and black-beetles, till about seven, when I was wakened by a ploughboy burning cheese at the fire for his breakfast. I thought the strong smell that woke

¹ The county residence of the Margrave of Anspach.

me proceeded from the burning of a house, or, at least, of my boots and clothes.

About nine I arrived at this place, just as the Margrave was coming down to breakfast.

No one can be more friendly and attentive than he is to me, except that he has not offered to lend me a horse. I understand he is invariably niggardly in that respect; so, as the soldier says in some farce in answer to his friend, who asks him if he does not travel in his own coach—"Moi et mon sergent nous profitons de la commodité du chemin, et nous voyageons à pied."

This is a beautiful place, and an excellent new house, fit for any kind of gentleman. The architecture is like all that of Mr. Holland—that, in short, of an ignorant man, who takes bits out of his books, and talks *humano capiti cervicem equinam*. But, as it is plain, *cela ne choque pas*. It has nine windows in front, and a projecting colonnade of four Ionic pillars in the centre. You enter the south side by a large hall or billiard-room. The apartment on the right is the Margravine's, behind the principal staircase, and on the north front, the Margrave's. There are a drawing-room, dining-room and library—the bed-chambers excellent.

The park lies on each side of the house, occu-

pying the face of the steep southern declivity, crowned with fine timber. There is a flower garden behind the house, and all the hill behind is covered with shrubs and noble wood. The view to the south toward the Hampshire downs is extremely rich, including a view of Lord Craven's park. There is no account of the Margravine having left Calais. Her famous ship was stranded and very near being lost, and was also nearly captured by some French fishing-boats.

Mr. Merry was received on the quay at Calais by the commander of the troops, the commissioners, &c., and forwarded to Paris. I suppose they think he is going to negotiate, or rather to sign peace.

Lord W. B. saw Robert Swinburne at Vienna, about two months ago, very well, being able to use his arm enough to hold a bridle, and hoping to recover its use entirely. He had been offered a company in the Guards, but preferred his present situation as more active service.

October 2nd, 1801.

I send you poor Count d'Alet's letter: this may be tinsel, but it is a little oil poured on the stormy sea of the mind, and soothes one for a moment.

A gazette extraordinary informs us that the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the French Republic were signed last night, by Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Otto. Menou has accepted the capitulation for Alexandria. Upon this, Bonaparte gave way, and sent over moderate terms. All I can guess is, that Malta will be free, either given back to the Order, or made a republic. Tom will be upon the *pavé*, but safe, which is now what I care most about.

November 3rd.

Alas! just so it blew this day twelvemonth. It is a perfect hurricane—tiles and chimneys tumbling about.

I have received yours, in which you advise me to apply to my friend *Dick*—I suppose you must mean *Nick*; for I declare I know of no Dick but Sir John, and I could not expect anything through him.

Lord Pelham wrote me yesterday a most kind letter, to say he had had a long talk with Lord Hobart concerning me, who is very much disposed to serve me, but, until the colony is settled, he can give no absolute promise. It must, therefore, be allowed *trainer* till after the definitive treaty.

Mr. Jackson, who was to have gone as ambassador to Constantinople, but was prevented by Lord Grenville (in order to favour Sir Sidney Smith's brother), is going as minister to Paris. I presume this Otto is to remain minister here; and yet it seems odd that neither we nor Bonaparte should not have somebody more showy to represent upon a peace. All the world is going down to the House to hear Mr. Windham abuse the peace. *Cui bono?* I doubt the Duke of Norfolk's going yet to claim the props of Cardinal Howard.

November 17th, 1801.

I have had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Sullivan to-day. He advises me by all means to accept the vendue master's place at Trinidad, which he says must be good. I find that island, not yet being sufficiently inhabited, is not to be put on the footing of our other colonies.

The commission given to the governor makes him almost despotic; he can choose, change, and act without his council. There is to be no house of assembly; the Catholic religion is to be the established one, and all Catholics are eligible to anything upon taking the Quebec oath. Government wishes to keep as near as possible to the Spanish establishment, and, therefore, as there was a vendue master under the Spaniards, there will be one under us.

Everybody agrees that purchases in Trinidad would answer; for it is the finest soil in the world, has scarcely any mountain, and is as large as Jamaica. I hear it is a very healthy island, beautiful and curious in every respect, and of great extent, so that my soul and body will have elbow-room. The place allows of a deputy; therefore, I trust in a couple of years, or less, I may return to pass the remainder of my life in content at Hamsterley.

¹*Funchal Roads, January 14th, 1802.*

We sailed from Portsmouth on the last day of the year. Our frigate is a fast sailer, but rolls

¹ Mr. Swinburne had been appointed commissioner for the restoration of the Danish islands to the forces of that

a great deal. We are above three hundred and eighty people on board, and sit down generally a numerous party. The general and I occupy the cabin, where our berths are rather gloomy, and not very quiet; but I have never been ill, and find, as usual, the good effects of my education and travels, in not wanting any attendance or help, and being able to put up with inconvenience.

The utmost attention is paid me, and all our society is good-humoured and civil; but we cannot enter into their Danish conversation. There is plenty of eating and drinking, books, &c.

We are just arrived in Madeira at the beginning of the rainy season, after nine months' drought which threatened destruction to the island. To-day the thermometer is at 46, which makes it the coldest day any inhabitant of Madeira ever felt. The mountain tops are covered with snow.

January 15th, 1802.

I came on shore with General Waltershoff, and lodge at Mr. Murdoch's, a wealthy merchant.

nation. He went to the West Indies on board the Danish frigate which conveyed General Waltershoff and suite.

The beauties of the environs of Funchal resemble those of Naples and Ischia. The houses are all white; above the town the villas are white also, and scattered about the declivity. The colour of the slope is now very brown, being almost all in vines. Orange groves everywhere intersect both country and city. The whole mass is pumice-stone of a dark purple hue, and black and red lava, and the beach is all puzzolana. I could have fancied myself at Naples *et proprius ardere puteolos*.

We landed at some distance from the town, and had a long walk between gardens and vineyards, supported as they are on the mountain sides of Capri and other Neapolitan places. The oranges we have tasted are very sweet. There are bananas, but the number of palm-trees is small. In a month this must be a paradise. General Clinton and our troops are here.

As Madeira was quite uninhabited when discovered in 1419, and covered with woods, there is no accounting for its arborisation, as a volcano, but by supposing it the fragment of a continent, and that the eruptions were prior to that continent being sunk by earthquakes. There is a complete crater on the mountain.

January 20th, 1802.

I made the most of my time, whilst in Madeira, walking about and examining. I had not time to get up beyond the cultivated country, where Nature displays more curiosities than she does below. I principally should have wished to see the variety of plants she produces spontaneously on those mountains, in a more southern latitude than Spain. As the island is volcanic, I was not surprised at finding a forest of chesnut trees above the vineyards, as that wood rejoices in a fiery soil.

The houses are whitened with lime brought from Porto Santo or Canary, and picturesquely scattered among the gardens, which makes the views resemble the slopes of Posilipo and Ischia; only the roofs are tiled, and not flat—the tiles are dark brown.

Mr. Murdoch, at whose house we were entertained, is a man of great information, and had visits from the Portuguese governor and bishop. The people of Madeira are ugly; most of them of that kind of Portuguese feature that consists of a broad face, snub nose and wide mouth, with good eyes and stout persons, like our friend Susa.¹

¹ The late Count Funchal.

Very few have Jewish features, high foreheads and aquiline noses.

I saw two or three pretty young women. The men are thin and amazingly active—a laborious, hardy, patient race. The dress of the peasant men is a small blue cap, blue jacket, white trousers, and gaiters or boots of ill-tanned goatskin, but more often barefooted; a long pole, with an arrow point, in his hand, and a coat hanging over it. The women delight in gaudy colours, but all wear the blue bonnet, a white handkerchief over their heads, chin, and neck; a short blue cloak, and bodice laced loose before. The town women wear men's round hats, and cloaks down to the ground.

The roads up from the city are paved with sharp, slippery stones, which are more painful to descend than to mount. People use small horses, which go up and down in a canter, with a peasant behind, who carries the traveller's pormanteau on his shoulder, beating them on.

Mr. Murdoch resides at an elegant villa à l'italienne, up the mountain, where, at great expense, he has laid out a beautiful garden, not only of the best productions of the island, but also of trees brought from all parts of the world, which all thrive there. Magnolias, as large as the oaks

in our park; weeping cedars from Goa; bread-fruit, and the Alexandrian laurel, which covers the the walls; palms of various sorts, and the whole tribe of *agrumi mimosas*, real acacias. The hedges are composed of pomegranate and myrtle, and the banks kept up by the aloe and opuntia. A kind of heath grows upon the mountains, like a tree several feet in circumference. I measured one eight feet round in the stem.

There is a church, Our Lady del Monte, conspicuous over all the south side of Madeira, three miles above the city, to which I climbed with great fatigue. The view from it is fine. A cascade of water in the adjoining wood is a great ornament to a villa made *à l'anglaise* by Mr. Murray, our late consul, at the expense of twenty thousand pounds, which in spring must be a delicious situation.

It does not seem that people live to a great age in Madeira; consumptions and rheumatisms are common. The street of Funchal is narrow, no carriages being used, but little sledges for the wine, drawn by two little oxen. Water runs through the streets, which are all upon a declivity, and this, with the help of the pigs, keeps them clean.

The ladies are carried by two men in palan-

quins, and few ever walk. Balconies and Venetian blinds give a pretty appearance to the upper stories. The ground floors are all warehouses.

We are now running S.W. at an uncommon rate, with a refreshing breeze and a quiet sea; we shall not enter into the trade-wind before we reach lat. 23°.

South of the Tropic, Jan. 24th, 1802.

On the 21st, at midnight, we passed the tropic; but as it is cloudy, we have not had it very hot yet. The thermometer stands at 72, and it is delightful; but I see no beautiful skies, rising or setting suns.

I am very tired of being locked up so long without seeing any of the varieties of Nature, and in a ship full of company, where one can apply to nothing whatsoever. I long to be in the wilds of Trinidad; for wild Nature is the only thing I can look to as capable of creating a distraction in my mind from melancholy recollections.

Among Mr. Murdoch's plants are the Avogado pear, the mammee, sugar-cane, tragacantha, coffee, cork, and camphor trees.

Our sailors have been this morning celebrating

the passage of the tropic with a thousand mummeries and rough jokes.

January 26th, 1802.

Yesterday was hot, but our sailors danced away till it was dark; for we have a band of music on board, consisting of two trumpets, that summon us to dinner, two clarionets and a drum. The soldiers sing in the evening an endless German song, and the sailors *impromptu* in Danish, of which the wit is lost upon me. We have seen some flying-fish, but no tropical birds. Our deck is covered with an awning, which makes it very pleasant.

January 27th, 1802.

The thermometer is risen to 99. Everybody is beginning to take shower-baths of salt water.

Fort Royal, Martinique, Feb. 4th, 1802.

We landed here yesterday morning. My old friend Sir Thomas Trigge was very happy to see me, and has taken us all into his house. We are

a large party, and many of the officers I find here are old acquaintances. The weather is not disagreeably hot, though last night, at a ball where the general carried us, I confess I thought a little of the Black Hole at Calcutta.

I have begun my operations by restoring a Danish brig-of-war that was lying here.

I behold with some pleasure the vast variety and novelty of cultivated Nature around me; but am better pleased with the sight of the extraordinarily beautiful wild flowers and shrubs. This is a most charming island, with woody mountains and varied scenery.

February 9th, 1802.

I have been two days at St. Pierre, where General Keppel entertained us. We had also a grand dinner at a merchant's house. We went and came back in canoes, a charming trip along the coast, which varies every minute. The rain prevented my riding into the picturesque environs of St. Pierre, which are more precipitous and wilder than those of Fort Royal, though more cultivated. I have experienced no inconvenience from the climate.

St. Croix, February 14th, 1802.

I came here yesterday morning, but we found General Fuller had not prepared for his departure; and as the British troops are not withdrawn, General Waltershoff remains on board. By pressing and official threats, I have brought the evacuation to be fixed for Tuesday morning.

The rejoicings seem to be universal on the return of the Danish government, though the English troops are much liked. I shall have a fine overhauling of accounts, and much roguery to detect and defeat, if half of what I hear be true.

We left Martinique on the 11th, had a view of Dominica, passed Guadaloupe in the night, and saw St. Kitts at a distance. St. Croix does not look well from the sea, for want of wood; but when near, it is neat, and cultivated up to the tops of the hills. Christianstadt is a regular town, upon very uneven ground; many of the houses with porticos before them, both on the ground floor and above.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you the serpents of St. Lucia and of Martinique, which are dreadful, and many negroes are destroyed by them every year.

February 17th.

Our troops are embarked, and before this goes the fort will be given up. There now blows the finest cool breeze I ever felt, with a clear sky, and the warmth is not more than a good summer's day in England.

I rise at the firing of the morning gun at daybreak, and ride out. I find it delicious, especially in passing hedges of strong-scented jessamine. There are few gardens, the island being all cane or cotton ground. No trees are left but fruit-trees about the houses.

The town is on hilly ground, and divided into regular squares. Each house has a few cocoa and palm-trees behind it, which makes something of a landscape; but, after Martinique, one's taste is too refined. The great pity is that in that island there is no botanising, or penetrating into the woods and bushes, for fear of the snakes. At St. Lucia, an English officer and his family were sitting at breakfast, and his son, a boy of ten years old, ran with a servant through the orchard to fetch some fruit from a tree. He passed through a tuft of long grass, in which lay a serpent, that fastened so violently upon his leg, that it was with great difficulty shaken off and

killed by the servant. In spite of all that could be done, the child died in a few hours.

When the canes are cut in Martinique, the negroes cut round and round till a small clump is left in the centre, into which all the snakes have gradually retired; this is surrounded by armed negroes, and set on fire. The snakes are burnt or killed; but the immense extent of woodland renders it impossible to destroy the breed of this horrid reptile.

Though St. Croix, from its bareness and cultivation, is not a good field to search in for wild plants, still, by the road-side and in the hedges is a great variety of pretty herbs and shrubs. The waste part of the town is covered with the four-leaved cruciform plant, called "four-o'clock."¹ I don't know its botanic name; it is in all the hot-houses in England. I gathered to-day a handful of Jumbee beads. The colours of the weeds are brilliant, especially the blues, of which I found a beautiful water-plant.

When the British troops departed, the interim between the hauling down our flags and raising the Danish ones—before which the Danish troops could not enter—was so long, that my reign as

¹ A species of *passiflora* that shuts up about that hour.

king of St. Croix was of a length to form an epoch in history; for I stood, with all the keys of the fortress, magazines, and treasure, &c., in my hands, on the great staircase; and as the Danes had no artillery, the business of my receiving the royal salute was so long, that King Stephano or Trinculo might have done many acts of royalty.

When General Waltershoff arrived by land from the other end of the island where he landed, he proceeded to the fort, where he received the principal people. Numbers of free negroes shook hands with him. We then marched in state to dinner, surrounded by hundreds of negro wenches singing and dancing. The effluvium was not very agreeable. One of these ladies—they all carried little red flags with a white cross—found it convenient to lean upon my shoulder, and stick her flag-staff into my collar. Danish colours were hung out in all parts of the town, which had a pretty effect.

I had always heard there was no twilight in the tropics, but it is not the fact. The moonlight is delightful.

St. Thomas, February 19th.

Upon the night we left St. Croix, we drove about fifteen miles through a fine road, amidst

cane-fields and cocoa-tree avenues, to the west end of Frederickstadt, where ships of war lie in safety, and embarked in our frigate. We sailed in sight of many islands, and in six hours came to St. Thomas, a mountainous one. Its woods have been much destroyed; the harbour is fine, and being enclosed by lofty heights, all green or built upon, is extremely picturesque. This morning our troops here went on board, and the Danes took possession.

We are going to St. John's, partly on horse-back, partly in a boat, and return at night. The business of restoring the island was performed pleasantly here, and we return to-morrow to St. Croix to enter upon money transactions. The inhabitants complain of *cold*. We have a round of *fêtes*, and, among others, a French *opéra comique*.

I am not much delighted with the fruits here, and people have got so much into European manners and habits, that I have not yet had a single West Indian dish, or pepper-pot, &c., except "floating island."

This is a fine port, but on account of the number of bays, lagoons and high, impending mountains, a very unhealthy place in summer.

St. Croix, March 18th.

Much of my intricate business is finished, and I hope to get away soon, as the frigate is to come down for me in a few days. I enjoy the best health and spirits, rise early, take moderate exercise, and work hard till dinner, and play at cards in the evening. This is a most hospitable place, for the principal people live in the town, and I have not once dined at home.

I find the weather delightful, though the wind is too boisterous; but it tempers the air so well that, although the thermometer at the window marks 80, I do not feel greater warmth than in our moderate summer weather. In the evening it is really cold, and a cloth coat very comfortable.

The conversation here is generally of Toussaint Louverture¹ and St. Domingo. The last accounts from thence say that General Leclerc has published a proclamation of Bonaparte to the inhabitants, full of equality and fraternity. Toussaint has retired into the Grandbois mountains, and probably much bloodshed will ensue. If pacific measures are

¹ Toussaint Louverture. This extraordinary man, who rose from a common slave to the highest dignities in St. Domingo, was eventually inveigled, or rather carried off to France, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1803, not without suspicion of having been poisoned.

adopted, there will scarcely be a probability of keeping the blacks in the other islands quiet. Here the planters perceive a growing spirit, and restless talk about liberty, in the young slaves.

The estates here are fine things when the master resides upon them. I went the day before yesterday to a planter's, and wandered about his fields and works. He has a fine grove of cocoa-trees close by the shore, and a house in the most beautiful marine situation. He tells me there is a famous cocoa-nut tree walk at Trinidad twenty miles long, which is said to originate in a barque laden with nuts having been cast ashore. The nuts produced trees, the trees nuts, and so they were propagated along the shore.

April 5th.

The Danes are very inveterate against the English, and have put into prison some persons who accepted employment under our Government. The inhabitants of the town of Frederickstadt gave a most sumptuous ball and supper on the 2nd, in honour of the battle of Copenhagen, and *the defeat of the English!* I did not attend it.

PRINCESS CHRISTINE OF NAPLES
DAUGHTER OF FERDINAND IV AND OF
MARIE-CAROLINE

*After a painting by Maric-Louise-Elisabeth Vigée
Le Brun, in the Musée du Prado, Madrid*

Original 1829 bei 2. Stück.



May 5th.

The weather is much hotter, about eighty-six to ninety. I continue to enjoy good health. We occasionally make agreeable parties into the country, and went last week to dine in a wild, foresty situation by the seaside, where the fishing-boats attended and supplied us with good fish. I have had delightful rides in the east part of the island, which is more woody and mountainous.

Here are some plantations built quite up in the nooks of the valleys, and call to mind the dear *sites* of Bagnères. The beauties of this climate, with respect to flowers, lie mostly in the creeping and climbing tribes. There are in the woodlands here large cream-coloured, yellow, red, purple, blue and scarlet trumpet-flowers and convolvuluses, but I expect more variety in the less cultivated islands.

I have met with numbers of friends and acquaintances of our dear Harry and his good friend, which has been many a dagger to me. The most knowing seamen here think the unfortunate *Babet* was wrecked upon the almost unknown Isles of Aves, to the southward of this place.

May 13th.

Admiral Totty has sent down the *Plover* sloop-of-war, Captain Galway. The *Aimable* was detained by the mutiny at Dominica, and I have been a month idle here. We shall go early tomorrow to a country-house on the north side, among the mountains, where a large party is to meet us, and next morning breakfast on board the sloop at Frederickstadt, from whence we shall take our departure at noon. We stopped to dine and sup at St. Thomas, next day dine with Mr. Georges at Tortola, then to St. Kitts.

Tortola, May 20th.

I write to save the packet, lest anybody, or the papers, should inform you that the *Plover* sloop-of-war was wrecked the night before last on the Anegada reef. About four hours afterwards, I, with eight more, came off in a boat to procure assistance; and after a most perilous row of three leagues, wet to the skin and fatigued, not knowing what land it was we saw, nor how to get over the reef, we met a boat that took us into North Sound, Virgin Gorda. Here I procured several small vessels, and have since heard

that not only the lives of all are saved, but all the baggage and stores.

We passed a hermit's life yesterday, having nothing but one empty room of a fisher-house for our accommodation, and nothing to eat. At last, by exertions, we procured some milk and cassada, and slept on the floor, our coats acting as bolsters. This morning we came here.

May 22nd.

I begin to think my life will make a good second edition of "Robinson Crusoe." I will now give you a more detailed account of my adventures. On Friday last I quitted Christianstadt with a very large party, and slept at a gentleman's plantation in the Northside Mountains, which are beautifully romantic. Saturday we proceeded to Frederickstadt, where the *Plover* rode at anchor. General Waltershoff and Mr. Hagen met me to take leave, with every mark of respect, salutes from the fort, &c.

We breakfasted on board, then landed for a prodigious grand dinner at a Mr. Foster's, where all the Danish and English captains met and caroused till night.

We embarked at ten to set sail at six next morning, nobody but myself bestowing a thought upon the possibility of any danger; but I have been taught so severe a lesson that it is never out of my mind, and I calculated that our captain and everybody on board were strangers to these seas, and not very well provided with good charts; besides, the being in constant sight of land is apt to betray one into a dangerous security, and to make one steer by the eye rather than by good astronomical and nautical combinations.

We reached St. Thomas for dinner, and spent the day with some friends ashore.

On Monday, by daybreak, we were under way, after weathering the east point of St. Croix and St. John's. About noon, Tuesday, we were close in with the south side of Virgin Gorda, or Spanish Town Island.

After an immense deal of tacking, about a quarter before midnight, the ship struck upon a horse-shoe reef, which extends a vast way east from the island of Anegada, but shows no mark above water, whereby its shallow, rocky bottom can be known.

We were all awakened with the shock; some thought it was an earthquake. I felt very little emotion, but dressed myself and came on deck,

where I saw little hope of saving the ship. The moon shone bright, the wind was moderate, and the sea calm. The round mountain of Spanish Town, which I had sketched the preceding day, appeared to the south-west, at a great distance.

We cut away our mainmast and threw our guns and ballast overboard. The ship remained immovable, and the anchor carried out could not bring her off; but she made no water.

We went off, as I told you, in the jolly-boat, to procure assistance, not knowing where to find inhabitants, or what rocks and shoals we might meet with; but violent squalls came on, and we durst not hoist our sail. Drenched with rain, our men harassed, and our boat filling with water, I almost lost the hope of escaping ourselves.

However, after many hours' labour and slow progress, we reached land; but an iron reef prevented our landing, and neither man, beast nor habitation appeared in sight. The sea ran mountains high, and the rain drowned us.

Happily, we saw a boat standing towards us, and making signals. It conducted us through a channel into North Sound, Spanish Town, a beautiful large bay, crowned with high mountains, covered with cotton bushes, but very few houses. At one of these we landed, and, as soon as

possible, sent off boats and sloops to the man-of-war.

We, luckily, had brought some biscuits and rum, or else we should have starved, for the poor fishermen had nothing to offer us. We slept on the floor as well as we could, and our clothes dried in the sun on our backs, but not one of us has suffered, though it is reckoned dangerous in this climate.

About midnight a boat came from the ship, with baggage and some of the crew. Early next morning we saw from the hill that the ship was dismasted and unmoored; but she seemed to be turned round, which was indeed the case.

The inhabitants of Spanish Town are a fine, tall, hardy race of men. They are supposed to be the descendants of the buccaneers, and have the reputation of being savage and lawless, and accustomed to subsist on the spoils of wrecks. They were very good-natured to us, but their planters gave us neither assistance nor food. The blacks were eager to supply us.

The number of inhabitants of this large island does not exceed a hundred, mostly collected at the west end, in a kind of town, with a church.

We came to Tortola the day before yesterday, and in the evening a boat brought us word that

the *Plover* was off the rocks and moored in safety. I immediately sent off a large sloop with water and provisions, and the sailors we had brought hither.

I have written to General Waltershoff for a Danish frigate to carry me up to St. Kitts. I am at Mr. Georges', whose house is on the most beautiful bay in the world.

May 27th, at Sea.

At noon, on the 24th, the Danish brig-of-war *Longax* arrived with Mr. Hagen, one of the commissioners, and at night we embarked. We have been becalmed ever since, and have made little way.

Before I left Tortola I rode over a large proportion of the island, which is very mountainous. In many parts the sugar plantations are carried up to the summit of the hills. Some of the best houses are also on the heights, and enjoy fine air and admirable prospects. Their gardens lie in some sheltered gully, where there are springs of water. The ways up are narrow, rugged and steep, but the horses are so accustomed to them that no accident ever happens.

The flowering shrubs are beautiful, and the large aloe, in full flower, is a noble plant. Tortola is a very beautiful island. Mr. Georges says he saves four thousand a year by residing on the spot.

Fort Royal, Martinique.

I have just landed from the Danish brig. We went to Montserrat, where Mr. T. Meade and the gentlemen of the island received me with great hospitality. I like its *locale* wonderfully, especially Streatham (Meade's house), which is surrounded by romantic scenery, and as temperate as Madeira.

[The intervening letters are missing.]

Port of Spain, Trinidad, July 9th.

As the town is hot, and reckoned not so unwholesome as the country, I have taken a small cottage, consisting of a hall and three bed-chambers, on the crown of a hill, and a mile and a half from the town, across a plain half-environed by woody mountains, and commanding the most beautiful prospect in the world, for the range of hills con-

tinues on the left in a sweep behind the town, and ends in the sea.

The plain, which is thus enclosed like a solid half-moon by the hills and sea, exceeds my powers of description. It is as minutely and as richly cultivated as the Brompton nurseries, and interspersed with all sorts of large timber trees. There are some habitations, barracks, &c., and one or two groves of tall trees that remind me of Chiswick and Ham.

On the left the eye ranges over the town, and beyond it the immense forest which encircles the gulf, and is lost in the horizon. To the right it commands the shipping, and to the north the mountains which form the Bocas.

I am told that the deer, wild fowl, parrots and monkeys will come about the house when all is quiet. The deer are small and very elegant. I have already seen a great variety of beautiful birds, one this morning, very small, of the brightest black and white plumage imaginable. In the town the streets are wide and paved.

August 1st.

I have removed to the village of St. Juan, four miles from the Port of Spain, eastward, close

to the mountains, overlooking the small tract of cleared lands, and then the boundless woods of the Casony; and, at many miles distance, the gentle, woody eminence towards Raporina.

A fine river flows from the mountains, and waters the foot of the hill we live upon. The high road to St. Joseph crosses the little plain before us, between hedges of lime trees. The road uphill branches off in the middle of a lofty grove, the underwood of which is the cacao or chocolate tree. You then descend a pretty winding road, cross the water, and ascend a gentle eminence, on the flat top of which the village of St. Juan is marked out in squares, so disposed that each house—made of mud, covered over with cane leaves—has a square round it for offices and a garden.

The *padre*, or Spanish curate, inhabits a large house at the head of the green; and behind all are his church and churchyard. Beyond rise lofty peaks, covered with the thickest woods

A French family still occupies our ground floor, but when they are gone we shall be *magnifique*. But my stable is not yet built, so my two horses and mule *dorment à la belle étoile*.

The mornings and evenings here are exactly like those of the finest summer in England. The

verdure is brilliant, and the present hills form a light blue ridge along the horizon.

The 14th Regiment being quartered at the city of St. Joseph enlivens our prospect, as some scarlet coat or other is always galloping along our lemon hedges, which hedges smell divinely when clipped, especially in the nights and mornings.

The other day I wandered up a neighbouring opening in the mountains for a mile or two, crossing our river Aracagua, or some such name, and, winding through the forest, came to some plantations of sugar, coffee and cotton. The features of the view are gigantic, and sublimely beautiful.

I have begun a *Flora Trinidadensis*, and have already got five flowers in it. There are more flowering shrubs here than low plants, but still great varieties of the latter. Everything is enormously dear here: nine guineas a month for our wooden house, three shillings for a hen, and so forth.

The flat land in view belongs to Governor Picton, who comes out every Monday, and we are going to dine there to-day. Trinidad is what I fancy Britain to have been before the Romans came—forests opened in strait lines, rivers choked

with trees, and savages cultivating, in the small open spots of the woods, sufficient vegetables for their subsistence. The distant hills and the verdure look like the general face of England.

When I go to the town, I dine with the governor, where I have a general invitation, or at one merchant's or another. We live a great deal upon soup of rice, fowl, beef and eggs, and, now and then, pigeons from a dovecote. Fruit, except oranges, is not to be thought of, for, although in this island the forests are full of fruit, individuals raise none worth mentioning. The Avogada pear is a fine thing, like marrow spread on bread. I have eaten *one* excellent pine-apple; the rest were not *à mon gout*. The bread-fruit is a good kind of potato as to taste. When the season grows dry I shall move about more and be more entertaining.

La! what an ambassador Sir J. W. will make! His riband and his wife will do very well, but the *vows* is wanting, though, perhaps, he has enough for Alexander.

The chaplain or rector of the church here, in conjunction with a commissary, gave a ball the other night at a mulatto woman's tavern. I hear it was brilliant—all British, the governor at the head.

Every day we have tremendous showers and very alarming lightning, which put an end for the present to my hobby-horsical excursions in quest of flowers, prospects, or natural history.

I have painted above thirty flowers, and now begin to find it difficult to get new ones as the season advances.

September 19th, 1802.

The weather has been very hot, but not at my dear St. Juan—no; there the cool breeze blew so hard, that I was obliged to shut my windows; at this moment it is troublesome, and I am sitting dressed exactly as I should be at Hamsterley, and not a bit too warm, but am even obliged to take a glass of wine to cheer the cockles of my old heart.

I am here perfectly well with all parties, and I am very sure that I am one of the most unexceptionable men that could be fixed upon for any office here—excuse my trumpeter being dead.

There is no doubt Chartreux leads a quieter life than I do, barring *les jours de fête*. I read, walk, work, write till dark, and at eight I am in

bed and *bon soir*. A sweet little bird, that warbles like a nightingale or a lark, roosts under our roof, that is, directly over my mosquito-net; and the sweet little fellow sings deliciously to me at the early dawn.

There are many charming singing-birds here. I was offered yesterday a cage of forty beautiful little parrots, the prettiest thing imaginable. I was tempted to buy them to send after a flock of their fathers and mothers, chattering and flying over their heads, but too high even to distinguish their colours.

The other day I went out to see the officers hunt deer. The animal is of a small size, and is easily run down by the dogs of the country.

October 11th, 1802.

So you have quitted our *dulcia arva!* and your removing to the *penitus toto divisos rure Britannos*, whilst I am gone to the *Sitientes Afros*, makes you an exile like myself. To go on with Melibæus, I often say aloud and in my heart, "En, unquam patrios longo post tempore fines, mea regna mirabor?" my trees, woods and walks! I

am grown of late very melancholy, very *ranz de vache*.¹

I have begun to make my stables, but it does not interest me; yet I am in good health, but grown thin and looking old. But what does it signify? you will be glad enough to see the bag-of-bones return safe to you.

I am surprised at Sir Walter Raleigh's name not being given to any town, river, or street, in the island. In the Port of Spain we have streets called after kings and princes, as also after Duncan, St. Vincent, Nelson, the late Governor Chacon—and why not Walter Raleigh? as much superior a genius to those men as they are to the cabin-boy; for he was great in more than one profession. Get some general collection of voyages and read the original narrative of the conquest of Trinidad.

What fools people are to flock here, as to Eldorado, without any previous enquiry! There is quite a rage for possessions here. Mr. Lushington, at first sight, gave £30,000 for an estate at Nagravine, which the owner acknowledged to me

1 "Ah," said an English lady of our acquaintance, who had travelled in Switzerland and heard of the disease which absent Swiss call *mal du pays*—"Ah, I pity those poor Swiss, they suffer so dreadfully from that horrid *ranz de vache*."

that he had cleaned and spruced up, which had its effect; he gave £9,000 for it five years ago, and has taken away twenty of his best negroes.

The rainy season continues dreadfully; yesterday our river overflowed a vast tract of country.

I am convinced there is danger in acquiring property here for many years to come. I regret I did not find a spot nearer the town for my grant, because gardening is the most lucrative of all trades, when the carriage of fruit and vegetables to market does not sink the profits. I am told an acre of land produces £1,000 a year to Dr. O'Meara, who has a neat garden of a less size in the skirts of the town; it may, however, not be so salubrious.

January 26th, 1803.

I have just returned from a three days' excursion to the heart of the island, in company with the new governor, Colonel Fullarton, Mrs. Fullarton, and suite. Our object was to attend the Feast of St. Paul's Conversion, at Orima, the settlement of the Indians. We set out at day-break, on Monday; the Fullartons in their sociable,

with yellow curtains and scarlet postillions; then a landau; and for fear of accidents, as we had reason to doubt the state of the roads, then three or four whiskies, and a large cavalcade of gentlemen and black grooms with General Picton.

We reviewed the 14th Regiment at St. Joseph's barracks, and breakfasted with the commanding officer's wife and other ladies.

This ancient metropolis of Trinidad stands on a beautiful rising ground over the deep vale and winding stream of the same name. The mountains rise boldly behind, and a little over the town stands the venerable, strong fortress wherein Sir Walter Raleigh surprised the Spanish governor in his bed, after rowing up from the gulf with sixty men.

This antique castle, the former *dépôt* of the archives, and from which all public acts were dated, is now in a perfect state of repair, and not the least dismantled, or worse than it was under the Gran' Rey Philip II. It is built of wooden frames and wattles, covered over with mud and lime; the whole thatched with sea-flags and rushes. The view from it is of a whole continent of wood, where orange-coloured blossoms tinge the forest with the colours of our fading beech in autumn.

We proceeded to the extensive plain of Tacarique, planted with canes, and dined at Mr. Nihel's, an airy situation on the first rise of the mountain. We sat down thirty to table. As I had engaged a bed some miles further at a gentleman's plantation, in order to be better accommodated and to ease my horse for the next day, I quitted the company with my Sancho, and rode a couple of hours in the dark.

The proprietor had given me as a direction the new English name of Springfield, a language which no one understands in that part of the island; so all my enquiries of the negroes I met amounted to an assurance that there was no such place. I began to think I was to pass the night in the wilderness, which is not quite so wholesome as it is in La Mancha, when I luckily recollected someone had told me this longed-for abode was beyond the river Arouca on the right. I then remembered to have seen a path leading that way soon after I had crossed the water, so I ventured into it, and soon came to a light, a negro line of houses, and a mansion where several people were moving about, and they came to meet me.

I inquired if this was Springfield. "Ah, no!" nor had they ever heard of such a place. "Let

the place be what it will," I said, "I will go no further, and must beg room for me and mine;" at the same time expressing my astonishment and vexation at the gentleman sending me on such a wild-goose chase.

At the mention of his name, they exclaimed I was right and this was the place. I here found two of my acquaintances upon the same round, and we made the best shift we could; but our generous landlord had sent no provisions and no orders, except to let us in; all we had was an egg apiece, a bottle of wine, one bed (a hammock) and a mattress on the floor, which we tossed up for, and slept very well.

Next morning we resumed our journey and preceded the great cavalcade. It was three miles to Orima; the road broad and green, cut through the forest. Remark that none had ever been before in that place, unless Columbus drove about in his curricule. When we arrived we found all the Indians in gala, going to high mass, and carrying in procession a statue of St. Paul, which, from its beauty, must have been one of their old *pachacamaes* newly painted, and armed with sword and crown.

The village is large, has three or four streets, and a large square neatly built. On one side is

the church; on the other the King's house and the market.

The Indians seem an innocent, peaceful people, quite submissive to the priest, fond of their long hair, and whiter than the Spaniards. They received the governor with a flag, and a dull, hopping, or rather limping, low dance to the sound of a drum, guitar and gourds full of pebbles or seeds.

We had an abundant breakfast at the curate's, and Colonel Fullarton gave a trunk full of gold trinkets for the women, a gift of the Government. Then their women danced for us, but so sheepishly and dully, that we were glad when it was over.

In a street by themselves reside the widows, wives and daughters of the black Caribs of St. Vincent who destroyed your estates there, and whose bones still lie blanching on the rocks of Becuya, where they were carried, or on the sands of Rattan. They are very much like negroes, and well behaved. They speak English and French. One called out, on seeing Mr. Gloster, the attorney-general, with us, "Dere Liar Gloster!"

The Indians have their plots of cultivation scattered in the woods where the ground is good. I returned and slept about seven miles off at a

friend's house, on a large estate purchased by a Frenchman; the mansion-house of mud walls, thatched and divided into three rooms.

February 10th, 1803.

The dry weather has set in, and the climate is charming. Light clear air and coolness morning and evening, and pure sun in the middle of the day; but the change is trying to many constitutions. There are two men-of-war coming through the Bocas, which are supposed to bring Commodore Hood, the third *rex Brentfordiæ*—so we shall have more firing and feasting.

Three days ago I rode up one of our largest valleys to look at some estates on sale, and was out all the morning, walking among canes, coffee and cocoa trees, looking at the Spaniards fishing in the river, and gathering flowers for my painting, without feeling more inconvenience than on a fine summer's morning in England. Every hour came a small sprinkling from a mountain cloud, which refreshed everything.

We then adjourned with a couple of friends to my new stable at St. Juan, not yet inhabited

by Houhonyms, and made an excellent dinner on fowls boiled to a *consommé* in rice soup; then sauntered to town with the setting sun.

I saw one curious estate. A native of Grenada, a common peasant, possesses one side of the mountain, from the rivulet to the summit, containing one hundred acres; he has cleared twenty-three and covered fifteen of them with fine four-year-old canes. The rest is in pasture, and near the bottom are coffee plantations, &c. He has eight mules; he is established in a good house, which he built, with his family and a few negroes. We found them all making sugar.

March 22nd, 1803.

I took advantage of the fine weather to make a tour with two gentlemen, Mr. Grant, the collector, brother to the Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Macdonald, who has an estate in partnership with General Picton. We sailed early on board the *Leviathan*, Captain Brice, who brought out all my things, with a fair, gentle breeze that wafted us, as on a fresh-water lake, along the coast of Trinidad.

We breakfasted and dined on deck when we came to an anchor, enjoying the delicious cool air, and the view of every estate and improvement, marking the names on the map. At two o'clock we anchored off the round hill of Naparisma, before the little village of Petitbourg, which is the shipping-place of many fine estates, with which it communicates by means of a very fine road.

After dinner we went into a boat and entered the river Guaracaro, which empties itself through thickets of the mangrove-tree, the low boughs and roots of which are loaded with oysters, very delicate in taste.

We rowed up a mile in a deep channel, darkened by huge trees, and at low water impassable from those which have fallen into the water, and which sometimes form a foot-bridge over it.

We ended our day's voyage at Union, Mr. Macdonald's estate, a pleasant thatched house and garden, embosomed in woods at the foot of gentle eminences, and exhibiting the promising appearance of progressive improvement.

The next day I spent with profit to my Flora. The day after, we embarked on our river, in a three-oared boat, with each our little bundle, and proceeded along the coast in a south-westerly direc-

tion, under the Mount of Naparisma, which is like a little Vesuvius, wooded up to the summit, but has no volcanic productions.

We skimmed part of a high insulated rock, where some ships were at anchor, waiting for sugars, and along the shore, which is not unlike Devonshire, as the hills are cleared towards the sea and backed by forests on a much larger scale.

We landed at a gentleman's estate, managed by an *émigré* of St. Domingo, who received us with great politeness, but *un peu trop à la française*; for the dirt predominated. The great hall, which, like the cobbler's hall in the song, served for many purposes, was open and free to a vast variety of animals, visible and invisible, such as turkeys, geese, pigeons, flamingos, Muscovy ducks, common ducks, hens, chickens, dogs, cats, black and yellow children, &c.

He is a pleasant sort of man, and his mulatto lady very polite, but he is *le premier des gesticulateurs*.

We did not fare or lodge *à la Sardanapale*, but did well on the whole, and sallied forth next day before sunrise.

We continued our voyage to the point of Brea, or the pitch lake, near the western extre-

mity of the island. A line of breakers thundering over a sand-bank stopped us at low water, and our boat could not proceed; so we stripped and waded ashore, in spite of sharks and alligators, and walked two miles on a fine sandy beach, under the shade of the mangroves which line several miles of this low coast.

We then climbed up a rock of solid pitch, and wandered to a kind of wild village of French mulatto people; found a place to get a breakfast of eggs and coffee, among gardens of pine-apples and fruit trees, which had been the original object of the settlers before they thought of making sugar.

The soil, or rather the floor, of all these plantations, paths and house, is nothing but sheer pitch, not harder than a tub of common pitch left in the sun.

This is quite a narrow peninsula, formed by a bituminous lava, flowing about two-thirds of a mile from a vast lake of the same materials, considerably elevated above the level of the sea. It is some miles in extent, surrounded by woods and estates of no great importance. The ground is hard everywhere, but intersected by cracks and ditches, full of clear, cold water, all communicating together; and near the centre is a pool of about

forty yards circumference, of deeper water, with islands of bushes upon it. It is the best entrance to the infernal regions the poets could have had, and much more characteristic than the pretty Pisena or Cyane, near Syracuse, through which Pluto carried off his wife.

Near the lake I found two large rocks of the same scoria as I have seen at Vesuvius, and that is the only volcanic substance I could see. We returned to the estate we had left in the morning, and there slept. Next day we went up the Separi, a fine navigable river, the banks of which are covered with woods as far as the *embarcadero* of Mr. Hall, who has a noble estate, quite a territory.

The Union was our next place of rest. We then procured horses and mules (very indifferent ones), and rode through woods, in tracks almost impracticable, into the high country, to a noble property of Brice, reckoned the best land in the island, and thence to the Indian Mission of the Savana, where we breakfasted with a Spanish curate, and saw his three hundred very neat active Indians. They live in a large village on a hill, lofty and airy, in a woody pasture thirteen miles in diameter.

We came back by Petitbourg, through a most

beautiful country, full of plantations of sugar and coffee. I have never anywhere seen so rich a tract of land.

We came to Port of Spain yesterday, partly in a boat and partly in a sloop, where we passed the night very uncomfortably. There ends my pilgrimage, and, *Dieu merci!* I never was better in my life. I think I ought to have made my tour more wonderful, and told you we landed one day at Otaheite, and another day at Buenos Ayres.

March 25th, 1803.

Colonel Fullarton has asked me to go with him on a tour round the island, in a fine Government schooner, on a party of surveying and curiosity. We shall probably stretch out to St. Vincent. Nothing would suit me better. We are to depart in a few days.

I was amused at your fancying me low-spirited for want of H.'s company. Bah! I was born of a convivial turn, and nobody can keep up the ball longer than I do in society, because long acquaintance with the world has created a kind of equanimity, which, fortunately, unthinking people

seldom acquire. I seldom join a party of a few days but the company are surprised at my flow of spirits, indifference and self-denial; much arising from an ironness of constitution hammered when red-hot by adversity.

To return. H. is little resource to me. He is a clever, fidgeting, company-seeking man; I can be very happy alone.

All illnesses here are cured by lime and lemon-juice. I was in a cruel state, from the insects called *les bêtes rouges*; my sleep interrupted, and the itching intolerable. At last I was advised to rub the swelling with lime-juice. I did this, went to bed, and never heard any more of the business. I have frequently cured inflammations from heat in the same manner.

The quarrel between our governors has come to such a pitch, that yesterday Colonel Fullarton moved in the Council an accusation against General Picton, for various illegal acts, condemnations and executions, during his government, before the commissions came out, which must be sent home; and ministry have no choice; they must order Picton home for trial.

Commodore Hood, who read the motion, took a warm part for Picton, and said it was a libel against the Government, and he would not have

read it had he known what it was—that he would write home to be relieved from his commission. To this Fullarton said, “Do as you please.”

If this brings an old house upon Picton’s head, it is his own doing, and he may repent not following my advice. When he received Lord Hobart’s official letter, stating his appointment, he showed it to me. I said that, were I Alexander, I would write to His Majesty that I was bred a soldier, had accepted the command of a conquered country, which I had governed *à la militaire* for five years; that I knew nothing of civil affairs, therefore was a very improper man to act a secondary part, and begged leave to resign the commission. This would satisfy his enemies, and for ever lay all quarrels to sleep, and he would have a riband or a regiment.

He acknowledged that I was right, but he had private reasons for “seeing them out,” as they call it. I wish he may not say, “O, Cassandra!”

March 31st, 1803.¹

Our tour is put off, if not entirely, at least for some time, as things are very serious, and

1 Mr. Swinburne died on the 1st of April.

Colonel Fullarton cannot be absent. He was afraid of committing me by taking me with him, but I told him I had already informed General Picton that I was going.

The accusations against the latter are to be sent home. Commodore Hood says he will resign; so I suppose Colonel Fullarton will remain on the field of battle, unless a new governor is sent out. These fracas and quarrels are very unpleasant, although one has nothing to do with them.

My house at St. Juan is almost finished. I have made it very convenient, and it would hold you all very well, if you liked to come; but I have not here *des objets majeurs* to justify the expense of bringing you, or endangering all your healths. To me, Trinidad is a delightful climate, and I can ride in its sun or sit on its waves with the same unconcern that I did near dear Istria and Capri—but that is no reason why it should be so for others.

Were I a man to consult my own pleasures, I should undoubtedly be delighted to have you all here; but many reasons militate against the voyage. The expense is great; the dangers of the passage something; of the climate more.

As to what you say of sincere friends—*who*

has many? Pleasant acquaintances—yes, one has plenty of those, that, like the sweet buds of spring, enchant, enliven and attract you, and then, with the first puff of adversity and frost of misfortune, drop off and fade before you. How few can boast of possessing the steady, hardy evergreens that stick by you through winter and share the storm of ill fortune!

I am not one of those who think ill of human nature. I have lost friends, some, perhaps, by my own fault and want of punctuality; but others have started up most unaccountably to replace them. One must never be in a hurry to take umbrage and look upon friends as ungrateful, treacherous or inconstant. Give them time, they may come round—if they do not, let them go!

If you feel the want of my society, think how I must feel the want of yours. Nothing interests me, nothing but thoughts of distant home occupies my mind! I shall soon be like what we read of the Indians and Africans, that think when they die they shall be transported back to their native groves. I wish I could think so.

Adieu! God bless you all!

INDEX

- ABBEVILLE**, town of, a public defaulter blows up the powder magazine at, i. 2
Abingdon, Mrs., i. 388
Académie, dictionnaire de l', ii. 246
Acton, general, of Naples, ii. 33
Adelaide, madame, i. 11, 19; ii. 18
Adige, the river, i. 324, 325
Adour, the river, near Bagnères, i. 53
Adrian, the emperor, villa of, i. 212; supposed bust of, 226
Agnano, lake, near Naples, i. 124; its exceeding beauty, 172, 202
Agoult, M. d', ii. 49
Agriculture, state of, in France, i. 2, 51; in Naples, i. 141, 309; in Calabria, i. 168; corn of Sicily, i. 189; in Italy, i. 255; in Lombardy, i. 300
Agrigentum, ancient Roman temples at, i. 188
Aiguebelle, site of, i. 271
Aiguillon, duke d', minister of Louis XV., i. 8; dinner at his hotel described, 13
Aix-la-Chapelle, visit to, i. 369
Albani, the villa, i. 212; family, 212; cardinal, 213
Albany, count of, descendant of the Stuarts, i. 249
 — countess of, i. 249; ii. 16, 36, 44, 177
Albert of Saxony, duke, i. 338, 343, 347
Alcano, district around, i. 186
Alexander VII., cardinal Ottoboni, i. 208
Alexandria, town of, near Genoa, i. 262
Alfieri, count, i. 249; ii. 45, 177
Algiers, affairs of, i. 90
Alhambra, palace of the, i. 64, 74; the governor Buccarelli, 66
Alicant, port and rock of, i. 72
Alicata, and Terra Nova, in Sicily, i. 190
Allandale, mansion of Whitfield in, ii. 92
Almond trees, i. 190
Alps, the, i. 263, 268, 271
Alvimar, M. d', ii. 128, 134
Alvinizi, field-marshal d', ii. 117
Amalia, queen, of Naples, i. 175
Amboise, town and castle of, i. 40
 — the counts of, 36, 37
 — cardinal George d', i. 37
America, United States of, travellers from the, i. 60, 390, 391; commerce of, 83
Amphitheatres: of Nismes, i. 118; of Arles, 118
Anapus, river, i. 193
Ancona, town and harbour of, i. 305
Andalusia, rich plains of, i. 88
Andelau, madame d', extempore verses by, ii. 38
Andria, duke of, beheaded, ii. 259
Anglures, madame d', i. 7, 22, 29, 62; ii. 124, 250
Angoulême, town of, i. 44
Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XII., ii. 53, 55
Anspach, margravine of, ii. 96, 286
Antinous, statue of, i. 212
Antiquities, collections of, i. 118
 — Roman, in architecture, &c., i. 118, 119, 187, 188
Antwerp, city and cathedral of, i. 373; view from the steeple, 373; proposal for opening the port of, 375
Anville, Cannel d', ii. 163
Appia, Via, i. 310
Appii, Forum, i. 310
Apple trees of Normandy, i. 3; mode of pruning them, 3
Aquapendente, romantic vicinity of, i. 315
Aquila, bishopric of, i. 160
Arabian MSS. of the Escorial, i. 115
Aranda, count d', his mission from Charles IV. to Versailles, i. 9

- Aranjuez, court and palace of, i. 98, 101, 110
- Arch, triumphal, near Avignon, i. 120; of Septimius Severus at Rome, 208; Trajan's at Ancona, 305
- Architecture: Moorish and Spanish, i. 64, 65, 91, 92, 115; ancient Roman buildings in Spain, 70; at Nismes, 118; at Avignon, 120; at Segesta, 187; at Agrigentum, 188; of Rome, 207-209, 217, 227; in Italy, 243, 245
- Arco, torrent in Piedmont, i. 271
- Argyle, John, fourth duke of, i. 392
- Arles, Roman antiquities at, i. 118; Elysian fields, or cemetery of, 119
- Arno, vale of, i. 249; the river, 249, 252
- Artois, count d', personal appearance of, i. 10, 144 n.; ii. 10, 11; boar-hunting by, ii. 9.—*See* Charles X.
- countess d', i. 11; ii. 10, 11
- Assisi, town and convent of, i. 245
- Asti, town of, i. 262
- Auersberg, prince, i. 340
- count, i. 362
- Augusta, town and bay, in Sicily, i. 194
- Augustus builds the temple of Jupiter Tonans, i. 217
- Austria, tour in, i. 361; costume in, 364
- Auxerre, town of, i. 279
- Avernus, lake, i. 139
- Avignon, city of, i. 119; Roman antiquities near, 119, 120
- Ayen, duke d', i. 15 n., 151
- BACANO, l'Osteria di, i. 311
- Bagnères, town of, i. 51; mineral springs of, 53; antiquities of, 58; society at, 60, 112
- Baia, scenery of, near Naples, i. 136
- Bailly, mayor of Paris, ii. 72, 76
- Balbi, madame de, ii. 10
- Ballet, the French, and dancers, i. 16
- Balloons, i. 389
- Bandon, lord, ii. 63
- Bankes, Mr., i. 139
- Barbezieu, the property of the Le Tellier family, i. 44
- Barcelona, city of, i. 69
- Barras, the French Director, ii. 136, 148
- Barri, countess du, mistress of Louis XV., i. 11 n., 14, 17, 19; her château of Luciennes, 19 n.; guillotined, 19 n.; anecdote of, 41 n., 221; visits Lucienne, ii. 19; her exile predicted, 20, 23; anecdotes of, 45
- William, count du, i. 11 n.
- count John du, i. 11 n.
- Barry, colonel, ii. 265; letter of, 266
- Barthélemy, M., French Director, ii. 1, 62, 193, 221, 225, 239; his exile with Carnot, Ramel and others, 242
- Bastille, the, taken by the Parisians, ii. 73; made a timber-yard, 115
- Battoni, the celebrated painter, i. 211, 215; his daughter Ruffina, 211
- Bavaria, appearance of the country, i. 363; costume, 364
- Beaujolais, count de, ii. 36, 37
- Beauveau, maréchale de, ii. 19, 23, 29, 50, 68, 117, 125, 184, 186, 187
- Bedford, John, duke of, Regent of France, i. 5
- — — fourth duke of, i. 282
- Bedingfield, Sir Henry, ii. 281
- Mr., i. 362
- Beech trees, i. 55; 297
- Beggars of Italy, i. 167; of Flanders, 374; of Paris, ii. 114
- Belvoir castle, i. 288; duke and duchess of Rutland, 289; beauty of the duchess, 289
- Benedict XIV., pope, i. 211, 235
- Benincasa, count, ii. 162, 230, 240
- Bergues, princess de, ii. 221
- Bermeja, Sierra, i. 77
- Bernis, cardinal de, anecdotes of, i. 210, 224, 242
- Berri, duke de, personal description of, ii. 256
- Berwick, duke of, ii. 29
- Bièvre, M. de, a wit, ii. 51
- Bigorre, mountains, population and agriculture of, i. 54
- Biron, duke de, ii. 220, &c.; called M. Gontaut, 219
- Biscari, prince of, i. 194; his gardens and museum, 194
- Biscay, description of, i. 105; bay of, 106
- Blois, description of the city of, i. 31; the ancient castle of the counts of, 32; Stephen, king of England, 33; conseil supérieur at, 33; society at, 34; forest of

- Prussec, 34, 35; convent of Pont le Voye, 36
 Boar, wild, hunts, i. 137, 201; ii. 7, 8
 Bohemia, government of, i. 340
 Boigne, general de, ii. 282 n.
 Bois de Boulogne at Paris, ii. 190, 191
 Boisgelin, madame de, ii. 20
 Bolingbroke, lord, his château of La Sourée, during exile, i. 26
 Bolsena, lake of, i. 312
 Bonaparte, career of, ii. 117, 132, 144, 173, 182, 186, 192, 280
 Bonn, city of, i. 367; elector of Cologne's palace at, 368
 Bordeaux, city of, i. 44; its commerce, 45; parliament of, re-established by Louis XVI., 46
 Borghese, prince, his palace near the Ponte Lamentana, i. 224; gala at the villa Borghese, 226; picture gallery of the Borghese palace, 226
 Boswell, Mr., his anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, i. 388
 Botany and Horticulture, remarks relating to, i. 55, 63, 71, 117, 127, 152, 191, 221, 269, 270; ii. 212, 219, 235, 315
 Botzen, town of the Tyrol, i. 323
 Boufflers, M. de, his defence of Genoa, i. 259
 — madame de, ii. 152, 175
 — chevalier de, ii. 25
 — countess Amélie de, ii. 163, 175, 195
 Boulogne, visit to, ii. 105
 Bourbon, duke de, ii. 256
 Bourgoign's Essay on Spain, ii. 113
 Breteuil, baron de, ii. 9, 51; his administration, 72
 Bréze, Louis de, maréchal de Normandie, his genealogy, i. 4 n.
 Briare, canal de, ii. 238, 239
 Brienne, de, archbishop of Toulouse, his administration, ii. 18, 23; his dismissal, 44
 Brindini, his works at Naples, i. 156
 Brittany, affairs of, ii. 59
 Brixen, town of the Tyrol, i. 323
 Broglie, marshal de, ii. 72
 — count de, i. 43
 Brookes's club, ii. 67
 Bruce, Mr., his "Travels," ii. 83
 Bruges, town of, i. 378
 Brussels, city and court of, i. 371; Flemish and German nobles at, 371; English society at, 371; picture by Rubens in the cathedral of St. Gudule at, 372
 Brydone's "Tour through Sicily," i. 183, 186
 Bull-fight, Spanish, i. 100
 Burgess, Mr., confessor of the Augustine nuns at Bruges, i. 378
 Burgos, cathedral of, i. 105
 Burgundy, vines and wine of, i. 278; history of the dukes of, 279
 Burke, Mr. Edmund, ii. 172, 174
 Burleigh, mansion of the earl of Exeter, i. 291
 Bury, ruins of the château of, i. 39
 Butargo and caviare, i. 191
 Butera, prince, i. 156
 CADIZ, city of, Mr. Henry Swinburne's letters from, i. 68, 77; hotels, theatres and society at, 84; its superb bay, 85
 Cagliostro, count, ii. 2
 Calabria, account of, i. 153, 167, 185, 195
 Calais, description of, ii. 102; embargo at, 197
 Calatagirone, Sicilian society at, i. 190
 Calonne, M. de, his administration of finance, ii. 16; is exiled, 17, 18, 20, 24
 Cambacères (afterwards second consul), ii. 172, 178
 Cambray, approach to, through lines of Lombardy poplar, i. 294
 Campagna of Rome, i. 211, 311
 Campan, madame, ii. 19, 33, 54, 237; her celebrated school, 133, 174
 Campania Felici, the, of Naples, i. 141
 Campo, marquis del, ii. 123, 153
 — Formio, peace of, ii. 208
 Canterbury, cathedral and St. Augustine's monastery at, ii. 60
 Cape of Good Hope, i. 391
 Capri, excursion to the island of, i. 146; its fine fruit, 146; villa of Tiberius in, 146; Carthusian convent in, 147; caper bushes of, 147
 Caraccioli at Paris, ii. 198
 Cariati, prince, family of, i. 201
 Carmelachi, or razor-fish, i. 157
 Carnot, M., his talents and influence, ii. 146, 246
 — madame, ii. 183

- Carolina, La, detail of the colonies formed in the Sierra Morena at, &c., i. 94-97
 Caroline, queen of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 122, 130-135, 142, 151-159, 202; ii. 33, 260; her letter to Mrs. Swinburne, i. 224
 Carondelet, M., his marriage with Miss Plunket, ii. 35
 Carthage, port of, i. 72; the galley-slaves of, 73; the coast described, 73
 Caserta, palace and park of, at Naples, i. 122, 137; the boschetto cut for constructing a small fortress, 140; the *peschiera* at, 140; a *conversazione* given at, 204
 Cashiobury park, i. 382
 Casiri, Arabic librarian to Charles III., i. 115
 Cassano, duke of, his execution, ii. 259
 Casteldama, and the river Teverone, i. 218, 219
 Castellana, duke of, i. 182
 Castel Vetrano, wines of, i. 187; vale of, 187
 Castillon, M. de, ii. 222
 Castries, marshal de, ii. 10
 — marquis de, ii. 30
 Catalonia, tour in, i. 69
 Catania, description of the city of, i. 194
 Catherine de Medicis, interesting prediction recorded, ii. 53
 Catherine II., the empress, ii. 3, 24, 41
 Cenis, Mont, i. 270
 Cervantes, i. 94, 102, 104
 Chad, Sir George, ii. 151
 Chalons, town of, i. 278; costume of the peasantry, 278
 Chamberlayn, Mr., anecdote of, i. 290
 Chambery, visit to, i. 271; waterfall near, 272; Pass of La Grotta formed by Charles Emanuel of Savoy, 272; frontier of France at Les Echelles, near, 273
 Chambord, vale of, i. 38; castle of, 39
 Chantilly, its gardens criticised, i. 283
 Charente, the river, i. 44
 Charles I. of Spain (the emperor Charles V.), i. 74, 101, 107, 168
 — III. king of Spain, i. 99, 103, 110; the royal family described, 99
 — IV. of Spain, reign of, i. 9, 98
 — X. of France (count d'Artois) described, i. 10; fond of hunting the wild boar, ii. 8; and of gambling, 10, 17, 20; anecdotes of the count, 12, 35, 44, 59
 — of Lorraine, prince, i. 372, 374
 Chartres, duke de, ii. 37
 Châtelherault, town of, i. 42
 Châtenay, count de, i. 164
 Châteauevillard, M. de, his mansion at St. Brian, ii. 213
 Châtillon, duchess de, ii. 38
 Chaumont, town of, i. 37; castle of, 37
 Chaupy, abbé, i. 218, 220; ii. 28
 Chenevix, Mr., ii. 167
 Chesnut trees, i. 194
 Chevalier, M., ii. 163, 175, 195
 Chevreuse, duchess de, ii. 57
 Chiclana, residences of merchants of Cadiz at, i. 82
 Chimay, madame de, ii. 37
 Choiseul, Etienne François, duke de, i. 225; his château of Chanteloup, 40; ii. 40; his exile, i. 40 n.; ii. 41
 Christina, archduchess, and duke Albert of Saxony, i. 338, 343
 Churchill, the poet, i. 396
 Civita Castellana, i. 236; its castle, 236
 Clagenfurth, capital of Carinthia, i. 326
 Clair, river, near Poitiers, i. 42
 Clarke, general, i. 117
 Clary, countess de, i. 331, 335
 Clavering, George, anecdote of, ii. 84, 91
 — Mr. Thomas, ii. 91
 Clement XI., cardinal Albani, i. 212
 — XIV., pope, i. 314
 Climate: of various provinces of Spain, i. 76, 80; of Naples, i. 124, 135, 147; of Rome, i. 220, 225; of Piedmont, i. 268
 Clitumnus, sources of the river, i. 243
 Cobentzel, count, i. 350
 Coblenz, city of, i. 367
 Coigny, count de, his conspiracy in favour of Louis XVIII., ii. 270
 Collar, count, Hungarian vice-chancellor, i. 340
 Colloredo, prince, i. 352
 Cologne, city of, i. 369
 Colonna family, the, i. 177; the constable Colonna presents the Neapolitan tribute of white horses to Pius VI., 213

- Commerce of Spain, i. 83
 Confians, marquis de, ii. 57
 Conti, prince de, i. 19
 Convents, i. 25, 35, &c.; at Naples, i. 123; at Lyons, 276; at Verona, 320; at Paris, ii. 142; of St. Cyr, 226
 Copenhagen, Nelson at the battle of, ii. 375, &c.
 Cordova, city and mosque of, i. 92
 Correggio, paintings by, i. 302, 303, 346
 Cortona, town of, i. 248
 Cosenza, town of, i. 197
 Cossé, duchess de, ii. 12
 Cottrau, M., ii. 151
 Cowper, earl and countess, i. 250
 Craven, earl of, ii. 286
 Craufurd, Mr. Quintin, ii. 42
 Cronenburg, castle of, ii. 276
 Crosne, M. de, lieutenant de police, ii. 41
 Cubières, M. de, ii. 39, 161
 Cumæ, ancient vestiges of, i. 139
 Cuma, town of, i. 304
 Cyane, fountain near Syracuse, i. 193
 Cyriilo, Dr., his drawings of Calabria, i. 145
 Czartorinski, prince, ii. 36

 DAMIEN, Robert François, execution of, ii. 4
 Danish islands in the West Indies, &c., ii. 289 n., 298, 311
 Danube river, i. 351, 362, 363
 Daschkow, princess, autobiography of, ii. 24, 279 n.
 Dauphin, the, i. 10. *See* Louis XVI.
 David, French historical painter, ii. 222
 Denis, St., abbey of, i. 7; its treasury, 7
 Denon, baron, ii. 28, 197
 Desfriches, M., landscape painter, i. 29
 Devonshire, duke and duchess of, i. 283
 Diano, plain of, described, i. 198
 Dieppe, port of, i. 3; high white cliffs of, 3
 Digentia, the brook, of Horace, i. 219
 Dijon, town of, i. 278; statue of Louis XIV. at, 279; bishop's palace at, 279
 Dillon, archbishop of Narbonne, ii. 16, 49, 50
 Dillon, Mr. Edward, i. 49; colonel in the French army, 297
 — Mrs., i. 112
 — Miss (marquise d'Osmond), i. 49, 112
 — count Arthur, ii. 50
 — abbé Arthur, ii. 50
 — Mr. Robert, ii. 142, 181
 Dionysius of Syracuse, his dungeons or *Ear*, i. 192
 Discus, game of the, i. 217
 Domenichino, paintings by, i. 318
 Dordogne, river, i. 44
 Dorset, John Frederick, duke of, i. 8, 9, 21; ii. 30
 Drumgold, Mrs., ii. 181
 Ducrest, César Marquis, chancellor to the duke of Orleans, ii. 31, 37
 Duncan, Sir William, and lady Mary, i. 381
 Dupaty, M., ii. 6, 49
 — madame, ii. 129
 Durand, abbé, ii. 168, 169
 Dutens, M. Louis, i. 179, 209; ii. 236, &c.

 EDEN, Mr., his mission to Versailles, ii. 7, 28, 64
 Edgcumbe, Mount, earl of, i. 291
 Ehrenbreitstein, flying bridge over the Rhine at, i. 367
 Elliot, Mr., English minister at Brussels, i. 292
 Elmsley, Mr., i. 383
 Émigrés, French, ii. 247, 250, 270, &c.
 Englefield, Sir Henry, ii. 3
 English company at Paris, i. 21; ii. 6, 31, 42; at Marseilles, i. 121; society at Naples, i. 121, 125, 136, 138, 142, 200; society at Rome, i. 206, 209, 216, 233 n.; at Florence, i. 249; at Vienna, i. 328, 354; at Brussels, i. 371
 Ens, town of, i. 362
 Entelles, M. des, his translation of Milton, ii. 149
 Entraigues, count d', ii. 17, 44
 Eon, chevalier d', i. 384-386
 Errington, Mr., i. 284
 Escorial, palace of the, i. 102; elegy written in the royal vault of, 106; MSS. of the library of, 115
 Esparbes, madame d', ii. 220 n.
 Esterhazy, princess, i. 330

- Etna, mount, i. 190; snows of, 194;
 chesnut trees of, 194; the Centi
 Cavalli, 194
- Eu, in Normandy, lofty hill near, i. 3
- FARREN, Miss, i. 388
- Fayette, marquis de la, career of the,
 ii. 17, 75, 78
- Ferdinand IV., king of Naples and
 Sicily, i. 122, 129, 148, 154; his
 character, i. 131, 173; fond of
 shooting and hunting, i. 137, 201;
 his manners, i. 144; further allu-
 sions to, ii. 260
- Ferrieres, mademoiselle de, ii. 213
- Fiesole, villa at, i. 250
- Figs of Italy, i. 152, 168
- Filberts of Naples, i. 152
- Fiorito, the Col, near Tolentino, i.
 307
- Fitzherbert, Mrs., i. 387, 393
 — Mr., minister at Brussels, i. 371
- Flanders, tour in, i. 293, &c.; revo-
 lution in Brabant, i. 354
- Fleury, cardinal de, i. 224
- Florence, English society at, i. 249,
 250; cabinet of medals, 249; re-
 visited, 317
- Fogliani, viceroy of Sicily, i. 182
- Foix, M. de St., i. 170 n., 384
- Foligno, town and vicinity of, de-
 scribed, i. 243
- Fontainebleau, palace or, described,
 i. 280; ii. 207, 226; the gallery
 of stags, i. 280; death of Monal-
 deschi at, 280; the chapel, 281;
 tapestries after Le Brun's battles
 of Alexander, 281; council-room
 at, 282; forest of, 282, 297; hunt-
 ing the boar at, ii. 7; theatre at, 8
- Forcalquier, M. de, anecdote, i. 13
 — madame de, i. 13
- Fouquet, M., disgraced by Louis
 XIV., i. 170 n.
- Fox, right hon. C. J., ii. 68
- Francavilla, prince, i. 128, 140, 175;
 his stud, 141; his villa in Ischia,
 151
 — princess, i. 123, 138
- France, journeys through, i. 1-61,
 102-121, 274-282, 293-300, 380
 n.; ii. 4-60 *et seq.*
- Frankfort, city and fortifications of,
 i. 367
- Frederic II., anecdotes of, i. 343
 n.; ii. 239
- French diplomatic language, ii. 246
- Fresco paintings, i. 254
- Fronsac, duke de, anecdote of the,
 ii. 12
- Furaco, lake, wild-fowl shooting of,
 i. 173
- GABRIEL, don, infante of Spain, i.
 99-101
- Galiani, the abbé, at Naples, i. 152,
 154, 162, 170, 178, 234; ii. 260
- Gall, major, ii. 104 *et seq.*
- Galway, Mr. Harry, i. 51
- Gaeta, Mola da, i. 241
- Gambling, anecdotes relative to card-
 playing, &c., i. 22, 126, 166, 369;
 ii. 11, 42
- Garigliano, ferry of the, near the
 ruins of *Minturna*, i. 241
- Garonne, river, i. 45
- Garrick, David, anecdotes of, i. 394
 — Mrs., i. 393
- Gascoigne, Sir Thomas, i. 51, 60,
 66, 113, 117, 122, 199, 205, 234,
 236; Mr. Swinburne's letters to,
 ii. 84, 94
- Gatti, cavalier, physician, i. 178, 204
- Gem, Dr., ii. 116, 139, 162, 184
- Geneviève, Ste., relics of, i. 21 n.
- Genlis, count de, ii. 32
 — countess de (de Sillery), ii. 29,
 31, 37, 49, 262
- Gennaro, Monte, or *Lucretilis*, i. 219
- Genoa, noble families of, i. 177;
 approach to, 257; port of, 258;
 palaces of the nobles, 258; forti-
 fications of, 258; expulsion of the
 Austrians from, 259; vicinity of,
 260
- Gensano, Neapolitan, i. 136
- Geological observations, i. 58
- George III., petitions by the House
 of Commons to, i. 395 *et seq.*
 — IV., anecdotes of, when prince
 of Wales and regent, i. 342 n.,
 382, 386, 393, 395; ii. 63, 67, 269
- Germany, journeys of Mr. Henry
 Swinburne through, i. 326-367;
 electors and states of, 364; the
 golden bull of Charles IV., 367
 n.; war with the French Republic,
 ii. 117-208
- Ghent, arrival of Joseph II. at, i.
 376; his discourse with Mr. Swin-
 burne, at Ostend, on the peace,
 375
- Giannone, history of Italy, by, i.
 176

- Gibraltar, visit to, i. 80, 86; the garrison, 86
- Girgenti, in Sicily, i. 188
- Gluck, his opera of *Orphée* i. 15; his style of music, 15, 358
- Goitres, i. 270, 325
- Gontaut, M. and madame, ii. 219, &c.
- Gordon, lord George, ii. 3
- Gower, George Granville, earl, ambassador at Paris, ii. 139
- Grammont, duchess de, ii. 23, 29, 40
- Grande Croix, La, plain near, remarkable for botanical productions, i. 269
- Grant, the abbé, at Rome, i. 206, 209, 314; his account of the rebellion in Scotland, 206
- Grantham, lord, i. 98, 110
- Grapes of Naples, i. 139
- Greek church at Rome, i. 215
- Grégoire, abbé, ii. 76
- Grenada, city of, i. 73; palace of the Alhambra described, i. 64, 74; the Generaliffe or Moorish king's palace, at, 67; the river Xenil, near, 67, 73; the Sierra Nevada, 73
- Grenville, William, baron, ii. 200, 249, 257
- Grimaldi, marquis de, of Naples, i. 98, 110
- duke, of Rome, i. 233
- Guarini, at the court of Naples, i. 134
- Guido, paintings by, i. 228
- Guyenne, province of, i. 45
- Guillotine, the, ii. 104 n., 181, 190
- Guise, Francis duke de, shot by Poltrot, i. 27
- Henry of Lorraine, duke de, murder of, i. 32
- Louis, cardinal de, assassinated in prison, i. 33
- Guyer, the, mountain torrent, i. 273
- HALL, Mr., his six months at Paris, i. 21
- Hamilton, Sir William, ambassador to Ferdinand IV., at Naples, i. 179, 201; ii. 258; his fondness for play, ii. 280
- Emma, lady, her arrival at Naples, i. 179, 201, 223; ii. 258; Lord Nelson's letters to, 275, 277; letter from the Queen of Naples to, 261
- Hamilton, Mrs., sister-in-law of Sir William Hamilton, i. 387
- Hanau, mansion of the prince of Hesse Cassel, near the town of, i. 366
- Hanoverian troops, the, i. 86
- Harcourt, duke d', governor of the Dauphin, ii. 15
- Hastings, marquis of, when earl of Moira, ii. 267
- Hautefort, M. d', ii. 161, 172
- Havre, duke d', ii. 23
- Helvetius, posthumous book of, i. 13, 334
- Henry IV. of France, ii. 150
- Hesse Cassel, landgrave of, i. 366 and note
- Hoche, general, ii. 175
- Horace, his villa described, i. 218, 220; MSS. of, 234
- Houdetot, countess d', ii. 188
- Howard, Mr., the philanthropist, i. 214
- Hungary, state of religion in, i. 340
- Hunting of wild boars, shooting, and field sports: of Italy, i. 137, 173, 201; by the royal family in France, ii. 7 *et seq.*
- INFANTADO, duke del, i. 101
- Innocent X., cardinal Pamfili, i. 208; his sister-in-law, Donna Olympia Maidalchina, 214
- Inscriptions, ancient, i. 58, 140
- Ionic order, volute of the, i. 221
- Irish society, i. 215
- Iron Mask, the mysterious prisoner named the, i. 170, 171 n.; ii. 53
- Ischia, island of, i. 151; its climate and odoriferous shrubs, 151
- Isnard, député, ii. 172, 178
- Italy, republics and affairs of, during the French Revolution, ii. 232. *See* Bonaparte, 280
- Ivernois, Sir Francis d', ii. 27
- JACCI, prince de, at Naples, i. 122
- James II., his court at St. Germain, ii. 29
- Janni, prince de, his villa of Resina, i. 145
- Jansenists, the, i. 25
- Jesuits of Naples, &c., i. 165; suppression of the, 225

- Jews of Turin, i. 268 ; of Frankfort, 367
- Joan of Arc, statue of, by Marie duchess of Wurtemberg, i. 5 n.; statue of, at Orleans, 24
- Joseph II., the emperor, account of, i. 335, 344, 345, 347, 354, 355, 360, 376 ; his journey through Flanders, and anecdotes of, 377, 378 ; peace of Campo Formio, ii. 208
- KAUNITZ, prince, interesting details relative to the Imperial prime minister, i. 329, 330, 331, 334, 357
- Keelder, lord Percy's castle at, i. 284
- Keith, Sir Robert, at Vienna, i. 328, 329, 339
- Kenmure, lady, i. 40
- Keralio, mademoiselle, her translation of Mr. Swinburne's travels, ii. 210
- Kingston, duchess of, i. 214, 369
- Knight, lady, and miss, i. 216
- Knox, general, lost at sea, ii. 265, 273, 283
- Konigsegge, elector of Cologne, i. 368, 369
- LABORDE, M., at Rome, i. 221
- M., garde du trésor, ii. 13 ; his house at Ormesson, 18 ; his death, 148, 182
- madame de, ii. 116 *et seq.*
- M., of Choisy, ii. 27, 75, 148
- La Cava, anecdote of Charles V. at, i. 168
- Lacelle, college of, ii. 120
- La Croix, Charles, his refusal of lord Malmesbury's proposals of peace, ii. 112, 157
- La Fayette. *See* Fayette
- La Luzerne, French minister at the court of St. James, ii. 66, 69
- Ially Tollendal, count de, ii. 75
- La Mancha, plains of, i. 88
- Lamarck, madame de, ii. 30
- Lamballe, princess de, ii. 7, 8, 36
- Lambesc, prince de, ii. 68
- Lamoignon, M. de, ii. 56
- Landes, the, or heaths of Guyenne, i. 44
- Langlois, Mr. Benjamin, i. 379
- Lansberg, Matthieu, his almanac, ii. 20
- Laudohn, marshal, i. 343
- Lauzun, duke de, ii. 46
- Lava, volcanic, i. 124, 135, 155, 194
- Lavoro, Terra di, i. 308
- Lazzaroni, of Naples, i. 161, 174
- Le Menil, Mr. Swinburne's house at, ii. 5, 25
- Lentini, lake and trout of, i. 191
- Leon, don Ferdinando di, i. 174
- Leopold, grand duke, i. 358
- Le Moine, M., ii. 110, 111, 130, 145, 209
- Liancourt, duke de, ii. 40
- Licenza, vale of, i. 219
- Liège, city of, i. 371
- Lintz, on the Danube, i. 363
- Locust tree, described, i. 71
- Loire, river, at Blois, i. 31, 34, 298, 299 ; at Chaumont, 37 ; excursion to the banks of the, ii. 238
- Loiret, banks of the river, i. 26 ; bridge of Olivet, where de Guise was shot by Poltrot, 27
- Loménie, M. de, cardinal archbishop, ii. 44
- London, Mr. Swinburne's residence in, i. 381, &c.
- Long, Mr., captain of a French privateer, his case, ii. 241
- Lorenzi, chevalier, anecdotes of, i. 251
- Loretto, the Casa Santa of, i. 306 ; pilgrims to, 306 ; the treasury, 306 ; plundered by the French, ii. 187
- Louis XIII., ii. 54
- XIV., i. 170 n.; ii. 39 n., 54
- XV., his court at Versailles described, i. 8, 11, 19, 298 ; his levee described, 9 ; his daughters, 11 ; anecdotes of, 11 n.; ill of the small-pox, 15 ; his death, 16-19 ; his lying in state and obsequies, 20 ; affair of Damien, ii. 4 ; allusions to, 20, 220
- XVI., when Dauphin, his figure and character, i. 10 ; he re-establishes the parliaments, 46 ; ii. 6 *et seq.*
- XVIII., description of the count de Provence, i. 10 ; ii. 10 ; design of proclaiming him by Poly, abbé Brotier and others, ii. 177-179
- Don, Infante of Spain, i. 99, 100

- Louise, madame, Carmelite nun (daughter of Louis XV.), i. 17; ii. 34
- Louvre, gallery of paintings of the, ii. 132
- Lubomirska, princess, ii. 24, 51
- Lucan, earl and countess of, i. 214, 216; the ladies Bingham, 214
- Lucca, city and republic of, i. 254; society and manners at, 255; costume regulated by sumptuary laws, 255; present condition of the duchy of, 256 n.
- Lucciano, duke of, i. 214
- duchess of, i. 132, 174, 214
- Lucrine lake, the, i. 136
- Luke, St., i. 228, 318
- Luynes, duke de, ii. 44
- Lynch, Isidore, ii. 133, 136
- Lyons, city of, i. 275; Place Louis le Grand and its statue, 275; silk manufactures, 275; hospital of La Charité, 275; the walls and ramparts, 276; convents and antiquities, 276; martyrdom of St. Irenæus at, 277; aqueduct, and ancient city *Lugdunum*, 278
- MACARTNEY, earl, his embassy to China, ii. 96
- Macauley, Mrs., i. 354
- M'Kenzie, Mr., his equatorial, ii. 61
- Madelona, duke of, at Naples, i. 125
- Madonna di pié di Grotta, at Naples, i. 163; Madonna di Fiorentini, 176; of Loretto, 307; Madonna della Guardia, 318; paintings of the: by Guido, i. 128, 301, 307
- Madrid, city of, i. 98; society at, 99; palace of Buenretiro, 101
- Maintenon, madame de, ii. 25
- Maitre, M. le, sent to the Bastille for an extraordinary prophecy relative to Louis XVI., ii. 53, 125
- Malaga, town of, i. 64, 76; bay of, 76
- Malaria, in Sicily, i. 191; of Rome, 222
- Malines, town of, described, i. 374; high steeple of the cathedral at, 374
- Malmesbury, lord, negotiations of, ii. 100 *et seq.*
- Mandela, the *pagus*, of Horace, i. 219
- Mann, Sir Horace, i. 249, 250
- Manna of Italy, i. 309
- Mantes, town of, i. 6
- Marboeuf, madame de, ii. 191
- Marforio, statue of, i. 207
- Marie Antoinette, the dauphiness, her charming manners, i. 11, 12, 348; ii. 8 *et seq.*; her death, 124
- Marie Louise, queen of Charles IV. of Spain, i. 98
- Marie Thérèse, the empress, her court, personal description, and anecdotes of, i. 225, 334, 342, 344, 348, 359; her charity, 349
- Marigny, marquis de, i. 29
- Marsais, Du, anecdote of the grammarian, i. 251 n.
- Marseilles, visit to, i. 116
- Mary, queen of Scots, picture of, i. 374
- Mass, high, celebration of, by Pius VI., i. 204
- Massa, woods and convents of, i. 147
- Matignon, madame de, ii. 9
- Mattei, duke, i. 228
- Maulde, M. de, and family, ii. 205 *et seq.*
- Maurata, city near Loretto, i. 307
- Maury, abbé, ii. 49
- Maynard, lord and lady, i. 200, 202, 233
- Mazarin, duchess de, i. 13
- Meade, Mr., ii. 130, 222
- Medals, cabinet of, i. 118, 127, 182, 216, 233, 249, 319, 357
- Medina Cœli, duke of, i. 92
- Melons of Naples, i. 152; water melons, 156
- Menars, château of the marquis de Marigni, i. 29
- Mengs, paintings by, i. 212
- Mentelli, author of "*Cosmographie élémentaire*," i. 373; ii. 144
- Mercy, count, ambassador at Versailles, ii. 27
- Messina, city of, i. 195; port of, 195; the Faro, 196
- Metastasio, personal description of, i. 343
- Merlin de Douai, ii. 157, 180
- Meulan, château of the Bignon family in l'Isle Belle, near, i. 6
- Mirabeau, count de, ii. 71
- Mirandola, La, deserted appearance of, i. 319; castle of, 319
- Mirepoix, maréchal de, ii. 22

- Modena, city and cathedral of, i. 303; hotel or albergo of, 318; the arsenal, 318
- Molinists, the, i. 25
- Molino, Ponte, the Venetian frontier at, i. 320
- Monaco, prince of, ii. 66
- Monasteries, abbeys, and convents :
at Orleans, i. 25; at Blois, 34; of La Consonne, 44; of St. Ildefonso, near Seville, 91; of Capri, Massa, and Naples, 147, 165, 172; of Girgenti, 189; of Catania, 196; of San Cosimato, 219; of Spoleto, 242; of Assisi, 245; of La Grande Chartreuse, 271; of Lyons, 276; Camaldolin convent of Calemberg, near Vienna, 350; Benedictine abbey at Molck, 362; abbey of Kloster Neuberg, 350; abbey of St. Emerand, 364
- Monmouth, duke of, said to be the "Iron Mask," i. 170
- Monnoie, M. de la, ii. 51
- Montagu, Mont de, ii. 215
- Montague, Mrs., her essay on Shakespeare, i. 389
- Montefiascone, village of, i. 313
- Monteleone, town and vicinity of, i. 196; duke of, at Naples, i. 145
- Monterolendo, duchess of, i. 128
- Montespan, madame de, ii. 39
- Montesquieu Fézenac, marquis de, his château of Maupertz, ii. 27
- Montesson, countess de, ii. 23, 31, 218
- Montmelian, wine of, i. 271
- Montmorency, baron de, his marriage with Mademoiselle de Matignon ii. 36, 51
- Montpellier, botanical studies of Mr. H. Swinburne at, i. 117
- Montreuil, M. de la Verrière, ii. 243
- Montserrat, rocks and hermitages of, i. 69, 70
- Monuments and tombs : of cardinal d'Amboise, i. 4; of John, duke of Bedford, at Rouen, 5; of Richard Cœur de Lion, 5; of the maréchal de Saxe, 7; of Joan of Arc, 24
- Moore, lieutenant-general Sir John, ii. 280
- Moors of the kingdom of Grenada, i. 65; the Moorish kings, 74; mosques built by, 92
- More, Sir Thomas, his *Utopia*, ii. 173
- Morellet, abbé, ii. 156, 195
- Morena, Sierra, i. 95
- Moulins, town of, and river Allier, i. 299
- Mounces-on-the-Moors, residence of the Swinburne family, i. 283; ii. 84
- Mozzi, cavalier, i. 251
- Mulberry trees, i. 261, 299
- Mules of Spain, i. 81
- Muleteers of Sicily, i. 186
- Murcia, plains of, i. 72
- Murillo, celebrated Spanish painter, 103
- Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, i. 71
- Museums, antiquarian collections, cabinets of medals, and natural history, i. 118 *et seq.*; ii. 6
- Music, Italian, i. 156, 161, 211, 226, 231; ii. 260; German, i. 358, 359
- NAPLES, city and court of, i. 121 *et seq.*
- Narni, ancient bridge over the Nar, at, i. 240
- Navas de Tolosa, i. 97
- Necker, M., his first exile by Louis XVI., ii. 17; again in power on the dismissal of De Brienne, 70; his popularity, 71; banished, 72; his recall, 75; history of the Revolution, by, 184, 194
- Negro, river, in Naples, i. 198
- Nelson, lord, his letters to Lady Hamilton on the victory of Copenhagen, ii. 275, 277; his interview with the crown prince described, 276; anecdotes of, 281
- Nemours, visit to the town of, ii. 240
- Neustadt and Neunkirchen, i. 328
- Nevers, town of, i. 298
- Newby, Lord Grantham's mansion, i. 286
- Nicastro, hills, forest and town of, i. 197
- Nightingales, i. 241
- Nisida, island of, i. 139
- Nismes, town of, i. 118; antiquities of, and in its vicinity, 118, 119
- Noailles, marshal de, ii. 13
- count de, i. 46, 48
- duchess de, i. 225
- Charles de, ii. 75

- Nobles, Neapolitan, i. 123, 158, 177; Roman, 177, 217, 231; French émigrés and, ii. 247, 270
- Nola, vale of, i. 138
- Normandy, duke de, the dauphin, son of Louis XVI., ii. 14, 50; his death, 71
- Normandy, tour in, i. 5
- Notables, assembly of the, ii. 23
- Novi, town of, near Genoa, i. 261
- Nuns, description of the convents at Naples, i. 123, 128, 165
- Nuremberg, town of, i. 365
- OAK, the, i. 55, 197; ii. 214
— acorns of the evergreen, escu-
lent, i. 72
- Obelisks, celebrated, i. 118
- Oginsky, count, i. 386
- O'Hara, general, ii. 135
- Olivarez, count-duke d', anecdote of, i. 356
- Opera, the, at Paris, i. 15, 297; ii. 28; at Fontainebleau, ii. 7; at Cadiz, i. 80; at Naples, i. 122; at Rome, i. 226
- Orange, circus, and ancient Roman arch at, i. 119, 120
- Orange groves: of Seville, i. 90; of Palermo, 181, 183; of Mola and Castiglione, 241
- O'Reilly, general count, i. 87; his character and political talents, 88, 89; his expedition against Algiers, 89
- Orford, lady, at Naples, i. 126, 138; her villa, at Fiesole, 250
- Orleans, Gaston d', i. 32
— duke d' (Egalité), i. 20; kills a deer in the Place Louis XV., ii. 16; is exiled, 28, 42; details respecting this prince, 31, 72, 76, 262
— road from Paris to, i. 24; description of the city of, 24; cathedral of, 25; the châteaux of, the environs, 26, 28
- Ormond, marquis of, his allusions to his son, ii. 266
- Orsini family, the, i. 177, 219, 220
- Osmond, madame d', at Naples, ii. 58, 261
— count d', ii. 40, 282
— marquise d', i. 114; ii. 16, 39, 282
- Osnaburgh, bishop of, i. 370
- Ostend, sands and roadstead of, dangerous, i. 292, 375
- Ottoboni, don Marco, i. 128
- Oxen, white, of Italy, i. 139
- PADILLA, Juan de, insurrection of, i. 108
- Paesiello, Italian composer, i. 156; ii. 260
- Palermo, city and harbour of, i. 180, 183; cathedral of, 181; the arch-bishop of, 186; orange groves of, 183
- Palo, grotto and crystallized spars of, i. 308; paper-mills of, 308
- Parc-aux-Cerfs, at Versailles, i. 19; ii. 52, 220
- Paris, Mr. Henry Swinburne's residence at, &c., i. 7 *et seq.*; ii. 4 *et seq.*
- Parma, dukes of, i. 301; palace and city of, 302
- Parsons, Mrs., i. 12, 200
- Pasquin, i. 208
- Paston Letters, the, ii. 281
- Patagonia, prince of, i. 183
- Paterson, captain, his travels in South Africa, i. 391
- Paul I., emperor of Russia, his violent death, ii. 278
- Payne, captain J., M.P., pun of, ii. 61
- Pelham, lord, ii. 268, 288
— Mr. Thomas, i. 137, 146, 274
- Pellegrini, general, i. 351
- Pellegrino, Monte, visited, i. 183
- Pennicolto, count, i. 150
- Percy, Dr., his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," i. 76
- Perignon, M., invitation from, ii. 172, 177
- Perregaux, M., banker of Paris, ii. 110, 156, 171, 204, 228, 251
— mademoiselle, ii. 228, 254
- Perugino, Pietro, i. 244
- Perugia, celebrated paintings at, i. 246
- Pesaro, beautiful environs of, i. 304
- Peter, St., his dungeon in the Pallian prisons, i. 218
- Philip II., king of Spain, i. 109
— IV., of Spain, i. 356
— V., of Spain, i. 91
— don, elder brother of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 164, 166
— don, of Parma, his death, i. 301; his son, duke of Parma,

- 301 ; the archduchess Maria Amelia, 301
 Pic du Midi, on the French side of the Pyrenees, i. 52
 Picton, lieut.-general Sir Thomas, ii. 315 ; his trial for the Trinidad affair, 332
 Pié di Luco, lake of, i. 239, 240 ; its trout and other fish, 239
 Piedmont and Savoy, tour in, i. 262-274
 Pigalle, sculptor, his monument of *maréchal de Saxe*, i. 7 ; his statue of *Voltaire*, 7
 Pignatelli, marquis, i. 174
 Pilgrims, Italian, i. 172
 Pinckney, Mr., American ambassador at Paris, ii. 173
 Pine-apples, i. 145, 168
 Pines, spruce-firs, and larch, Alpine forests of, i. 270, 326
 Pirrattino, prince, i. 232
 Pisa, description of the city of, i. 252 ; cathedral of, 253 ; the *Campo Santo*, 253 ; the old republic of, 254
 Pisciarelli, the, hot springs near Naples, i. 140
 Piscina Mirabile, the, constructed by *Agrippa*, i. 136
 Pitt, right hon. William, i. 384 ; ii. 2, 269
 Pius VI., court of, i. 204, 304, 310 ; sickness of the pope, 315 ; political affairs of his latter years, ii. 208, 214
 — VII., pope, i. 208 n.
 Planting of forest timber, on, i. 55
 Plym, salmon fishery of the river, i. 287
 Po, river, i. 319
 Poetry, i. 66, 106, 285, 361 ; ii. 38, 39 n., 40, 43, 93, 118, 121
 Poitiers, city of, i. 43
 — Diana of, duchess de Valentinois, i. 38
 Poix, princess de, ii. 43, 156, 186
 Poland, affairs of, i. 136, 150, 344, 386 ; ii. 25
 Polignac, marquis de, ii. 10
 — madame de, ii. 14, 15, 42
 Pollio Videus, his fish-ponds near Naples, i. 127
 Pompadour, madame de, i. 30 n., 225 ; ii. 41, 45
 Pompeii, visit to, i. 137, 308 ; paintings of the ancient Romans at, 308 ; description of, 308
 Pont de Beauvoisin, on the river Guyer, i. 274
 Pont de Gard, near Nismes, i. 199
 Porcelain manufacture, ii. 208
 Portalis, M., ii. 172, 178
 Portici, excavations of, i. 138, 139 ; palace of, 156 ; horse-racing at, 152
 Portugal, affairs of, i. 353
 Posilipo, grotto of, i. 126 ; the *Punta di*, 139 ; *Virgil's tomb* at, 146 ; the lava road to, 155
 Potemkin, prince, ii. 41
 Poyntz, Mr., *chargé d'affaires*, i. 263
 Pradelles, madame de, ii. 210
 Provence, count de, Monsieur, personal description of, i. 10 ; ii. 11
 — countess de, i. 11 ; ii. 11
 Puzzuoli, and the environs of Naples, i. 136, 164
 Pyrenees, the, approach from *Bagnères* to, i. 51
 QUENAUT, opera of, 297
 Quixote, Don, allusions to the work of Cervantes, i. 94, 102, 104
 RADICOFANI, fortress and village, i. 316 ; extinct volcano at, 316
 Raphael, the Transfiguration by, i. 228 ; paintings by, 244, 246, 307, 318
 Ratisbon, city and cathedral of, i. 364
 Reidesel, baron de, his "Voyage to Sicily," i. 183
 Reubel, member of the French Directory, ii. 136, 158, 180, 196
 Rewitsky, count, ii. 62
 Reynolds, sir Joshua, i. 290, 291
 Rezzonico, prince, senator of Rome, i. 217 ; ii. 1
 — cardinal, i. 217
 Rheims, city of, i. 294 ; statues at, 294 ; the cathedral, 296 ; the *St. Ampoule*, 295
 Rhine, river, i. 367
 Rhone, river, i. 276
 Ricci, general of the Jesuits, i. 225
 Richelieu, cardinal, ii. 53, 55-57 ; his monument, 150
 — duke de, i. 11 n. ; ii. 220 ; allusion to, by Louis XVI., ii. 12
 Rimini, town of, and the Adriatic, i. 304 ; Malatesta, lord of, 304

- Riviera di Levante, near Genoa, i. 257
- Riviere Lepaux, Henri la, French Director, ii. 167
- Roads, accidents in travelling along bad, i. 2, &c.
- Robespierre guillotined, ii. 120, 124, 187; epitaph for, 121
- Rocca, prince della, at Naples, i. 123, 162
- Roche Aymon, cardinal de la, confessor of Louis XV., i. 9, 18
- Rodney, lady, and her daughters, ii. 214, 247
- Roederer, M., ii. 188, 191
- Rohan, duke de, ii. 187, 188
- Romances, Spanish, i. 76
- Rome, the papal affairs and government of, &c., i. 159 *et seq.*; ii. 186
- Roquefort, castle of, in Savoy, i. 274
- Rose, the yellow, in Spain, i. 64
- Rossi, marquis, i. 213
- first danseuse at Naples, i. 128, 131
- Rouen, description of the city of, i. 3; its cathedral, and monuments of princes therein, 4; Benedictine abbey of St. Ouen, 5; the archbishop's Gothic palace at Gaillon, 6; parliament of, ii. 22
- Rufo, prince, i. 177; ii. 198
- Rutland, duke of, ii. 2
- SA, M. DE, Portuguese minister at Naples, i. 122
- Salerno, romantic scenery near, i. 317
- Salmour, madame de, i. 344
- Sambuca, marquis de, i. 129, 133, 144
- Sandwich, earl of, ii. 62
- San Georgio, convent of, i. 320
- Sangro, donna Teresina del, i. 175
- San Lorenzo, prince of, i. 125
- Sannazzaro, writings of, i. 169; his tomb, 146, 170
- San Severo, duke and duchess of, i. 134
- Santo Marco, madame, i. 161, 162, 174, 202, 233
- Saone, river, its confluence with the Rhone, i. 276
- Sarno, river, in Naples, i. 138
- Savoy and Piedmont, mountain roads of; costume of the peasantry; industry of the Savoyards; the French frontier—i. 268-274
- Saxe, marshal de, monument of, i. 7, 40
- Saxe Hildburghausen, prince of, i. 336
- Schottwien, woods and mountain pass near, i. 327
- Schwenckt, baron von, i. 9, 13
- Sciaccia, in Sicily, the *thermae Seli-nuntia*, or hot springs of, i. 188
- Scipios, tomb of the two, i. 70
- Seaton Delaval, festivities at, ii. 86
- Segesta, or *Ægesta*, in Sicily, i. 184; temple of, 187
- Segovia, cathedral of, i. 104; the alcazar or palace, 104; aqueduct at, 104
- Seguier, Antoine Louis de, his cabinet of antiques and medals, i. 118; his library, 118
- Ségur, marshal de, ii. 10
- Seine, river, ii. 201, 233
- Selwyn, George, his prompt reply to the Prince of Wales, i. 395
- Sennett, the Irish abbé, i. 215
- Senovert, M. de, his mission to England, ii. 159
- Sens, cathedral of, and its monuments, i. 279
- Severino, lady Anne, daughter of lord Derwentwater, i. 125
- San, lords of Ringone, i. 177
- Seville, city of; cathedral of; the alcazar or palace; orange trees of; climate of; Old Seville—i. 90-92
- Sewell, Mr., i. 383
- Sheridan, right-hon. R. B., ii. 65, 99
- Sibaris, site of the ancient, i. 197
- Sicily, nobles and landholders of, i. 124; viceroys of, 142; Mr. Henry Swinburne's tour in, 180-196; productions and wheat of, 187, 189, 191
- Siddons, Mrs., i. 387, 388 n.; ii. 67
- Sienna, site of the city of; cathedral of; the Chizi chapel; paintings of—i. 317
- Siglio, prince of, i. 177
- Simolin, Russian ambassador at Paris, ii. 9, 24
- Sinzendorff, chamberlain of Marie Thérèse, anecdote, i. 341
- Skinner, alderman, i. 396
- Smith, Sir William Sidney, a prisoner in France, ii. 100; affair of his detention in Paris, 107-248; his escape from the prison of the Temple at Paris, 254-256; letter of, 257; lord Grenville's letter to, 258
- lady, i. 200
- Snakes of Italy, i. 140

- Sobieski, John, king of Poland, i. 346
 Solkonski, prince, i. 136
 Soreze, college of, near Carcassonne, i. 49
 Sorrento, plain of, i. 308
 Spa, visit to, i. 370
 Spain, Mr. Henry Swinburne's journey through, i. 63-116
 Spas and mineral waters: of Bagneres, i. 53; at Sciacca, in Sicily, 188; Wilhelmstadt, 366
 Spence, Mr., i. 149, 150
 Spencer, earl, ii. 144
 Spezzia, gulf of, description, i. 256, 257
 Spinelli, cardinal, i. 226
 Spoleto, town and castle of, i. 242; the Porta Fuga, 243; aqueduct of, 242; convents and hermitages near, 243
 Ste. Croix, island of, ii. 298, 300, 301; town of Christianstadt, 298
 St. Cyr, convent, &c., of, ii. 226
 St. Domingo, expedition under general Leclerc to, ii. 303
 St. Foix, his surmise of who was the "Masque de Fer," i. 170 n.; ii. 171, 188
 St. Ildephonso, a convent of Hieronymites, i. 91; St. Ildephonso, glass manufactory at, i. 103; palace of, 114
 St. Lambert, marquis de, "Les Saisons" by, ii. 188
 St. Paternion, village of, i. 325
 St. Priest, count de, ii. 19
 St. Sauveur, general de, ii. 213
 St. Thomas, island of, restored to the Danes, ii. 302
 St. Veit, in Carinthia, i. 326
 Staal, baron de, Swedish minister at Paris, ii. 9
 Stael Holstein, baronne de, ii. 45
 Stanley, Mr., i. 137
 Starhemberg, prince, i. 371, 372
 Statues, and sculpture, ancient, i. 119, 214, 234
 Staunton, Sir George, Bart., M.P., ii. 96
 Stigliano, prince of, viceroy of Sicily, i. 142, 182
 — princess of, i. 142, 182
 Stormont, lord, ambassador to Louis XV., i. 8; his negotiations, 376, 379
 Stratford coffee-house, Oxford Street, company at the, ii. 95
 Strathmore, lord, ii. 88, 89
 Stuart, Mr., editor of the "English Review," &c., ii. 1
 Styria, tour in, i. 323, 327
 Sutton, Mr., inoculator, i. 18, 19
 Swinburne, Mr. Henry: his journey through Spain, i. 63-116, 121, 283, 387; poetry by, 66; his tour in Sicily, 179-196; his drawings and illustrations for his "Travels," 78, 117, 211, 217; his account of his children, 103, 203, 205; ii. 96, 99, 129; his loss of a son at Rome, i. 222; his sister Anne a nun of Montargis, ii. 99; his entertaining anecdotes while residing in London and in England, i. 379-397; ii. 1, 61-68, 258, &c.; his West India property, i. 384; his mission to the Directory of France for the exchange of prisoners, ii. 100, 118, 129, 144, 179; his success therein, 185, 188, 204, 234, 243; affair of Major Hull, 242 (*see* Sir William S. Smith, 107, &c.); our author returns to England from Paris, 253; death of his son, Mr. Henry Swinburne, 273; tour through England, 284; his letters on English political affairs, 287, &c.; accepts the place of vendu-master in Trinidad, and sails for the West Indies, 288, &c.; his letters from the West Indies, 295-335; his death, 333 n.
 — Mrs., accompanies Mr. Henry Swinburne to many of the foreign courts, i. 60-77, 125, 141, 178, 205, 209, 223, 230, 250, 310, 341, 358; ii. 15, 18, 49; her letters to Mr. Swinburne relative to their son Henry, and description of the Revolution, ii. 68, 69; her return to England, 79, 82
 — Mr. Robert, ii. 286
 — Mr. Henry, ii. 273, &c.
 — Sir Edward, family of, i. 49 ii. 84
 — Isabella, lady, i. 49 n.; ii. 85
 Syracuse, population of ancient, i. 191 n.; description of the modern town, 192; of the ancient vestiges, 192; the catacombs of, 193
 TAGUS, river, i. 99, 110
 Talaru, madame de, ii. 129, 218, 247

- Talleyrand, prince de, i. 333; ii. 72, 171, 188
- Tallien, madame, ii. 122, 161, 174
- Taormina, ancient theatre of, i. 195
- Tanucci, Bernard, minister of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 132, 159, 163
- Tarbes, city of, i. 51, 61, 111
- Terni, town and vale of, i. 237, 240; vineyards near, 237, 238; cascade of the Velino, near, 240
- Tersan, abbé, ii. 108, 111, 177
- Testuccio, Monte, view of Rome from, i. 217
- Theatres: allusions to the state of the drama in Spain, i. 80, 84; in Naples, i. 122, 129, 148; in Rome, i. 226, 232; in Paris, i. 299; ii. 5, 112, 122, 141, 182; in Vienna, i. 353, 358, 360; in London, i. 388, 394; at Fontainebleau, ii. 7
- ruins of ancient, visited, i. 118, 195
- Thiers, M. de, ii. 59, 60
- Thrasimene lake, or Torricella, i. 247; Hannibal's victory, 247
- Thun, madame de, daughter of prince Kaunitz, i. 329 n., 357
- Tiber, river, i. 236, 246
- Tilney, lord, at Naples, i. 121, 124, 126, 203
- Titian, paintings by, i. 102, &c.
- Tivoli, and the temple of the Sibyl at, i. 211, 218, 244; cascade of, 211
- Tobacco, snuff and cigars, manufactories of, i. 91
- Tokay, and vineyards producing this wine, i. 340
- Toledo, Don Pedro di, former viceroy of Naples, for Charles of Spain, i. 164
- Tongères, baron de, his collection of birds, i. 117
- Torre del Greco, i. 124
- Torremuza, prince, i. 182
- Tortola, description of the island of, ii. 306-311
- Tortosa, i. 70
- Toulouse, city of, i. 112
- count of, ii. 30
- Tours, city of, i. 41
- Toussaint Louverture, account of, ii. 303
- Townshend, lord, ii. 67
- Tramontana, the wind, i. 126
- Trefusis, Miss, her verses on the loss of general Knox at sea, ii. 282, 283
- Trent, city of, i. 322; the palace at, 322; costume at, 322
- Trinidad, island of, ii. 288, 312, &c.
- Tropea, bishop's see of, on the Gulf of St. Eufemia, i. 196; chesnuts and manna of the vicinity of, 309
- Truguet, admiral Laurent J. F., ii. 109, 196, 233
- Tuite, Mr., i. 21
- Turin, i. 252-268, 300
- Tuscany, beauty of the women, and costume in, i. 247; grand duke of, 248; description of, 316
- Twiss, Mr. Richard, his "Travels in Spain" criticised, i. 68, 79
- Tyne, head of the, i. 284; the river, 284
- Tyrconnel, duke of (Talbot), ii. 30
- lady, i. 116
- Tyrol, the, tour in, i. 322, 324
- ULSFIELD, madame d', i. 346
- Unzmarkt, larch trees and firs near, i. 326
- Urbino, duchy of, i. 212, 304
- VACUNA, temple of, i. 219
- Valence, countess de, ii. 161
- Valencia, Spanish province of, i. 69; coast of, 71; city of, 72, 73
- Vaillant, M., his "Travels," ii. 111, 168
- Valladolid, Scotch college in the university of, 104
- Vallièrre, duchess de la, i. 171 n.; account of this celebrated lady, ii. 37, 38, 39 n.
- Vatican, MSS. of the library in the, i. 216, 234; museum, medals, and papyri of, 216; statues of the, 234
- Vaudreuil, M. de, his gallery of paintings, ii. 28
- Vaupalièrre, madame de la, ii. 52
- Vega, Lope de la, i. 115
- Velino, the, its junction with the river Nera, i. 238, 239
- Velvet manufactories of Genoa, i. 257
- Verde, Rio, criticism on the name of this river, i. 76
- Vergennes, count de, ii. 9; his death, 15
- Vermont, abbé de, his advice to Marie Antoinette, ii. 34

- Verona, city of, i. 320; academy for poetry and music at, 321
- Versailles, court of, in the last days of Louis XV., i. 8-21; court presentations pleasantly described, 9-14; the Parc-aux-Cerfs, or l'Ermitage, at, 19; court of Louis XVI., ii. 6; queen's ball at, 13
- Vesuvius and its district, i. 121, 124, 138, 140, 145, 309
- Vetturino, travelling by agreement with a, i. 252, 300, 311
- Viaticum, the, administered to Louis XV., i. 18
- Vico, lake of, i. 311
- Vida, Latin poet, i. 169
- Vienna, i. 328-361
- Vienne, river, near Tours, i. 42
- Villa Hermosa, Spanish ambassador at Turin, i. 265
- Vilvorde, prison of, formerly a house of industry, i. 374
- Vincennes, park of, ii. 27
- Vineyards in France, i. 55, 277; of Italy, 242; of Germany, 340, 365
- Virgil, admiration in Italy for, i. 169; his tomb at Posilipo, 146
- Viso, Monte, i. 263
- Viterbo, mountain of, i. 312; town of, 312
- Vitruvius, i. 321
- Vittoria, built on a hill, i. 105
- Viventor, physician of Naples, i. 157
- Volcanic district near the Adriatic sea, i. 307; near Ronciglione, 311
- Volcanoes: remarks on volcanic districts, Vesuvius, i. 124; Etna, i. 188
- Voltaire, statue of, by Pigalle, i. 7; his "Siècle de Louis XIV.," 170 n.; his works criticised, ii. 247
- WALL, general, former Spanish minister, i. 67; his residence at Grenada, 75
- Mr., death of, in a duel, ii. 33
- Wertsee, lake, i. 325
- West India Islands, restoration of Ste. Croix, St. Thomas, &c., to the Danes, ii. 289 n., 297, 300; Mr. Swinburne's West India property, i. 384
- White's club, ii. 66
- Wight, Isle of, visit to the, ii. 97
- Wilkes, Mr. John, anecdotes of, i. 384, 394, 396; ii. 1, 62
- William IV., when duke of Clarence, ii. 68
- Willis, Dr., ii. 65, 269
- Wines: Neapolitan, i. 136; Lacryma Christi, 171; of Sicily, 187; of Montmelian, 271; of Montepulciano, 317; Tokay, 340
- Woburn abbey, i. 380
- Woronzow, count, ii. 279
- Wraxall, Sir William, ii. 2
- Wurtzburg, palace of the prince-bishop of, i. 366; city of, 365; forest near, 365
- YARMOUTH, lady, anecdote of, i. 392
- Yermoloff, celebrated general, ii. 41
- York, cardinal, amusing account of this descendant of the Stuarts, i. 210
- Frederick, duke of, i. 370; ii. 67
- Young, Dr. Edward, his "Night Thoughts," ii. 58

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MEMOIRS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE

VOLUME II

	PAGE
COMTESSE DU BARRY	<i>Fronts.</i>
CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT	64
MARIE-CAROLINE-LOUISE	128
DUCHESSE DE POLIGNAC	192
MME. TALLIEN	256
PRINCESS CHRISTINE OF NAPLES	304

